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FABLES OF ÆSOP

And other Eminent

MYTHOLOGISTS:

WITH

Morals and Reflections.

By Sir *Roger L'Estrange* Kt.

The Eighth Edition Corrected.

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THE PREFACE.

WE have had the Hiſtory of Æſop *ſo many times over and over, and dreſs'd up ſo many ſeveral Ways, that it would be but labour loſt to multiply unprofitable Conjectures upon a Tradition of ſo great Uncertainty. Writers are divided about him, almoſt to all manner of Purpoſes; and particularly concerning the Authority even of the greater part of thoſe Compoſitions that paſs the World in his Name: For the Story is come down to us ſo dark and doubtful, that it is impoſſible to diſtinguiſh the Original from the Copy; and to ſay which of the Fables are* Æſop's, *and which not; which are* genuine, *and which are* ſpurious; *beſide, that there are divers Inconſiſtences upon the Point of* Chronology, *in the Account of his Life (as* Maximus Planudes *and others have deliver'd it) which the whole Earth can never reconcile.* Vavaſor *the* Jeſuit *in a Tract of his,* de Ludicra Dictione, *takes notice of ſome four or five groſs Miſtakes of this kind.* [*Planudes (ſays he)* brings *Æſop* to *Babylon* in the Reign of *Lycerus*, where there never was ſuch a Prince heard of, from *Nabonaſſor* (the firſt King of *Babylon*) to *Alexander* the Great. He tells us of his going into *Ægypt* in the Days of King *Nectenabo*; which *Nectenabo* came not into the World till well nigh two hundred Years after him. And ſo he makes him greet his Miſtreſs upon his firſt Entrance into his Maſter's Houſe, with a bitter Sentence againſt Women out of *Euripides* (as he pretends) when yet *Æſop* had been dead a matter of fourſcore Years before t'other was born. And once again, he brings him in talking of the *Pyræan Port*, in his Fable of the *Ape and the Dolphin*; a Port that the very Name on't was never thought of till about the *ſeventy-ſixth Olympiad*, and *Æſop* was mur-

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der'd in the *four and fiftieth.*] *This is enough in all Science to excuſe any Man from laying over-much ſtreſs upon the hiſtorical Credit of a Relation that comes ſo blindly and ſo variouſly tranſmitted to us; over and above, that it is not one Jot to our Buſineſs (further than to gratify an idle Curioſity) whether the* Fact *be* true *or* falſe; *whether the Man was ſtrait or crooked; and his* Name Æſop, *or (as ſome will have)* Lochman: *In all which Caſes the Reader is left at liberty to believe his Pleaſure. We are not here upon the* Name, *the* Perſon, *or the* Adventures *of this great Man; but upon the Subject of his* Apologues *and* Morals; *and not of* his *alone, but of ſeveral other eminent Men that have written after his Copy, and abundantly contributed in thoſe Labours to the Delight, Benefit, and Inſtruction of thoſe that were to come after them.*

There are, 'tis true, a certain Set of moroſe and untractable Spirits in the World, that look upon Precepts in Emblem, *as they do upon* Gays *and* Pictures *that are only fit for* Women *and* Children, *and look upon them to be no better than the Fooleries of ſo many* Old Wives Tales. *Theſe are a ſort of People that are reſolv'd to be pleas'd with nothing that is not* unſociably ſour, ill-natur'd, *and* troubleſom; *Men that make it the* Mark, *as well as the* Prerogative *of a* Philoſopher *to be* magiſterial *and* churliſh; *as if a Man could not be* wiſe *and* honeſt, *without being* inhuman, *or, I might have ſaid, without putting an Affront upon* Chriſtian Charity, Civil Society, Decency *and* good Manners. *But they are not aware all this while, that the* Foundations *of* Knowledge *and* Virtue *are laid in our* Childhood; *when nothing goes kindly down with us that is not ſeaſon'd and adapted to the Palate and Capacity of thoſe tender Years. 'Tis in the very* Nature *of us, firſt, to be inquiſitive and hankering after News and new* Sights *and* Stories: *So that betwixt the indulging and cultivating of this* Diſpoſition *or* Inclination *on the* one *Hand, and the applying of a profitable* Moral *to the* Figure, *or the* Fable, *on the* other, *here's the Sum of all that can be done upon the point of a* timely Diſcipline *and* Inſtitution, *toward*

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ward the forming of an honourable and a virtuous Life. Moſt certain it is, that without this early Care and Attention upon the Main, we are as good as loſt in our very Cradles; for the Principles that we imbibe in our Youth, we carry commonly to our Graves; and it is the Education, in ſhort, that makes the Man. To ſpeak All in a few Words, Children *are but* Blank Paper, *ready indifferently for any Impreſſion, good or bad (for they take all upon Credit) and it is much in the Power of the firſt Comer to write Saint or Devil upon't, which of the two he pleaſes. Wherefore let the* Method *of Communication be never ſo natural and agreeable, the better the worſe ſtill, if the* Matter *be not ſuited to the Prudence, the Piety, and the Tenderneſs that is requiſite in the Exerciſe of ſuch a Function. Now this is a Nicety that depends, in a great meaſure, upon the* Care, Providence, Sobriety, Conduct *and* Good Example *of* Parents, Guardians, Tutors, *&c. Nay, it deſcends to the very choice of ſuch* Nurſes, Servants, *and familiar* Companions, *as will apply themſelves diligently to the diſcharge of this Office.*

As it is beyond all Diſpute, I ſuppoſe, that the Delight and Genius of Children lies much toward the hearing, learning, and telling of little Stories; ſo this Conſideration holds forth to us a kind of natural Direction to begin our Approaches upon that Quarter, toward the initiating of them into ſome ſort of Senſe and Underſtanding of their Duty. And this may moſt properly be done in a way of Hiſtory *and* Moral; *and in ſuch a manner, that the Truth and Reaſon of Things may be artificially and effectually inſinuated, under the Cover either of a* real Fact, *or of a* ſuppoſed one: *But then theſe very Leſſons themſelves may be gilt and ſweeten'd, as we order Pills and Potions, ſo as to take off the Diſguſt of the Remedy; for it holds both in* Virtue *and in* Health, *that we love to be* inſtructed *as well as* phyſick'd *with* Pleaſure. *This is an Article that would both bear and require a Volume. But without dwelling any longer upon it, I ſhall content my ſelf with ſome ſhort general Touches, and ſo proceed.*

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It may be laid down in the first place for an universal Rule, *never to suffer Children to learn any thing* (*now* seeing *and* hearing, *with them, is* learning) *but what they may be the better for all their Lives after. And it is not sufficient neither, to keep them clear of any Thought, Word, or Deed, that's* foul, scandalous, *and* dishoneſt; *but there are twenty insipid* Twittle-Twattles, *frothy* Jeſts *and* jingling Witticiſms, *that look as if they had no hurt in them; and yet the wonting of us to the Use and Liking of these Levities, leads and inures us to a* miſunderſtanding *of Things, which is no less dangerous than a Corruption of* Manners. *Beside that, there's no need of entertaining them with these Fopperies, having so much Choice of useful Matter at hand, and as good cheap. Briefly, in the Case of this Method of Instruction and Institution, let but the Fancy or the Figure be clear and pertinent, and the Doctrine in the Direction of it can never fail of* being ſo too. *But without this Guard and Caution upon the Conduct of the Affair, this Humour of* Mythology *may turn to a* Poiſon *instead of* Nouriſhment; *and under the Pretext of a Lecture of* good Government, *degenerate into an Encouragement to* Vanity *and* Debauch. *For while the Memory is firm, and the Judgment weak, it is the* Director's *Part to* judge *for the* Pupil, *and it is the* Diſciple's *to remember for* himſelf. *And we are also to take this along with us, that when a Child has once contracted an ill Train or Habit, it will cost as much Time to blot out what he is to* forget, *as to possess him of what he is to retain in his* Memory.

Let it not be understood now, as if the Thing it ſelf *were* childiſh, *because of the* Application *of it; or as if* Boys *and* Men *were not indifferently of the same Make, and accountable more or less for the same Faculties and Duties. So that the Force and Dignity of this way of Operation holds good in all Cases alike; for there's nothing makes a deeper Impression upon the Minds of Men, or comes livelier to their Understanding, than those instructive Notices that are convey'd to them by Glances, Insinuations, and Surprize, and under the Cover of some* Allegory *or* Riddle. *But, what*

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can be ſaid more to the Honour of this Symbolical *Way of moralizing upon* Tales *and* Fables, *than that the Wiſdom of the Antients have been ſtill wrapt up in* Veils *and* Figures; *and their Precepts, Counſels and ſalutary Monitions for the ordering of our Lives and Manners, handed down to us from all Antiquity, under* Innuendo's *and* Alluſions? *For what are the* Ægyptian Hieroglyphicks, *and the whole Hiſtory of the* Pagan Gods, *the Hints and Fictions of the wiſe Men of old, but in effect a kind of* Philoſophical Mythology; *which is, in truth, no other than a more agreeable Vehicle found out for conveying to us the Truth and Reaſon of things, thro' the* Medium *of* Images *and* Shadows. *But what needs any thing more to be ſaid for the Reputation and Authority of this Practice and Invention, conſidering the frequent and the edifying Uſe of* Apologues *in* Holy Writ: *And that our bleſſed Saviour himſelf has not only recommended, but inculcated this way of teaching by* Parables, *both in his Doctrine and Example, as the Means that Divine Providence made uſe of for gaining the Idolaters and Infidels over to the Chriſtian Faith. What was it that brought even* David himſelf *to a Sight and Deteſtation of Sin in the Matter of* Uriah, *and to a Senſe of his Duty, but the Prophet* Nathan's *telling him a Story at a diſtance (and by God's own Direction too) of a* rich Man that had a world of Sheep himſelf, and forc'd away a poor Man's only Lamb from him, that he lov'd as his own Soul? *How did* David *take fire at this Iniquity in another Man, till upon ſecond Thoughts his Conſcience brought it home to his own Caſe, and forc'd him to paſs Judgment upon himſelf? Now this is but according to the natural Biaſs of human Frailty, for every Man to be partial to his own* Blindſide, *and to exclaim againſt the very Counter-part of his own daily Practice. As what's more ordinary, for Example, than to have the moſt arbitrary of* Tyrants *to ſet up for the* Advocates *and* Patrons *of* Common Liberty; *or for the moſt profligate of* Scoffers *and* Atheiſts *to value themſelves upon a Zeal for the* Power *and* Purity *of the* Goſpel? *In two Words, what's more familiar than to ſee Men* fighting the Lord's

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Battles *(as they call it) againſt* Blaſphemy *and* Profaneneſs *with* one *Hand*; *and at the ſame time offering Violence to his* Holy Altars, Church *and* Miniſters *with the* other! *Now theſe People are not to be dealt withal but by a Train of Myſtery and Circumlocution*; *a* downright Admonition *looks liker the* Reproach *of an* Enemy, *than the Advice of a* Friend, *or at the beſt it is but the good Office of a Man that has an ill Opinion of us: And we do not naturally love to be* told *of our* Faults *by the* Witneſſes *of our* Failings. *Some People are* too proud, too ſurly, too impudent, too incorrigible, *either to* bear, *or to* mend *upon the Liberty of* plain Dealing. *Others are* too big *again*, too powerful, too vindictive, *and* dangerous *for either* Reproof *or* Counſel, *in* direct Terms. *They hate any Man that's but conſcious of their Wickedneſs, and their Miſery is like the* Stone in the Bladder; *there are many Things good for't, but there's no coming at it*; *and neither the* Pulpit, *the* Stage, *nor the* Preſs, *dares ſo much as touch upon't. How much are we oblig'd then to thoſe wiſe good men that have furniſhed the World with ſo ſure and ſo pleaſant an Expedient, for the removing of all theſe Difficulties! And to* Æſop *in the firſt Place, as the* Founder, *and* original Author *or* Inventer *of this Art of ſchooling Mankind into better Manners, by minding Men of their Errors without twitting them for what's amiſs, and by that means flaſhing the Light of their own Conſciences in their own Faces. We are brought naturally enough, by the Judgment we paſs upon the Vices and Follies of our Neighbours, to the Sight and Senſe of our own*; *and eſpecially when we are led to the Knowledge of the Truth of Matters by* ſignificant Types *and* proper Reſemblances; *for we are much more affected with the* Images *of Things, than with the* true Reaſon *of them. Men that are* ſhot-free *againſt all the Attacks of* Honour, Conſcience, Shame, good Faith, Humanity, or common Juſtice, *have yet ſome* Weak-ſide *or other, like* Achilles's *Heel, that was never dipt*; *and this Contrivance of Application, by* Hints *and* Glances, *is the only way under the Heavens to hit it.* [Who ſhall ſay

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to a King, What doſt thou?] *comes up to the very ſtreſs of this* Topick. *There's no meddling with Princes, either by Text or Argument.* Morality *is not the Province of a* Cabinet Counſel: *And* Ghoſtly Fathers *ſignify no more than* ſpiritual Bugbears, *in the Caſe of an unaccountable Privilege.* Tell the Houſe of *Iſrael* of their Sins, and the Houſe of *Jacob* of their Tranſgreſſions, *was a Guide, undoubtedly, like an* old Almanack, *for the Year 'twas writ in; but Change of* Times *and* Humours, *calls for* new Meaſures *and* Manners; *and what cannot be done by the dint of* Authority *or* Perſwaſion, *in the* Chapel, *or in the* Cloſet, *muſt be brought about by the* ſide Wind *of a Lecture from the* Fields *and the* Foreſts. *As the Fable of the* raging Lion *preaches* Caution, *and* Moderation *to the Extravagancies of* cruel *and* ambitious Rulers, *by ſhewing them that* Tyranny *is the* Scourge *of* human Nature, *in Oppoſition to all the* Bleſſings *of a* well-order'd Government; *and that they do but* plague other People, *to their* own Infamy *and* Ruin. *The* old Lion in Diſgrace, *reads a Leſſon to us of the* Improvidence, *and the* deſperate Conſequences *of a* riotous *and a* careleſs Youth. The Fox in the Well, *holds forth to us upon the Chapter of a* late Repentance. The Frogs petitioning for a King, *bids People have a care of ſtruggling with* Heaven *for* they know not what. *It is certainly true, that the moſt innocent Illuſtrations of this Quality may lie open to a thouſand Abuſes and Miſtakes, by a diſtorted Miſapplication of them to* political, *or* perſonal Meanings; *but thoſe* capricious fault Finders, *may as well pick a Quarrel with the* Decalogue *itſelf, upon the ſame Pretence, if they ſhall come once to apply to this or that* particular *wicked Man, the* general Rules *that are deliver'd for the Government of* Mankind, *under ſuch and ſuch Probibitions; as if the Commandments that require* Obedience, *and forbid* Murder, Uncleanneſs, Theft, Calumny, *and the like, were to be ſtruck out of the* Office, *and indicted, for a* libellous Innuendo *upon all the great Men that come to be concern'd in the Pains and Forfeitures therein contain'd. In fine, 'tis*

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the Conſcience *of the* Guilty, *in all theſe Caſes, that makes the* Satyr. *Here is enough ſaid, as to the Dignity, and Uſefulneſs of this way of informing the* Underſtanding *what we* ought *to do, and of diſpoſing the* Will *to act in Conformity to that Perception of Things; having ſo clear an Evidence of* Divine Authority, *as well as the Practice of the beſt of Men, and of Times, together with the Current of* common Conſent, *agreeing all in favour of it. I ſhall now wind up what I have to ſay, as to the* Fables themſelves, *the* Choice, *the* Intent, *and the* Order *of them, in a very few Words.*

When I firſt put Pen to Paper upon this Deſign, I had in my Eye only the common ſchool Book, *as it ſtands in the* Cambridge *and* Oxford Editions *of it, under the Title of* [Æſopi Phrygis Fabulæ; una cum nonnullis variorum Autorum Fabulis adjectis:] *Propounding to myſelf at that Time, to follow the very Courſe and Series of that Collection; and in one Word, to try what might be done, by making the beſt of the Whole, and adapting proper and uſeful Doctrines to the ſeveral Parts of it, toward the turning of an* excellent Latin Manual *of Morals and good Counſels, into a* tolerable Engliſh one. *But upon jumbling Matters and Thoughts together, and laying one Thing by another, the very State and Condition of the Caſe before me, together with the Nature and the Reaſon of the Thing gave me to underſtand, that this way of proceeding would never anſwer my End. Inſomuch, that upon this Conſideration, I conſulted other Verſions of the ſame Fables, and made my beſt of the Choice. Some that were* twice or thrice over, *and only the ſelf ſame thing in other Words; theſe I ſtruck out, and made* one Specimen *ſerve for the reſt. To ſay nothing of here and there a trivial, or a looſe Conceit in the Medly, more than this; that ſuch as they are, I was under ſome ſort of Obligation to take them in for Company; and in ſhort, good, bad, and indifferent, one with another, to the Number in the Total, of* 383 *Fables. To theſe, I have likewiſe ſubjoin'd a conſiderable Addition of other ſelect* Apologues, *out of the moſt celebrated Authors that are extant upon that Subject,*

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towards the finiſhing of the Work. As Phædrus, Camerarius, Avienus, Neveletus, Apthtonius, Gabrias, *or* Babrias, Baudoin, la Fontain, Æſope en Belle Humeur, Audin, *&c.*

Another Man in my Place now, would perhaps take it for a notable ſtroke of Art, Good Breeding, to complement the Reader with twenty Fooleries of Apology, *and Excuſe, for ſuch an Undertaking: As if the honeſteſt, and the moſt neceſſary Part of a Man's Life and Buſineſs, were a thing to be aſham'd of. Now all that I have to ſay upon this* common Place, *is in three Words, that I meant well in what I have done; and let the Performance be what it will, I comfort myſelf yet in the Conſcience of a good Intention. I ſhall not charge any of my Failings upon the Importunity of my Friends, though I have not wanted earneſt and powerful Inſtances and Encouragements to proceed upon this Work; over and above the Impulſe of a natural Curioſity and Inclination that led me to't. But theſe were Temptations that I could eaſily have reſiſted, or put by, in favour of a Carcaſe that's in a manner, paſt Labour; if it had not been for another Motive, that I ſhall now tell the Reader in Confidence, and ſo conclude.*

This Rhapſody *of* Fables *is a Book univerſally read, and taught in all our Schools; but almoſt at ſuch a Rate as we teach* Pyes *and* Parrots, *that pronounce the Words without ſo much as gueſſing at the Meaning of them: Or to take it another way, the Boys break their Teeth upon the Shells, without ever coming near the Kernel. They learn* Fables *by* Leſſons, *and the Moral is the leaſt part of our Care in a Child's Inſtitution: So that take both together, and the one is ſtark Nonſenſe, without the Application of the other; beſide that, the Doctrine itſelf, as we have it, even at the beſt, falls infinitely ſhort of the Vigour and Spirit of the Fable. To ſupply this Defect now, we have had ſeveral Engliſh* Paraphraſes *and* Eſſays *upon* Æſop, *and divers of his Followers, both in* Proſe *and* Verſe. *The latter have perhance ventur'd a little too far from the preciſe Scope of the Author upon the Privilege of a poetical Licenſe: And for the other of ancient Date,*

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Date, the Morals *are ſo* inſipid *and* flat, *and the* Style *and* Diction *of the* Fables, *ſo* coarſe *and* uncouth, *that they are rather dangerous, than profitable, as to the Purpoſe they were principally intended for; and likely to do forty times more Miſchief by the one than good by the other. An* Emblem *without a* Key *to't, is no more than a* Tale of a Tub; *and that Tale ſillily told too, is but one Folly grafted upon another. Children are to be taught in the firſt Place, what they* ought *to do.* 2dly, *The* Manner *of doing it: And in the third Place, they are to be inur'd by the Force of* Inſtruction *and* good Example, *to the* Love *and* Practice *of doing their* Duty; *whereas on the contrary, one ſtep out of the way in the Inſtitution, is enough to poiſon the Peace, and the Reputation of a whole Life. Whether I have, in this Attempt, contributed or not, to the Improvement of theſe Fables, either in the* Wording, *or the* Meaning *of them, the Book muſt ſtand or fall to itſelf: But this I ſhall adventure to pronounce upon the whole Matter, that the* Text *is* Engliſh, *and the* Morals, *in ſome ſort accommodate to the* Allegory; *which could hardly be ſaid of all the Tranſlations, or Reflections before-mentioned, which have ſerv'd, in Truth, (or at leaſt ſome of them) rather to teach us what we ſhould* not *do, than what we* ſhould. *So that in the publiſhing of theſe Papers, I have done my beſt to obviate a* common Inconvenience, *or, to ſpeak plainly, the* mortal Error *of pretending to erect a Building upon a falſe Foundation: Leaving the whole World to take the ſame Freedom with me, that I have done with others: Provided that they do not impute the* Faults, *and the Miſ-pointings of the* Preſs, *to the* Author.

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THE LIFE OF ÆSOP.

CHAP. I. *Of Æſop's Country, Condition, and Perſon.*

ÆSOP (according to *Planudes*, *Camerarius* and others) was, by Birth, of *Ammorius*, a Town in the *greater Phrygia*; (though ſome will have him to be a *Thracian*, others a *Samian*) of a mean Condition, and his Perſon deformed, to the higheſt degree: Flat-noz'd, hunch-back'd, blobber-lipp'd; a long miſhapen Head; his Body crooked all over, big-belly'd, badger-legg'd, and his Complexion ſo ſwarthy, that he took his very Name from't; for *Æſop* is the ſame with *Æthiop*. And he was not only unhappy in the moſt ſcandalous Figure of a Man, that ever was heard of; but he was in a manner Tongue-ty'd too, by ſuch an Impediment in his Speech, that People could very hardly underſtand what he ſaid. This Imperfection is ſaid to have been the moſt ſenſible Part of his Misfortune; for the Excellency of his Mind might otherwiſe have atton'd in ſome Meaſure, for the uncouth Appearance of his Perſon (at leaſt if that Part of his Hiſtory may paſs for Current.) There goes a Tradition, that he had the good Hap to relieve certain Prieſts that were hungry, and out of their Way, and to ſet them right again; and that for a good

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good Office, he was, upon their Prayers, brought to the Uſe of his Tongue: But *Camerarius*, whom I ſhall principally follow, has no Faith in the Miracle, and ſo he begins his Hiſtory with the tracing of him to *Samos*, and from thence proſecutes it through the moſt remarkable Paſſages of his Life, to the laſt barbarous Violence upon him at *Delphos*. As to his Impediment in his Speech, whether there were any ſuch thing or not, or how he came to be cur'd of it, the Reader is at Liberty what to believe, and what not. And ſo likewiſe for twenty other Paſſages up and down this Hiſtory: Some of them too trivial, and others too groſs to be taken notice of, upon this Argument and Occaſion. Let it ſuffice, that (according to the common Tradition) he had been already twice bought and ſold; and ſo we ſhall date the Story of his Adventures, from his Entrance into the Service of at leaſt a third Maſter.

As to the Age he liv'd in, it is agreed upon among the Antients, that it was when *Cræſus* govern'd *Lydia*; as alſo that *Xanthus*, a *Samian*, was his Maſter. *Herodotus* will have it to be one *Jadmon* a *Samian* too; but ſtill according to the Current of moſt Writers, *Xanthus* was the Man.

CHAP. 2. *Æſop and his fellow Slaves upon their Journey to* Epheſus.

IT was *Æſop*'s Fortune to be ſent to *Epheſus*, in Company with other Slaves to be ſold. His Maſter had a great many Burdens to carry, and *Æſop* begg'd of his Companions not to over-charge him. They found him a Weakling, and bad him pleaſe himſelf. The Parcel that he pitch'd upon was a Panier of Bread; and twice as heavy as any of the reſt. They call'd him a thouſand Fools for his Pains, and ſo took up their Luggage, and away they trudg'd together. About Noon, they had their Dinner deliver'd out of *Æſop*'s Basket, which

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made his Burden lighter by one half in the Afternoon, than it had been in the Morning. And after the next Meal he had nothing left him to carry, but an empty Basket. His fellow Slaves began now to underſtand, that *Æſop* was not ſo arrant a Fool as they took him for; and that they themſelves had not half the Wit they thought they had.

CHAP. 3. *Æſop is accus'd by falſe Witneſſes for ſtealing his Maſter's* Figs; *and brings himſelf off by his Wits, to the Confuſion of his Accuſers.*

ÆSOP was not of a *Make* to do his Maſter much Credit in the Quality of a *houſhold Servant*: So that he rather ſent him abroad into the *Fields* a digging, and to take care of his *Husbandry*. By the Time he had been there a while, his Maſter went out after him to ſee how he went on with his Work; and found every thing done much to his Satisfaction. In this *Interim* comes a Countryman to him with a Preſent of moſt delicious *Figs*; which he was ſo wonderfully delighted with, that he gave them in Charge to his Boy *Agathopus* to ſee them carefully laid up till he came back again from the *Bath*, whither he was then a going. *Æſop* it ſeems, was now gone home upon ſome particular Buſineſs, and *Agathopus* laid hold of this Occaſion to tell one of his Companions, of a Deſign he had, both upon the *Figs*, and upon their *fellow Servant*. *What have we more to do*, ſays he, *than to ſtuff our Guts with theſe* Figs *ourſelves, and then lay the Roguery upon* Æſop, *who is at this Inſtant in the Houſe where they are?* And *then, when our Maſter comes to examine the Matter, we are two Witneſſes to one againſt him, which will make it ſo clear a Caſe, that the ſilly Cur will not have the Face to deny the Fact.* The Plot, in ſhort, was agreed upon; and to work they went upon the *Figs*, making themſelves merry upon every Bit they ſwallow'd, to conſider how *Æſop*'s Carcaſe was to pay for all.

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The Maſter, upon his coming from the *Bath*, call'd immediately for his *Figs*, and hearing that *Æſop* had been beforehand with him, ſent for him in a Rage, and rattled him with a thouſand *Traitors* and *Villains*, for robbing his Houſe, and devouring the Fruit that he had ſet apart for his own Palate. This miſerable Wretch heard, and underſtood all that was ſaid; but by Reaſon of an Imperfection in his Speech, he was not able to ſpeak one Word in his own Defence. His Enemies in the mean time inſulting over him, and calling for Juſtice upon ſo inſolent a Cheat. They were now advancing from Reproaches to Blows, when *Æſop* caſt himſelf at his Maſter's Feet, and begg'd his Patience only till he might go out, and come in again. He went his way immediately, and fetch'd a Veſſel of warm Water; took a large Draught of it, in his Maſter's Preſence, and with his Finger in his Throat brought it all clear up again without any other Mixture. After this Experiment upon *himſelf*, he gave his Maſter to underſtand, that if he would be pleaſed to put his *Accuſers* to the ſame *Teſt*, he ſhould quickly ſee what was become of his *Figs*. The Propoſal ſeem'd ſo reaſonable, that he order'd *Agathopus* and his *Fellow* to do the like. They made ſome Difficulty at firſt of following *Æſop*'s Example; but in the End, upon taking a Soup of the ſame Liquor, their Stomachs wambled, and up came the *Water*, *Figs and all*. Upon this Evidence of the Treachery and Falſhood of *Agathopus* and his *Companion*, the Maſter order'd them to be ſoundly laſh'd, and made good the old Saying, *Harm watch, Harm catch.*

CHAP. 4. *The Sale of* Æſop *to* Xanthus.

UPON the Merchant's arrival at *Epheſus*, he made a quick Riddance of all his Slaves but three, that is to ſay, a *Muſician*, an *Orator*, and *Æſop*. He dreſs'd up the two former in Habits anſwerable to their Profeſſion, and carry'd them to *Samos*, as the likelieſt Place for a Chapman. He ſhew'd them there

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in the open Market, with *Æſop* for a Fool betwixt them, which ſome People took much offence at. While they were attending upon the Place, there came among other *Samians*, one *Xanthus*, an eminent Philoſopher of that City, with a Train of his Diſciples at his Heels. The Philoſopher was mightily pleaſed with the two Youths, and ask'd them one after another about their Profeſſion, and what they could do. The one told him he could do *any thing*, the other that he could do *every thing*; this ſet *Æſop* a laughing at them. The Philoſopher's Pupils would needs know what it was that made *Æſop* ſo merry. Why, ſays he, if the Queſtion had been put by your Maſter, I ſhould have told him the reaſon of it.

Xanthus in the mean time was beating down the Price of the two other Slaves, but the Terms were ſo high, that he was juſt upon turning about to go his way, only the Pupils would needs have him put the ſame Queſtions firſt to the ill-favour'd Fellow, that he had done to the other two; and ſo *Xanthus*, for the Humour ſake, interrogated *Æſop* what *he* could do. *Nothing at all*, ſays he. How comes that, ſays the Philoſopher? My Companions, ſays the other, undertake every thing, and there's nothing left for me to do. This gave them to underſtand, that the Man knew well enough what he ſaid, and what he laugh'd at. Well! ſays *Xanthus*, but if I ſhould give Money for you now, would you be good and honeſt? I'll be that, ſays *Æſop*, whether you buy me or no. Ay, but tell me again, ſays the Philoſopher, wont you run away? Pray, ſays *Æſop*, did you ever hear of a Bird in a Cage, that told his Maſter he intended to make his Eſcape. *Xanthus* was well enough pleas'd with the Turn and Quickneſs of his Wit; but, ſays he, That unlucky Shape of your's will ſet People a hooting and gaping at you where-ever you go. A Philoſopher, ſays *Æſop*, ſhould value a Man for his Mind, not for his Body. This Preſence of Thought gave *Xanthus* a high Opinion of the Wiſdom of the Man; and ſo he bad the Merchant ſet him his loweſt

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Price of that miſerable Creature. Why, ſays he, you had as good cheapen a Dunghil; but if you'll bid me like a Chapman for either of the other two, you ſhall have this Phantom into the Bargain. Very good, ſays the Philoſopher; and without any more ado, what's your ſelling Price? The Merchant ſpeaks the Word, the Philoſopher pays the Money, and takes *Æſop* away with him.

CHAP. 5. Xanthus *preſents* Æſop *to his Wife.*

XANTHUS had no ſooner made his Purchaſe, and carried his Jewel home with him, but having a kind of a nice froward Piece to his Wife, the great difficulty was how to put her in Humour for the Entertainment of this Monſter, without throwing the Houſe out at the Window. My dear, ſays he, you have been often complaining of careleſs Servants; and I have bought you one now that I am confident will fit your Turn. He ſhall go and come, and wait, and do every thing as you would have him. Oh, your Servant, Sweet heart, ſays ſhe, but what did he coſt you? Why truly, very reaſonable; but at preſent he's a little tann'd, and out of Caſe, you muſt know, with his Journey, ſays the Husband; and ſo he order'd him to be call'd in. The cunning Gipſy ſmoak'd the Matter preſently: Some Monſter, ſays ſhe, I'll be hang'd elſe. Wife, Wife, ſays *Xanthus*, if you are a good Woman, that that pleaſes me muſt pleaſe you too. While theſe Words were between his Lips, up comes *Æſop* towards them; ſhe gave him a fierce Look, and immediately diſcharg'd her Choler upon her Husband. Is this a *Man* or a *Beaſt?* ſays ſhe, and what clearer Proof in the world could you have given me now of an inſufferable Hatred and Contempt? *Æſop* ſaid not one word all this while, till *Xanthus* rouz'd him with a Reproof. O Villain! ſays he, to have a Tongue and Wit at Will upon all other Occaſions, and not one diverting Syllable now

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now at a Pinch, to pacify your Miſtreſs! *Æſop*, after a ſhort Pauſe upon't, bolted out an old *Greek* Saying, which is in *Engliſh* to this Effect, *From lying at the Mercy of Fire, Water, and a wicked Woman, good Lord deliver us.* If the Wife was heartily angry before, this Scorn made her ſtark mad; and the Reproach was ſo cutting too, that *Xanthus* himſelf did not well know how to take it. But *Æſop* brought himſelf off again from the Malice of any ill Intention, by a Paſſage out of *Euripides* to this Purpoſe: *The Raging of a tempeſtuous Sea, the Fury of a devouring Fire, and the pinching Want of Neceſſaries for Life, are three dreadful things,* and a Body might reckon up a thouſand more; *but all this is nothing to the terrible Violences of an impetuous Woman,* and therefore, ſays he, make yourſelf as glorious on the other ſide, in the Rank of good Women. *Vavaſor* the Jeſuit, in his Treatiſe *De Ludicrâ Dictione*, takes notice of a Blunder here in the Chronology of the Story. For *Æſop* was murder'd at leaſt fourſcore Years before *Euripides* was born. But to follow the Thread of the Relation; upon this oblique Admonition, the Woman came to herſelf again, and took *Æſop* into her good Graces, who render'd his Maſter and Miſtreſs all the Offices of a faithful Servant.

CHAP. 6. Æſop's *Anſwer to the Gardiner.*

SOME two or three Days after the Encounter above-mention'd, *Xanthus* took *Æſop* along with him to a Garden to buy ſome Herbs, and the *Gardiner* ſeeing him in the Habit of a Philoſopher, told him the Admiration he was in to find how much faſter thoſe Plants ſhot up that grow of their own accord, than thoſe that he ſet himſelf, though he took never ſo much care about them. Now you that are a Philoſopher, pray will you tell me the Meaning of this? *Xanthus* had no better Anſwer at hand, than to tell him, That Providence will have it ſoo: Whereupon *Æſop* brake

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out into a loud Laughter. Why how now ye Slave you, ſays *Xanthus*, what do you laugh at? *Æſop* took him aſide and told him, Sir, I laugh at your Maſter, that taught you no better; for what ſignifies a general Anſwer to a particular Queſtion? And 'tis no News neither that Providence orders all things; but if you'll turn him over to me, you ſhall ſee I'll give him another ſort of Reſolve. *Xanthus* told the *Gardiner* that it was below a Philoſopher to buſy his Head about ſuch Trifles; but, ſays he, If you have a Curioſity to be better inform'd, you ſhall do well to ask my Slave here, and ſee what he'll ſay to you. Upon this the *Gardiner* put the Queſtion to *Æſop*, who gave him this Anſwer. The Earth is in the Nature of a *Mother* to what ſhe brings forth of herſelf out of her own Bowels; whereas ſhe is only a kind of *Step-Dame* in the Production of Plants that are cultivated and aſſiſted by the Help and Induſtry of another: So that it's natural for her to withdraw her Nouriſhment from the one, towards the Relief of the other. The *Gardiner*, upon this, was ſo well ſatisfy'd, that he would take no Money for his Herbs, and deſir'd *Æſop* to make uſe of his Garden for the future, as if it were his own.

There are ſeveral Stories in *Planudes*, that I ſhall paſs over in this Place (ſays *Camerarius*) as not worth the while; particularly the Fables of the *Lentills*, the *Bath*, the *Sow's Feet*, and ſeveral little Tales and Jeſts that I take to be neither well laid, nor well put together: Neither is it any matter, in Relations of this Nature, whether they be true or falſe; but if they be proper and ingenious, and ſo contriv'd that the Reader or the Hearer may be the better for them, that's as much as is requir'd: Wherefore I ſhall now commit to Writing two Fables or Stories, one about the bringing his Miſtreſs home again, when ſhe had left her Husband; which is drawn from the Model of a *Greek* Hiſtory ſet out by *Pauſanias* in his Deſcription of *Bœotia*; the other upon the Subject of a Treat of *Neats Tongues*, which was taken from *Bias*, as we have it from *Plutarch* in his *Convivium Septem Sapientum.*

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CHAP. 7. *Æſop's Invention to bring his Miſtreſs back again to her Husband, after ſhe had left him.*

THE Wife of *Xanthus* was well born and wealthy, but ſo proud and domineering withal, as if her Fortune and her Extraction had entitled her to the Breeches. She was horribly bold, meddling, and *expenſive*, (as that ſort of Women commonly are) eaſily put off the Hooks, and monſtrous hard to be pleaſed again, perpetually chattering at her Husband, and upon all Occaſions of Controverſy, threatning him to be gone. It came to this at laſt, that *Xanthus*'s Stock of Patience being quite ſpent, he took up a Reſolution of going another way to work with her, and of trying a Courſe of Severity, ſince there was nothing to be done with her by Kindneſs. But this Experiment, inſtead of mending the Matter, made it worſe; for upon harder Uſage, the Woman grew deſperate, and went away from him in earneſt. She was as bad, 'tis true, as bad might well be, and yet *Xanthus* had a kind of *hankering* for her ſtill; beſide that there was Matter of Intereſt in the Caſe; and a peſtilent Tongue he had, that the poor Husband dreaded above all things under the Sun. But the Man was willing however to make the beſt of a bad Game, and ſo his Wits and his Friends were ſet at work, in the faireſt manner that might be, to get her home again. But there was no good to be done in't it ſeems; and *Xanthus* was ſo viſibly out of Humour upon't, that *Æſop* in pure pity bethought himſelf immediately how to comfort him. Come Maſter, ſays he, pluck up a good heart; for I have a Project in my Noddle that ſhall bring my Miſtreſs to you back again, with as good a Will as ever ſhe went from you. What does my *Æſop*, but away immediately to the Market among the Butchers, Poulterers, Fiſhmongers, Confectioners, *&c.* for the beſt of every thing that was in Seaſon. Nay, he takes private People in his

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way too, and chops into the very houſe of his Miſtreſs's Relations, as by Miſtake. This way of proceeding ſet the whole Town agog to know the Meaning of all this Buſtle; and *Æſop* innocently told every body that his Maſter's Wife was run away from him, and he had married another: His Friends up and down were all invited to come and make merry with him, and this was to be the Wedding-Feaſt. The News flew like Lightning, and happy were they that could carry the firſt Tidings of it to the *Run-away-Lady*; (for every body knew *Æſop* to be a Servant in that Family.) It gather'd in the rolling, as all other Stories do in the telling; eſpecially where Womens Tongues and Paſſions have the ſpreading of them. The Wife that was in her Nature violent and unſteady, order'd her Chariot to be made ready immediately, and away ſhe poſts back to her Husband, falls upon him with Outrages of Looks and Language; and after the eaſing of her Mind a little, No *Xanthus*, ſays ſhe, do not you flatter yourſelf with the hopes of enjoying another Woman while I am alive. *Xanthus* look'd upon this as one of *Æſop*'s Maſterpieces; and for that Bout all was well again betwixt Maſter and Miſtreſs.

CHAP. 8. *An Entertainment of Neats Tongues.*

SOME few days after the Ratification of this Peace, *Xanthus* invited ſeveral Philoſophers of his Acquaintance to Supper with him, and charges *Æſop* to make the beſt Proviſion he could think of, for their Entertainment. *Æſop* had a Wit waggiſh enough, and this general Commiſſion furniſh'd him with Matter to work upon. So ſoon as ever the Gueſts were ſet down at the Table, *Xanthus* calls for Supper, and expected no leſs than a very ſplendid Treat. The firſt Service was *Neats Tongues* ſliced, which the Philoſophers took occaſion to diſcourſe and quibble upon in a grave formal way, as *the Tongue* (for the purpoſe) *is the*

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the Oracle of Wiſdom, and the like. *Xanthus*, upon this, calls for a ſecond Courſe, and after that for a third, and ſo for a fourth, which were all *Tongues*, over and over again ſtill, only ſeveral Ways dreſſed, ſome boiled, others fry'd, and ſome again ſerv'd up in Soupe, which put *Xanthus* into a furious Paſſion. Thou Villain, ſays he, is this according to my Order, to have nothing but *Tongues upon Tongues?* Sir, ſays *Æſop*, without any Heſitation, ſince it is my ill Fortune to fall under this Accuſation, I do appeal to all theſe learned Perſons whether I have done well or ill, and paid that reſpect to your Order which I ought to do.

Your Order was, That I ſhould make the beſt Proviſion that I could think of, for the Entertainment of theſe excellent Perſons, and if the *Tongue* be the Key that leads us into all *Knowledge*, what could be more proper and ſuitable than *a Feaſt of Tongues for a Philoſophical Banquet?*

When *Xanthus* found the Senſe of the Table to be on *Æſop*'s ſide: Well, my Friends, ſays he, pray will you eat with me to Morrow, and I'll try if I can mend your Chear; and Mr. *Major Domo*, ſays he to *Æſop*, let it be the Care of your Gravity and Wiſdom to provide us a Supper to morrow, of the very worſt things you can think of.

CHAP. 9. *A Second Treat of Tongues.*

XANTHUS's Gueſts met again the next Day, according to the Appointment; and *Æſop* had provided them the very ſame Services of *Tongues and Tongues over and over*, as they had the Night before. Sirrah (ſays *Xanthus* to his Servant) what's the Meaning of this, that *Tongues* ſhould be the *beſt* of Meats *one* Day, and the worſt the *other?* Why, Sir, ſays he, there is not any Wickedneſs under the Sun, that the *Tongue* has not a part in, as Murders, Treaſons, Violence, Injuſtice, Fraud, and all manner of Lewd-

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neſs: For Counſels muſt be firſt agitated, the Matter in queſtion debated, reſolved upon, and communicated by Words, before the Malice comes to be executed in Fact. *Tongue, whither wilt thou!* (ſays the old Proverb.) I go to *build* (ſays the *Tongue*) and I go to *pull down.*

This petulant Liberty of *Æſop* gall'd his Maſter to the very Soul of him; and one of the Gueſts, to help forward his evil Humour, cry'd out, *This Fellow is enough to make a body mad.* Sir (ſays *Æſop*) you have very little Buſineſs to do of your own, I perceive, by the Leiſure you have to intermeddle in other Peoples Matters; you would find ſome other Employment elſe, than to irritate a Maſter againſt his Servant.

CHAP. 10. *Æſop brings his Maſter a Gueſt that had no ſort of Curioſity in him.*

XANTHUS laid hold of the preſent Occaſion, and was willing enough to be furniſhed with a Staff to beat a Dog. Well, Sirrah, ſays he, ſince this learned Gentleman is too *curious*, go you your ways and find me out a Man that has no Curioſity at all, or I'll lace your Coat for ye. *Æſop*, the next Day, walked the whole Town over on this Errand, and at laſt found out a ſlovenly lazy Fellow, lolling at his Eaſe, as if he had nothing to do, or to take care for; and ſo up to him he went in a familiar way, and invited him to his Maſter's to Supper. The Clown made no Ceremony of promiſing, but fell preſently to asking what kind of Man his Maſter was. And what, ſays he, are we going juſt now? (for this poor Devil look'd upon a Meal's Meat *gratis*, as a Bleſſing dropt into his Mouth out of the Skies.) Come (ſays *Æſop*) we are going this very Moment; and wonderfully glad he was to find by the Booby's Diſcourſe that he had met with a Man ſo fit for his purpoſe. Away they went together, and ſo ſtrait into the Parlour, where the Block-

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head throws himſelf down dirty and beaſtly as he was, upon a rich Couch. After a very little while, in comes *Xanthus* to Supper, and asks *Æſop* who that Man was? Why, this is the Man, ſays *Æſop*, that you ſent me for; that is to ſay, a Man that has no *Curioſity* in him at all. Oh, that's very well, ſays *Xanthus*; and then told his Wife in her Ear, that if ſhe would be but a loving and obedient Wife to him, and do as he bad her, he would now ſave her longing; for, ſays he, I have been a great while ſeeking for an Occaſion to pick a Quarrel with *Æſop*, and I have found it at laſt. After this Whiſper, *Xanthus* takes a Turn in the Parlour, and calls aloud to his Wife; hark he, ſweet heart, ſays he, go fetch ſome Water, and waſh the Feet of my Gueſt here. Away ſhe goes, brings a Baſon to the ſide of the Couch, where the Clown was laid at his length, and bad him put forth his Feet for her to waſh them. *Xanthus* little thought ſhe would have done it. But the Clown, after a little ſtumble within himſelf, that 'twas fitter for the Maid to do't than the Miſtreſs: Well, ſays he, if it be the Cuſtom of the Family, 'tis not for me to be againſt it; and ſo he ſtretch'd forth his *Feet* to her *waſhing*.

So ſoon as ever the Company had taken of the edge of their Stomachs, *Xanthus* calls for a Bumper, and puts it into the Hands of the Clown, making no doubt but he would have allow'd his Hoſt the Honour of being his Taſter. The Fellow, without any ſcruple, whips up the Drink; and gives *Xanthus* the Pot again empty, who was now the ſecond time diſappointed upon the Matter of *Curioſity*, or *no Curioſity at all*. He had a Mind ſtill to be upon poor *Æſop*'s Bones, and made another Trial of the Humour of his Gueſt. There was a particular Diſh that the Clown fed very heartily upon: *Xanthus* fell into a Rage with the Cook for ill-dreſſing of it, and threaten'd to have him brought and laſh'd in the very Parlour. The *Bumkin* took no notice of it at all, but without ſpeaking one word on the Cook's behalf, it was nothing to him he thought, what other People did with their Servants.

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They were now come to their Cakes and Pyes, and the Clown guttled upon them without Mercy. *Xanthus* reſolves then upon another Trial; calls for his *Paſtry-cook* and tells him, Sirrah, ſays he, you ſpoil every thing that goes through your Hands. There's neither Spice, nor any other Seaſoning here. The Cook told him, that if they were either over or under-bak'd, it was his Fault; but for the Spice and Seaſoning, it was his Miſtreſs's, for it was all put in that ſhe deliver'd. Nay Wife, ſays *Xanthus*, If it ſticks there, by all that's ſacred, I'll treat you no better than if you were a Slave bought with my Money. Wherefore ſtrip immediately and prepare for a Dog-whip. *Xanthus* thought with himſelf; that if any thing in the World could move this barbarous Brute, he would have put in a word at leaſt to ſave a Woman of Honour from ſo ſcandalous an Indignity. But ſays this Loggerhead to himſelf, there's an old Saying, *What have we to do to quench other Peoples Fires?* And I'll e'en keep myſelf clear of other Peoples Matters; only he took *Xanthus* by the Hand indeed, and told him, if he would but ſtay a little, he'd go fetch his own Wife too, and ſo they might take the Laſh by Turns. In one word, *Xanthus* miſſed his Aim at laſt; and though he was troubled at the Miſcarriage, he could not but laugh yet at the Simplicity of the Man, and confeſs, that *Æſop* was in the Right, in bringing a Perſon to him that had no Curioſity at all.

CHAP. II. *Æſop's Anſwer to a Magiſtrate.*

IT happen'd ſome few Days after the laſt Paſſage above, that *Xanthus*, having ſome Buſineſs at the publick Hall, ſent *Æſop* to ſee if there were any great throng of Men there; a Magiſtrate meets him upon the *Way*, and ask's him whither he was going? Why truly, ſays *Æſop*, I am going I know not whither. The Magiſtrate took it that he banter'd him, and bad an Officer

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Officer take him into Cuſtody and carry him to Priſon. Well, ſays *Æſop*, to the Magiſtrate; is it not true now, that I did not know whither I was going? Can you imagine, that when I came out of the Houſe this Morning, I had any Thoughts of going to Priſon? The Mgiſtrate was well enough pleaſed at the Fancy, and diſcharg'd him upon't, and ſo he went forward to the Hall; where, among a World of People, he ſaw one Man arreſt another upon an Action of Debt. The Debtor pleaded Poverty; but if he would compound for half, it ſhould go hard but he'd make a ſhift to pick it up, he ſaid. Well, with all my Heart, ſays the Creditor, lay down the Money upon the Nail, and the Buſineſs is done: For a Man had better content himſelf with half, than loſe all. And I reckon on that Money as good as loſt, that a Man muſt go to Law for. *Æſop*, upon this, went back and told his Maſter that he had been at the Hall, and ſaw but one Man there. This was a Riddle to *Xanthus*; inſomuch that he went himſelf to learn the Truth of the Matter. When he came to the Place, he found the Court extremely throng'd, and turning ſhort upon *Æſop*, in great Indignation, Sirrah, ſays he, are all theſe People come ſince you told me there was but one Man here? 'Tis very true, ſays *Æſop*, there was a huge Crowd, and yet but *one Man* that I could ſee in that vaſt *Multitude*. This ſeems to be taken out of the Life of *Diogenes*.

CHAP. 12. Xanthus *undertakes to drink the Sea dry.*

THERE happen'd not long after this, to be a merry Meeting of Philoſophers; and *Xanthus*, one of the Company. *Xanthus* had already gotten a Cup too much; and *Æſop* finding they were like to ſet out his hand; Sir, ſays he, 'tis the Humour of *Bacchus*, they ſay, firſt to make Men *chearful*, and when they are paſt that, to make 'em *drunk*, and in the Concluſion, to make

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make them *mad*. *Xanthus* took Offence at *Æſop*; and told him, that was a Lecture for Children. (*Laertius* makes this to be the ſaying of *Anacharſis*). The Cups went round, and *Xanthus* by this time had taken his load, who was mightily given to talk in his drink; and whatever was uppermoſt, out it came without either Fear or Wit. One of the Company obſerving the weak ſide of the Man, took the Opportunity of pumping him, with ſeveral Queſtions. *Xanthus* (ſays he) I have read ſomewhere, that it is poſſible for a Man to drink the Sea dry; but I can hardly believe it. Why, ſays *Xanthus*, I'll venture my Houſe and Land upon't, that I do't myſelf. They agreed upon the Wager, and preſently off went their Rings to ſeal the Conditions. But early the next Morning *Xanthus* miſſing his Ring, thought it might be ſlipt of his Finger, and ask'd *Æſop* about it. Why truly, ſays *Æſop*, I can ſay nothing to the loſing of your Ring; but I can tell you that *you loſt your Houſe and Land laſt Night:* And ſo *Æſop* told him the Story on't, which his Maſter, it ſeems, had utterly forgotten. *Xanthus* began now to chew upon the Matter, and it went to the Heart of him to conſider, that he could neither do the thing, nor yet get quit of his Bonds. In this trouble of Thoughts he conſults *Æſop*, (whoſe Advice before he had rejected) what was to be done in this Caſe. I ſhall never forget, ſays *Xanthus*, how much I owe you for your faithful Services; and ſo with fair Words *Æſop* was prevail'd upon to undertake the bringing him off. 'Tis impoſſible to do the thing (ſays he) but if I can find a way to diſſolve the Obligation, and to gain you Credit by it over and above, that's the Point I ſuppoſe will do your Buſineſs. The Time appointed, ſays *Æſop*, is now at hand, wherefore do you ſet a bold Face upon it, and go to the *Sea-ſide* with all your Servants and your Trinkets about you, and put on a Countenance that you are juſt now about to make good your undertaking. You'll have thouſands of Spectators there, and when they are got together, let

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the Form of the Agreement and the Condition be read which runs to this Effect: That you are to drink up the Sea by such a certain Time, or to forfeit your House and Land, upon such and such a Consideration. When this is done, call for a great Glass, and let it be fill'd with *Sea-Water*, in the Sight of the whole Multitude: Hold it up then in your Hand, and say as follows, *You have heard, good People, what I have undertaken to do, and upon what Penalty, if I do not go through with it. I confess the Agreement, and the Matter of Fact as you have heard it; and I am now about to drink up the Sea; not the Rivers that run into't. And therefore let all the Inlets be stopt, that there be nothing but pure Sea left me to drink, and I am now ready to perform my part of the Agreement. But for any drinking of the Rivers, there is nothing of that in the Contract.* The People found it so clear a Case, that they did not only agree to the Reason and Justice of *Xanthus*'s Case, but hiss'd his Adversary out of the Field; who in the Conclusion made a publick Acknowledgment, that *Xanthus* was the wiser and better Man of the two; but desir'd the Contract might be made void, and offer'd to submit himself further to such Arbitrators as *Xanthus* himself should direct. *Xanthus* was so well pleased with the Character his Adversary had given him, of a wise Man, that all was passed over, and a final End made of the Dispute. *Plutarch* makes this to have been the Invention of *Bias*.

CHAP. 13. *Æsop baffles the Superstition of Augury.*

IN the Days of *Æsop*, the World was mightily addicted to *Augury*; that is to say, to the gathering of *Omens* from the Cry and Flight of *Birds*. Upon this Account it was, that *Xanthus* one Day sent *Æsop* into the Yard, and bad him look well about him. If you see *two Crows* (says he) you'll have *good Luck* after it, but if you should chance to spy *one single Crow*, 'tis a *bad*

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bad Omen, and ſome ill will betide you. *Æſop* ſtept out and came immediately back again, and told his Maſter that he had ſeen *two Crows*. Hereupon *Xanthus* went out himſelf, and finding but *one* (for the other was flown away) he fell outragiouſly upon *Æſop* for making Sport with him, and order'd him to be ſoundly laſh'd for't, but juſt as they were ſtripping him for the Execution, in comes one to invite *Xanthus* abroad to ſupper. Well, Maſter, ſays *Æſop*, and where's the Credit of your *Augury* now? When I, that ſaw *two Crows*, am to be beaten like a Dog, and you, that ſaw but *one*, are going to *make merry* with your Friends? The Reaſon and Quickneſs of this Reflection, pacify'd the Maſter for the preſent, and ſav'd the poor Fellow a ſound Whipping.

CHAP. 14. Æſop *finds hidden Treaſure.*

AS *Xanthus* was walking once among certain Monuments, with *Æſop* at his Heels; and Plodding upon ſeveral *Epitaphs*, there was one Inſcription in *Greek Letters*, that *Xanthus* with all his Skill he had, could not tell what to make of. Well, ſays *Æſop*, let me ſee a little if I can uncypher it. And ſo after laying Things and Things together a-while, Maſter, ſays he, what will you give me, if I find you a Pot of hidden Treaſure now? One *half* of it, ſays *Xanthus*, and your *Liberty*. So *Æſop* fell to digging, a matter of four Yards from the Stone that had the Inſcription; and there found a Pot of Gold which he took up and deliver'd to his Maſter; and claim'd his Promiſe. Well, ſays *Xanthus*, I'll be as good as my Word; but you muſt firſt ſhew me how you came to know there was Treaſure, by the Inſcription; for I had rather be Maſter of that Secret, than of the very Gold itſelf. *Æſop* innocently open'd the whole Matter to him. Look you Sir, ſays he, here are theſe Letters, α, β, δ, ο, ϛ, θ, χ, which are to be thus interpreted; α ſtands for ἀποθάς, β

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for βήματα, δ for δίωκε, ο for ὀρύξας, ε for εὑρήσεις, θ for θησαυρὸν, χ for χρυσίν. In Engliſh, *dig four Paces from this Place, and you ſhall find Gold.* Now, ſays *Xanthus*, if you are ſo good at finding out Gold, you and I muſt not part yet. Come Sir, ſays *Æſop*, (perceiving that his Maſter plaid faſt and looſe with him) to deal freely with you, this Treaſure belongs to King *Dionyſius*. How do you know that? ſays *Xanthus*. Why by the very Inſcription, ſays *Æſop*; for in that Senſe α ſtands for ἀπὸ Διονυσίου, β for βασιλεῖ, δ for Διονυσίῳ, ο for ὃν, ε for εὕρες, θ for θησαυρὸν, χ for χρυσίν. In Engliſh, *give* Dionyſius *the Gold you have found. Xanthus* began to be afraid when he heard it was the King's Money, and charg'd *Æſop* to make no Words on't and he ſhould have the one half. 'Tis well, ſays *Æſop*; but this is not ſo much your own Bounty yet, as the Intention of him that bury'd it; for the very ſame Letters direct the dividing of it. As for Example once again now, α ſtands for ἀνελόμενοι, β for βαδίσαντες, δ for δίελεθε, ο for ὃν, ε for εὑρες, θ for θησαυρὸν, χ for χρυσίν. In Engliſh, *divide the Gold that you have found.* Why then, ſays *Xanthus* let us go home and ſhare it. No ſooner were they got home, but *Æſop* was preſently laid by the Heels, for fear of blabbing, crying out as loud as he could, this come of truſting to the Faith of a Philoſopher. The Reproach nettled his Maſter: But however he cauſed his Shackles to be taken off upon't, and admoniſhed *Æſop* to keep his licentious Tongue in a little better Order for the future, if ever he hop'd to have his Liberty. For that, ſays *Æſop*, prophetically, I ſhall not need to beg it of you as a Favour, for in a very few Days I ſhall have my Freedom, whether you will or no.

CHAP. 15. *Æſop expounds upon an Augury, and is made free.*

ÆSOP had thus far born all the Indignities of a tedious Slavery, with the Conſtancy of a wiſe Man,

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Man, and without either Vanity or Abjection of Mind. He was not ignorant however of his own Value; neither did he neglect any honeſt Way or Occaſion of advancing his Name and his Credit in the World; as in one particular Inſtance among the *Samians*, on a ſtrange thing that happen'd there upon a very ſolemn Day. The Ring it ſeems, that had the Town-Seal upon't was laid ſomewhere in Sight, where an Eagle could come at it; ſhe took it up in the Air, and dropt it into the Boſom of a Slave. The *Samians* took this for a Foreboding, that threaten'd ſome diſmal Calamity to the State, and in a general Conſternation they preſently call'd a Council of their wiſe Men, and *Xanthus* in the firſt Place, to give their Opinions upon this myſterious Accident. They were all at a loſs what to think on't, only *Xanthus* deſired ſome few Days Time for further Conſideration. Upon this, he betook himſelf to his Study, and the more he beat his Brains about it, the further he found himſelf from any Hope of expounding the Secret. This put him into a deep Melancholy; which made *Æſop* very importunate and impatient, to know the Cauſe of it; with Aſſurances, that he would ſerve his Maſter in the Affair, whatever it was, to the uttermoſt of his Power. *Xanthus* hereupon laid the whole Matter before him, and told him in Concluſion, that he was not only loſt in his Reputation, but in Danger to be torn to Pieces by the Rabble. When *Æſop* found how the Caſe ſtood, never trouble your Head any further, ſays he, do but follow my Advice, and I'll bring you off as well now as ever I did before. When you appear to morrow to give in your Anſwer, I would have you ſpeak to the People after this manner.

I need not tell your Wiſdoms that ſo many Heads, ſo many Minds, *and ſo many ſeveral Men, ſo many ſeveral Conceptions of Things; nay, and further, that every ſeveral Art, or Profeſſion requires a diſtinct Faculty or Diſpoſition, that is more or leſs peculiar to itſelf. It is the*

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Cuſtom of the World for People in all Caſes where they are either ignorant or doubtful, to repair to Men that have the Reputation of Philoſophers, for Counſel and Satisfaction. But this under favour, is a great Miſtake; for it is with Philoſophers, as it is, I ſay, with other Arts and Profeſſions that have their Functions apart the one from the other. Wiſdom, 'tis true, may be call'd properly enough the Knowledge of Things divine and human, but will you therefore expect that a Philoſopher ſhould do the Office of a Shoemaker or a Barber, becauſe the Trades are converſant about human Things? No, no, Gentlemen, a Man may be a great Philoſopher without any Skill at all in the handling the Awl, or the Razor. But if the Queſtion were concerning the Government of Life and Manners, the Nature of Things Celeſtial or Terreſtrial, the Duties that we owe to God or Man; you could not do better than repair to Philoſophers for Satisfaction. But for reading upon Prodigies, or commenting upon the Flight of Birds, or the Entrails of Beaſts, theſe are things quite beſide the Philoſopher's Buſineſs. If there be any thing you doubt of that falls under the Cognizance of Philoſophy, I am ready to ſerve you in't; but your preſent Point being Augury, *I ſhall take leave to acquaint you that a Servant I have at home is as likely to make a right Judgment that way as any Man I know. I ſhould not preſume to name a Servant; neither perchance would you think fit to make uſe of one, if the Neceſſity of your preſent Diſtreſs were not a very competent and reaſonable Excuſe.*

Here's your ſpeech, ſays *Æſop*, and your Credit ſav'd whether they'll hear me or not. If they ſend for me, the Honour will be yours, in Caſe I deliver my ſelf to their Liking; and the Diſgrace will be mine then, if I miſcarry. His Maſter was pleaſed beyond Meaſure with the Advice, but he did not as yet underſtand whither it tended.

Xanthus preſented himſelf early the next Morning before the Council, where he dilated upon the Matter according to his Inſtructions, and ſo referr'd them to his Servant for the clearing of the Difficulty. The

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People with one Voice cry'd out, *Where is he? Why does not he appear? Why has not his Maſter brought him along with him?* In ſhort, *Æſop* was immediately fetch'd into the Court, and at the very firſt ſight of him, they all burſt out a laughing by conſent. This Fellow, ſays one, may have Skill perhaps in divining, but he has nothing that's human about him. Another aſk'd where he was born, and whether or no Blocks had the Faculty of Speech in his Country. *Æſop* upon this addreſs'd himſelf to the Council.

You have here before ye (ſays *Æſop*) *an ungracious Figure of a Man, which in truth, is not a Subject for your Contempt, nor is it a reaſonable Ground for your Deſpair, upon the Matter in queſtion. One wiſe Man values another for his Underſtanding, not for his Beauty; beſide that the Deformity of my Perſon is no Incapacity at all as to your Buſineſs. Did you never taſte delicious Drink out of an ill-look'd Veſſel? or did you never drink Wine that was vapid or eager, out of a Veſſel of Gold? 'Tis Sagacity and Strength of Reaſon that you have occaſion for, not the force of robuſt Limbs, nor the Delicacies of Colour and Proportion. Wherefore I muſt beſeech you not to judge of my Mind by my Body, nor to condemn me unheard.* Upon this, they all cry'd out to him, If he had any thing to ſay for the Common Good, that he would ſpeak it. *With your favour*, ſays he, *it is for that End, I preſume, that ye have called me hither, and it is with a great Zeal for your Service that I ſtand now before ye: But when I conſider the Weight of the Matter, in hand, and the Office that I am now to perform, it will as little ſtand with your Honours, perhaps, to take the Opinion of a Slave into your Councils and Debates, as it will with my Condition to offer it. Beſide the riſque I run of my Maſter's Diſpleaſure upon the Event. But all this yet may be obviated, my Fears ſecur'd, my Modeſty gratify'd, and your own Dignity preſerv'd, only by making me a Freeman before hand to qualify me for the Function.* They all ſaid it was a moſt reaſonable thing, and preſently treated about the Price of his Liberty, and order'd the *Queſtors* to

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to pay down the Money. When *Xanthus* ſaw the thing muſt be done, he could not decently ſtand higgling about the Price; but making a Virtue of Neceſſity, he choſe rather to *preſent Æſop* to the Commonwealth, than to *ſell him*. The *Samians* took it very kindly, and *Æſop* was preſently *manumiz'd*, and made a Citizen in Form, proclaim'd a Freeman; and after this Ceremony, he diſcourſed upon the Subject of the Portent as follows.

I ſhall not need to tell ſo many wiſe and knowing Men, that the Eagle is a Royal Bird, and ſignifies a great King; that the dropping of the Ring in the Boſom of a Slave that has no Power over himſelf, portends the Loſs of your Liberties if you do not look to your ſelves in time; and that ſome potent Prince has a deſign upon ye. This put the *Samians* all a-fire to hear the Iſſue of the Prediction. In ſome ſhort time after there came Ambaſſadors from *Cræſus* the King of *Lydia*, to demand a Tribute on the behalf of their Maſter, and threatned the *Samians* with a War in the Caſe of a Refuſal. This Affair came to be debated in the Council, where the Majority was rather for Peace with Slavery, than for running the riſque of a Diſpute; but they would not come to a Reſolution yet, without firſt conſulting *Æſop* what they had beſt to do; who gave them his Thought upon it in Words to this effect.

Every Man in this World has two Ways before him, that is to ſay, Firſt, *The Way of Liberty, that's narrow and rugged at the Entrance, but plainer and ſmoother ſtill the farther you go.* Secondly, *The Way of Servitude or Slavery, that ſeems to be eaſy at firſt, but you'll find it afterwards to be full of intolerable Difficulties.* The *Samians* upon theſe Words, declar'd themſelves unanimouſly for Liberty, and that ſince they were at preſent free, they would never make themſelves Slaves by their own Conſent: So the Ambaſſadors departed, and there was a War denounced.

When *Cræſus* came to underſtand the Reſolution the *Samians* had taken, and how inclinable they were to a

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Compliance, till *Æſop*, by the Power only of a few Words, diverted them from it, he reſolved to ſend for and diſcourſe with *Æſop*. So he made an Offer to the *Samians*, upon their ſending *Æſop* to him, to put a ſtop at preſent to the Courſe of his Arms. When *Æſop* came to hear of this Propoſition, he told them, that he was not againſt their ſending of him, provided only that he might tell them one Story before he left them.

In old Time (ſays he) *when ſome Beaſts talked better Senſe than many Men do now-a-days, there happened to be a fierce War betwixt the Wolves and the Sheep; and the Sheep, by the help of the Dogs, had rather the better on't. The Wolves, upon this, offer'd the Sheep a Peace, on Condition only that they might have their Dogs for Hoſtages; the ſilly credulous Sheep agreed to it, and as ſoon as ever they had parted with the Dogs, the Wolves break in upon them, and deſtroy them at pleaſure.* See *Fab.* 45.

The *Samians* quickly ſmelt out the Moral of this Fable, and cried out, one and all, that they would not part with *Æſop*: But this did not hinder *Æſop* however from putting himſelf aboard, and taking a Paſſage for *Lydia* with the Ambaſſadors.

CHAP. 16. Æſop *preſents himſelf before the King of* Lydia.

IMmediately upon *Æſop*'s Arrival in *Lydia*, he preſented himſelf before the King, who looking upon him with Contempt, Hatred, and Indignation; is this a Man, ſays he, to hinder the King of *Lydia* from being Maſter of *Samos?* *Æſop* then with a Reverence after the *Lydian* Faſhion, deliver'd what he had to ſay.

I am not here (ſays he) *Great King, in the Quality of a Man that is given up by his Country, or under the Compulſion of any Force; but it is of my own accord that I am now come to lay my ſelf at your Majeſty's Feet, and with this*

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this only Requeſt, that you will vouchſafe me the Honour of your royal Ear, and Patience but for a few Words.

'There was a Boy hunting of Locuſts, and he had 'the Fortune to take a Graſhopper. She found he 'was about to kill her, and pleaded after this manner 'for her Life. Alas (ſays ſhe) I never did any Body 'an Injury, and never had it either in my Will or 'my Power to do't. All my Buſineſs is my Song; 'and what will you be the better for my Death? The 'Youth's Heart relented, and he ſet the ſimple Graſ-'hopper at liberty.

Your Majeſty has now that innocent Creature before you: There's nothing that I can pretend to *but my Voice, which I have ever employ'd, ſo far as in me lay, to the Service of Mankind.* The King was ſo tenderly moved with the Modeſty and Prudence of the Man, that he did not only give him his Life, but bad him aſk any thing farther that he had a Mind to, and it ſhould be granted him. Why then, ſays *Æſop* (with that Veneration, Gratitude and Reſpect that the Caſe required) I do moſt humbly implore your Majeſty's Favour for my Countrymen the *Samians*. The King granted him his Requeſt, and confirmed it under his Seal; beſide that the Piety of making that Petition his Choice, was a farther Recommendation of him to his Royal Kindneſs and Eſteem.

Æſop ſoon after this returned to *Samos* with the News of the Peace, where he was welcomed with all the Inſtances of Joy and Thankfulneſs imaginable; inſomuch that they erected a Statue for him, with an Inſcription upon it, in honour of his Memory. From *Samos* he return'd afterwards to *Cræſus*, for whoſe ſake he compos'd ſeveral of thoſe *Apologues* that paſs in the World to this Day under his Name. His Fancy lay extremely to travelling; but above all other Places he had the greateſt Mind to ſee *Babylon*: To which end he got Letters of Recommendation from *Cræſus* to the King there; who, according to *Herodotus*, was a Friend and an Ally of *Cræſus*'s, and his Name, *Labynetus*, not

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Lycerus, as *Planudes* has handed it down to us upon a great Miſtake. But his Curioſity led him firſt to paſs through *Greece*, for the ſake of the *Seven wiſe Men*, whoſe Reputation was at that time famous all over the World. He had the good hap in his Travels to find them at *Corinth*, together with *Anacharſis*, and ſeveral of their Followers and Diſciples, where they were all treated by *Periander* at a *Villa* of his not far from the Town. This Encounter was to the common Satisfaction of the whole Company; the Entertainment philoſophical and agreeable, and among other Diſcourſes, they had ſome Controverſy upon the Subject of Government, and which was the moſt excellent Form; *Æſop* being ſtill for *Monarchy*, and the *reſt* for a *Commonwealth*. He travell'd thence, a while after into *Aſia*, and ſo to *Babylon*, according to his firſt Intention.

CHAP. 17. *Æſop adopts* Ennus. *Ennus's Ingratitude and Falſeneſs, and Æſop's Good-Nature.*

IT was the faſhion in thoſe Days for Princes to exerciſe Trials of Skill in the putting and reſolving of Riddles and intricate Queſtions; and he that was the beſt at the clearing or untying of knotty Difficulties, carried the Prize. *Æſop*'s Faculty lay notably that way, and render'd him ſo ſerviceable to the King, that it brought him both Reputation and Reward. It was his unhappineſs to have no Children, for the Comfort and Support of his old Age; ſo that with the King's Conſent he adopted a young Man, who was well born, and ingenious enough, but poor; his Name was *Ennus*. *Æſop* took as much care of his Inſtitution as if he had been his own Child, and train'd him up in thoſe Principles of Virtue and Knowledge, that might moſt probably render him great and happy. But there's no working upon a flagitious and perverſe Nature,

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ture, by Kindneſs and Diſcipline, and 'tis time loſt to think of maſtering ſo incurable an Evil: So that *Ennus*, after the manner of other wicked Men, heaping one Villany upon another, counterfeits his Father's Name and Hand to certain Letters, where he promiſes his Aſſiſtance to the Neighbour Princes againſt *Labynetus*. Theſe Letters *Ennus* carries to the King, and charges his Father with Treaſon, though in Appearance with all the Trouble and Unwillingneſs that was poſſible, only a Senſe of his Duty to his King and his Country ſwallow'd up all other Reſpects of Reverence and Modeſty that a Son owes to a Father. The King took all theſe Calumnies for Inſtances of *Ennus*'s Affections to him, without the leaſt Suſpicion of any Fraud in the Matter: So that without any further Enquiry, he order'd *Æſop* to be put to death. The Perſons to whom the Care of his Execution was committed, being well aſſured of his Innocence, and of the King's ungovernable Paſſions, took him out of the way, and gave it out that he was dead. Some few Days after this, there came Letters to *Labynetus* from *Amaſis* the King of *Ægypt*, wherein *Labynetus* was deſir'd by *Amaſis* to ſend him a certain Architect that could raiſe a Tower that ſhould hang in the Air, and likewiſe reſolve all Queſtions. *Labynetus* was at a great loſs what Anſwer to return; and the Fierceneſs of his Diſpleaſure againſt *Æſop* being by this time ſomewhat abated, he began to enquire after him with great Paſſion, and would often profeſs, that if the parting with one half of his Kingdom could bring him to life again, he would give it. *Hermippus* and others that had kept him out of the way, told the King, upon the hearing of this, that *Æſop* was yet alive: So they were commanded to bring him forth, which they did in all the Beaſtlineſs he had contracted in the Priſon. He did no ſooner appear, but he made his Innocence ſo manifeſt, that *Labynetus* in extreme Diſpleaſure and Indignation commanded the falſe Accuſer to be put to death with moſt exquiſite Torments; but *Æſop*, after

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ter all this, interceded for him, and obtain'd his Pardon, upon a charitable Presumption, that the Sense of so great a Goodness and Obligation would yet work upon him. *Herodotus* tells the Story of *Cambyses* the Son of *Cyrus*, and *Cræsus*, and with what Joy *Cambyses* receiv'd *Cræsus* again, after he was supposed to be put to death by his own Order; but then it varies in this, that he caused those to be put to death, that were to have seen the Execution done, for not observing his Command.

CHAP. 18. *Æsop's Letters of Morality to his Son* Ennus.

UPON *Æsop*'s coming again into Favour, he had the King of *Ægypt*'s Letter given him to consider of, and advised *Labynetus* to send him for Answer: That early the next Spring he should have the Satisfaction he desired. Things being in this State, *Æsop* took *Ennus* home to him again, and so order'd the Matter, that he wanted neither Counsels nor Instructions, nor any other Helps or Lights that might dispose him to the leading of a virtuous Life, as will appear by the following Precepts.

My Son (says he) *worship God with Care and Reverence, and with a Sincerity of Heart void of all Hypocrisy or Ostentation: Not as if that divine Name and Power were only an Invention to fright Women and Children, but know that God is omnipresent, true, and almighty.*

Have a care even of your most private Actions and Thoughts; for God sees through you, and your Conscience will bear witness against you.

It is according to Prudence as well as Nature, to pay that Honour to your Parents, that you expect your Children should pay to you.

Do all the Good you can to all Men, but in the first place to your nearest Relations; and do no Hurt however where you can do no Good.

Keep

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Keep a Guard upon your Words *as well as upon your* Actions, *that there be no Impurity in either.*

Follow the Dictates of your Reaſon, and you are ſafe; and have a Care of impotent Affections.

Apply yourſelf to learn more, ſo long as there's any thing left that you do not know, and value good Counſel before Money.

Our Minds muſt be cultivated as well as our Plants; the Improvement of our Reaſon makes us like Angels, whereas the Neglect of it turns us into Beaſts.

There's no permanent and inviolable Good, but Wiſdom and Virtue, tho' the ſtudy of it ſignifies little without the Practice.

Do not think it impoſſible to be a wiſe Man, without looking ſour upon it. Wiſdom makes Men ſevere, but not inhuman.

It is Virtue not to be vitious.

Keep Faith with all Men. Have a Care of a Lye, as you would of Sacrilege. Great Babblers have no regard either to Honeſty or Truth.

Take delight in, and frequent the Company *of good Men, for it will give you a Tincture of their* Manners *too.*

Take heed of that vulgar Error, of thinking that there is any Good in Evil. It is a Miſtake when Men talk of profitable Knavery, or of ſtarving Honeſty; for Virtue and Juſtice carry all that is good and profitable along with them.

Let every Man mind his own Buſineſs, for Curioſity is reſtleſs.

Speak Ill of no Body, and you are no more to hear Calumnies than to report them: Beſide that, they that Practiſe the one commonly love the other.

Propoſe honeſt Things, follow wholeſome Counſels, and leave the Event to God.

Let no Man deſpair in Adverſity, nor preſume in Proſperity, for all Things are changeable.

Riſe early to your Buſineſs, learn good Things, and oblige good Men; theſe are three Things you ſhall never repent of.

Have

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Have a care of Luxury and Gluttony; but of Drunkenneſs eſpecially; for Wine as well as Age makes a Man a Child.

Watch for the Opportunities of doing things, for there's nothing well done but what's done in Seaſon.

Love and Honour Kings, Princes, and Magiſtrates, for they are the Bands of Society, in puniſhing of the Guilty, and protecting the Innocent.

Theſe, or ſuch as theſe, were the Leſſons that *Æſop* read daily to his Son; but ſo far was he from mending upon them, that he grew every Day worſe and worſe, ſhewing that it is not in the Power of Art or Diſcipline to rectify a perverſe Nature, or (as *Euripides* ſays) to *make a Man wiſe that has no Soul.* But however, according to *Neveletus*, he came ſoon after to be touch'd in Conſcience for his barbarous Ingratitude, and died in a raging Remorſe for what he had done.

The Spring was now at Hand, and *Æſop* was preparing for the Task he had undertaken about the Building of a Tower in the Air, and reſolving all manner of Queſtions: But I ſhall ſay no more of that romantick Part of the Hiſtory, than that he went into *Ægypt*, and acquitted himſelf of his Commiſſion to *Amaſis* with great Reputation. From thence back again to *Labynetus*, laden with Honours and Rewards; from whom he got Leave to return into *Greece*; but upon Condition of returning to *Babylon* by the firſt Opportunity.

CHAP. 19. Æſop's *Voyage to* Delphos; *his barbarous Uſage there, and his Death.*

WHEN *Æſop* had almoſt taken the whole Tour of *Greece*, he went to *Delphos*, either for the *Oracle*'s ſake, or for the ſake of the *Wiſemen* that frequented that Place. But when he came thither, he found Matters to be quite otherwiſe than he expected, and ſo far from deſerving the Reputation they had in the

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the World for Piety and Wiſdom, that he found them proud and avaricious, and hereupon deliver'd his Opinion of them under this Fable.

I find (ſays he) *the Curioſity that brought me hither, to be much the Caſe of People at the Sea-ſide, that ſee ſomething come bulling toward them a great way off at Sea, and take it at firſt to be ſome mighty Matter, but upon driving nearer and nearer the Shore, it proves at laſt to be only a heap of Weeds and Rubbiſh.* See *Fab.* 119.

The Magiſtrates of the Place took infinite Offence at this Liberty, and preſently enter'd into a Conſpiracy againſt him, to take away his Life, for fear he ſhould give them the ſame Character elſewhere in his Travels, that he had done there upon the Place. It was not ſo ſafe they thought, nor ſo effectual a Revenge to make him away in private; but if they could ſo contrive it, as to bring him to a ſhameful End, under a Form of Juſtice, it would better anſwer their Buſineſs and Deſign. To which Purpoſe they cauſed a Golden Cup to be ſecretly convey'd into his Baggage, when he was packing up to depart. He was no ſooner out of the Town upon his Journey, but immediately purſu'd and taken upon the Way by the Officers, and charg'd with *Sacrilege*. *Æſop* deny'd the Matter, and laugh'd at them all for a Company of mad Men; but upon the ſearching of his Boxes, they took the Cup and ſhew'd it to the People, hurrying him away to Priſon in the middle of his Defence. They brought him the next Day into the Court, where notwithſtanding the Proof of his Innocence, as clear as the Day, he was condemned to die; and his Sentence was to be thrown Headlong from a Rock, down a deep Precipice. After his Doom was paſt, he prevailed upon them, with much ado, to be heard a few Words, and ſo told them the Story of the Frog and the Mouſe, as it ſtands in the Fable.

This

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This wrought nothing upon the Hearts of the *Delphians*, but as they were bawling at the Executioner to diſpatch, and do his Office, *Æſop* on a ſudden gave them the ſlip, and fled to an Altar hard by there, in hopes the Religion of the Place might have protected him; but the *Delphians* told him, that the Altars of the Gods were not to be any Sanctuary to thoſe that robbed their Temples; whereupon he took Occaſion to tell them the Fable of the *Eagle* and the *Beetle* to this following Effect, as it ſtands in the Book, *Numb.* 378.

Now, ſays *Æſop*, (after the telling of this Fable) you are not to flatter yourſelves that the Profaners of holy Altars, and the Oppreſſors of the Innocent, ſhall ever eſcape Divine Vengeance. This enraged the Magiſtrates to ſuch a Degree, that they commanded the Officers immediately to take *Æſop* from the Altar, and diſpatch him away to his Execution. When *Æſop* found that neither the Holineſs of the Place, nor the Clearneſs of his Innocence was ſufficient to protect him, and that he was to fall a Sacrifice to Subornation and Power, he gave them yet one Fable more as he was upon the Way to Execution.

There was an old Fellow (ſays he) *that had ſpent his whole Life in the Country without ever ſeeing the Town; he found himſelf weak and decaying, and nothing would ſerve, but his Friends muſt needs ſhew him the Town once before he died. Their Aſſes were very well acquainted with the Way, and ſo they cauſed them to be made ready, and turned the old Man and Aſſes looſe, without a Guide, to try their Fortune. They were overtaken upon the Road by a terrible Tempeſt, ſo that what with the Darkneſs, and the Violence of the Storm, the Aſſes were beaten out of the Way, and tumbled with the old Man into a Pit, where he had only time to deliver his laſt Breath with this Exclamation. Miſerable Wretch that I am, to be deſtroy'd, ſince die I muſt, by the baſeſt of Beaſts, by Aſſes. And that's my Fate now in ſuffering by the Hands of a barbarous, ſottiſh People, that underſtand nothing, either of Humanity*

or

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or Honour; and act contrary to the Tyes of Hospitality and Justice. But the Gods will not suffer my Blood to lie unreveng'd, and I doubt not but that in Time the Judgment of Heaven will give you to understand your Wickedness by your Punishment. He was speaking on, but they push'd him off headlong from the Rock, and he was dash'd to pieces with the Fall.

The *Delphians* soon after this, were visited with Famine and Pestilence, to such a degree, that they went to consult the Oracle of *Apollo* to know what Wickedness it was had brought these Calamities upon them. The Oracle gave them this Answer, that they were to expiate for the Death of *Æsop*. In the Conscience of their Barbarity, they erected a *Pyramid* to his Honour; and it is upon Tradition, that a great many of the most eminent Men among the *Greeks* of that Season, went afterwards to *Delphos* upon the News of the tragical End of *Æsop*, to learn the Truth of the History; and found upon Enquiry, that the principal of the Conspirators had laid violent Hands upon themselves.

AN

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AN
Alphabetical TABLE,
Referring to the NUMBER of the respective
FABLES.

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THE FABLES OF ÆSOP, &c.

FABLE I. A Cock and a Diamond.

AS a *Cock* was turning up a Dunghill, he ſpy'd a *Diamond*. Well (ſays he to himſelf) this ſparkling Foolery now to a Lapidary in my place, would have been the making of him; but as to any Uſe or Purpoſe of mine, a *Barley-Corn* had been worth forty on't.

The MORAL.

He that's induſtrious in an honeſt Calling, ſhall never fail of a Bleſſing. 'Tis the part of a wiſe Man to prefer Things neceſſary before Matters of Curioſity, Ornament, or Pleaſure.

REFLECTION.

THE Moraliſts will have *Wiſdom* and *Virtue* to be meant by the *Diamond*; the *World*, and the *Pleaſures* of it, by the *Dunghill*; and by the *Cock*, a *voluptuous Man*, that abandons himſelf to his Luſts, without any regard, either to the Study, the Practice, or the Excellency of better things.

Now, with favour of the Antients, this Fable ſeems to me rather to hold forth an Emblem of *Induſtry* and *Moderation*. The *Cock* lives by his *honeſt Labour*, and maintains his Family out of it: His ſcraping upon the *Dunghill* is but working in his *Calling*: The *precious Stone* is only a gaudy *Temptation* that Fortune throws in his way to divert him from his Buſineſs and his Duty; he would have been glad, he ſays, of a *Barley-Corn* inſtead on't, and ſo caſts it aſide as a thing not worth the heeding. What is all this now, but the paſſing of a true Eſtimate

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upon the Matter in queſtion, in preferring that which Providence has made and pronounced to be *the Staff of Life*, before a glittering Gew-gaw, that has no other Value than what Vanity, Pride, and Luxury have ſet upon't? The Price of the *Market* to a *Jeweller* in his *Trade*, is one thing, but the *intrinſick Worth* of a thing to a Man of *Senſe* and *Judgment*, is another. Nay, that very Lapidary himſelf, with a coming Stomach, and in the *Cock's* Place, would have made the *Cock's* Choice. The Doctrine, in ſhort, may be this: That we are to prefer things *neceſſary* before things *ſuperfluous*; the Comforts and the Bleſſings of Providence before the dazling and the ſplendid Curioſities of Mode and Imagination: And finally, that we are not to govern our *Lives* by *Fancy*, but by *Reaſon*.

FAB. 2. A Cat and a Cock.

IT was the hard fortune once of a *Cock* to fall into the clutches of a *Cat*. *Puſs* had a Month's mind to be upon the Bones of him, but was not willing to pick a quarrel, however, without ſome plauſible colour for't. Sirrah (ſays ſhe) what do you keep ſuch a bawling and ſcreaming a Nights for, that no body can ſleep near you? Alas, ſays the *Cock*, I never wake any body, but when 'tis time for People to riſe and go about their Buſineſs. Nay, ſays the *Cat*, and then there never was ſuch an inceſtuous Raſcal: Why, you make no more conſcience of lying with your own Mother, and your Siſters.—In truth, ſays the *Cock*, again, that's only to provide Eggs for my Maſter and Miſtreſs. Come, come, ſays *Puſs*, without any more ado, 'tis time for me to go to Breakfaſt, and *Cats* don't live upon *Dialogues*. At which word ſhe gave him a Pinch, and ſo made an end both of the *Cock* and the *Story*.

FAB. 3. A Wolf and a Lamb.

AS a *Wolf* was lapping at the Head of a Fountain, he ſpy'd a *Lamb* paddling at the ſame time a good way off down the Stream. The *Wolf* had no ſooner the Prey in his eye, but away he runs open-mouth to't. Villain

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Villain (says he) how dare you lie muddling the Water that I'm a drinking? Indeed, says the poor *Lamb*, I did not think that my drinking here *below* could have foul'd your Water so far *above*. Nay, says t'other, you'll never leave your chopping of Logick, till your Skin's turn'd over your Ears, as your Father's was, a matter of six Months ago, for prating at this saucy rate; you remember it full well, Sirrah. If you'll believe me, Sir, (quoth the innocent *Lamb*, with fear and trembling) I was not come into the World then. Why thou Impudence, cries the *Wolf*, hast thou neither Shame nor Conscience? But it runs in the Blood of your whole Race, Sirrah, to hate our Family; and therefore since Fortune has brought us together so conveniently, you shall e'en pay some of your Fore-fathers Scores before you and I part. And so without any more ado, he leap'd at the Throat of the miserable helpless *Lamb*, and tore him immediately to pieces.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

'Tis an easy Matter to find a Staff to beat a Dog. *Innocence is no Protection against the arbitrary Cruelty of a tyrannical Power; But Reason and Conscience are yet so sacred, that the greatest Villanies are still countenanc'd under that Cloke and Colour.*

REFLECTION.

PRIDE and Cruelty never want a Pretence to do mischief. The Plea of *Not Guilty* goes for nothing against Power: For accusing is proving, where Malice and Force are join'd in the Prosecution.

When Innocence is to be oppress'd by Might, Arguments are foolish Things; nay, the very Merits, Virtues, and good Offices of the Person accus'd, are improv'd to his Condemnation: As the Industry and Watchfulness of the *Cock* here, in the calling of People out of their Beds to work when 'tis time to rise, is turn'd upon him as a Crime. Nay, such is the Confidence of a spightful Cruelty, that People shall be charged (rather than fail) with things utterly impossible, and wholly foreign to the Matter in question. The *Lamb* it self shall be made malicious. And what is this now, but the lively Image of a perverse Reason of State, set up in opposition to Truth and Justice; but under the august Name and Pretence, however, of both? As

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Loyalty, for the purpoſe, ſhall be called Rebellion; and the Exerciſe of the moſt neceſſary Powers of Government ſhall paſs for Tyranny and Oppreſſion, Decency of religious Worſhip ſhall be made Superſtition; Tenderneſs of Conſcience ſhall be call'd Phanaticiſm, Singularity and Faction; and the very Articles of the Chriſtian Faith ſhall be condemn'd for Hereſy. Villanies have not the ſame Countenance, when there are great Intereſts, potent Mediations, Preſents, Friends, Advocates, plauſible Colours, and Flouriſhes of Wit and Rhetorick, interpos'd between the Sight and the Object. There are ways of *deceiving* the Eyes, as well as of *blinding* them; ſo that the Cauſe of the Innocent muſt be remitted at laſt to that great and final Deciſion, where there is no longer any place for Paſſion, Partiality, Corruption or Error. But as to the Buſineſs of this World, when the *Cocks* and the *Lambs* lie at the Mercy of *Cats* and *Wolves*, they muſt never expect better Quarter, eſpecially where the Heart's Blood of the one is the Nouriſhment and Entertainment of the other.

FAB. 4. A Frog and a Mouſe.

THere fell out a bloody Quarrel once betwixt the *Frogs* and the *Mice*, about the Sovereignty of the Fens; and whilſt two of their Companions were diſputing it at Sword's Point, down comes a *Kite* powdering upon them in the Interim, and gobbets up both together, to part the Fray.

FAB. 5. A Lion and a Bear.

THere was a *Lion* and *Bear* had gotten a *Fawn* betwixt them, and there were they at *Tooth and Nail* which of the two ſhould carry it off. They fought it out, till they were e'en glad to lie down and take breath. In which Inſtant, a *Fox* paſſing that way, and finding how the Caſe ſtood with the two Combatants, ſeized upon the *Fawn* for his own uſe, and ſo very fairly ſcamper'd away with him. The *Lion* and the *Bear* ſaw the whole Action, but not being in condition to riſe and hinder it, they paſs'd this Reflection upon

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upon the whole matter; Here we have been worrying one another who ſhould have the Booty, 'till this curſed Fox has bobb'd us both on't.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

'Tis the Fate of all Gotham Quarrels, *when Fools go together by the Ears, to have Knaves run away with the Stakes.*

REFLECTION.

THIS is no more than what we ſee daily in popular Factions, where pragmatical Fools commonly begin the Squabble, and crafty Knaves reap the Benefit of it. There is very rarely any Quarrel, either publick or private, whether betwixt Perſons or Parties, but a third watches, and hopes to be the better for't.

And all is but according to the old Proverb, *While two Dogs are fighting for a Bone, a third runs away with it. Divide and govern*, is a Rule of State, that we ſee confirm'd and ſupported by daily Practice and Experience: So that 'tis none of the ſlighteſt Arguments for the Neceſſity of a common Peace, that the Litigants tare one another to pieces for the Benefit of ſome third Intereſt, that makes advantage of their Diſagreement. This is no more than what we find upon Experience through the whole Hiſtory of the World in all notable Changes and Revolutions; that is to ſay, the Contendents have been ſtill made a Prey to the third Party. And this has not been only the Fate and Event of popular Quarrels, but the Puniſhment of them; for the Judgment ſtill treads upon the Heel of the Wickedneſs. People may talk of *Liberty*, *Property*, *Conſcience*, *Right of Title*, &c. but the main Buſineſs and Earneſt of the World, is *Money*, *Dominion* and *Power*, and how to compaſs thoſe Ends; and not a Ruſh matter at laſt, whether it be by Force or Cunning. Might and Right are inſeparable in the Opinion of the World; and he that has the longer Sword ſhall never want either Lawyers or Divines to defend his Claim. But then comes the *Kite*, or the *Fox*, in the Concluſion, that is to ſay, ſome third Party, that either by Strength or by Craft maſters both Plaintiff and Defendant, and carries away the Booty.

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FAB. 6. A Dog and a Shadow.

AS a *Dog* was croſſing a River with a Morſel of good Fleſh in his Mouth, he ſaw (as he thought) another Dog under the Water, upon the very ſame Adventure. He never conſider'd that the one was only the *Image* of the other, but out of a Greedineſs to get both, he chops at the *Shadow*, and loſes the *Subſtance*.

The MORAL.

All covet, all loſe; *which may ſerve for a Reproof to thoſe that govern their Lives by Fancy and Appetite, without conſulting the Honour and Juſtice of the Caſe.*

REFLECTION.

THIS is the Caſe of unreaſonable and inſatiable Deſires: as in Love, Ambition, and the like; where People are ſtill reaching at more and more, 'till they loſe all in the concluſion.

There are more Meanings of *Subſtance* and *Shadow*; of miſtaking one for t'other, and loſing all by chopping at more; than the bare Senſe and Letter of the *Dog*, the *Fleſh*, and the *Image* here in the Fable. Under theſe Heads are comprehended all inordinate Deſires, vain Hopes, and miſerable Diſappointments. What ſhall we ſay of thoſe who ſpend their days in gaping after Court-Favours and Preferments: Servile Flatteries, and ſlaviſh Attendants? That live and entertain themſelves upon Bleſſings in Viſion? (For fair Words and Promiſes are no more than empty Appearances.) What is all this but ſacrificing a Man's Honour, Integrity, Liberty, Reaſon, Body, Soul, Fortune, and all, for *Shadows?* We place our Truſt in Things that have no Being; diſorder our Minds, diſcompoſe our Thoughts, entangle our Eſtates, and ſell our ſelves, in one word, for Bubbles. How wretched is the Man that does not know when he's well, but paſſes away the Peace and Comfort of his Life, for the gratifying of a Fantaſtical Appetite or Humour! Nay, and he miſſes his Aim, even in that too, while he ſquanders away his Intereſt, and forfeits his Diſcretion in the Purſuit of one Vanity after another. Ambition is a Ladder that reaches from Earth to Heaven; and the firſt Round is but ſo many Inches in a Man's way towards the Mounting of all the reſt. He's never well till he's at the Top, and when he can go no higher, he muſt either

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either hang in the Air, or fall; for in this caſe he has nothing above him to aſpire to, nor any Foot-hold left him to come down by. Every Man has what's ſufficient at hand, and in catching at more than he can carry away, he loſes what he had. Now there's Ingratitude, as well as Diſappointment, in all theſe rambling and extravagant Motions: Beſide, that Avarice is always beggarly; for he that wants, has as good as nothing. The Deſire of more and more riſes by a natural Gradation to moſt, and after that, to all; till in the concluſion we find our ſelves ſick and weary of all that's poſſible to be had, ſolicitous for ſomething elſe, and then when we have ſpent our Days in the queſt of the meaneſt things, and at the feet of the worſt of Men, we find at the bottom of the Account that all the Enjoyments under the Sun are not worth ſtruggling for. What can be vainer now, than to laviſh out our Lives and Fortunes in the ſearch and purchaſe of Trifles, and at the ſame time to lie carking for the unprofitable Goods of this World, and in a reſtleſs Anxiety of Thought for what's to come. The Folly, in fine, of theſe vexatious and frivolous Purſuits, ſhews it ſelf in all the Tranſports of our wild and ungoverned Affections.

Here is further ſet forth in this Emblem all the fabulous Torments of Hell, even above-ground. Men who are tainted with this Appetite are ready to die of *Thirſt*, with *Tantalus*, and the Water running at their very Lips. They are condemn'd, with the *Siſters*, to the filling of *Tubs* with *Holes* in 'em; which is but a lively Figure of ſo much Labour ſpent in vain, upon the gratifying of unreaſonable Deſires. What's a Man's contending with inſuperable Difficulties, but the rolling of *Siſyphus's Stone* up the Hill, which is ſure before-hand to return upon him again? What's an eternal Circulation of the ſame things, as well as the ſame Steps, without advancing one Inch of Ground towards his Journey's End, but *Ixion* in the *Wheel*, and all this while with Cares and Horrors at his Heart, like the *Vulture* that's Day and Night quarrying upon *Prometheus's Liver*.

But after all that's ſaid upon this Subject, of our Miſtake and Puniſhment, the great Nicety will lie in rightly diſtinguiſhing betwixt the *Subſtance* and the *Shadow*, and in what degree of Preference the one ſtands to the other. Now this muſt be, according to *Epictetus's* Diſtribution of Matters, into *what we have in our power*, and *what not*; and in placing things honeſt and neceſſary before other ſubordinate Satisfactions. *Æſop's Dog* here was in the Poſſeſſion of a very good Breakfaſt, and

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he knew very well what he had in his Mouth; but ſtill, either out of Levity, Curioſity or Greedineſs, he muſt be chopping at ſomething elſe, that he neither wanted nor underſtood, till he loſt all for a *Shadow*; that is to ſay, for juſt nothing at all.

FAB. 7. A Lion, an Aſs, &c. a hunting.

A *Lion*, an *Aſs*, and ſome other of their Fellow-Foreſters, went a hunting one day; and every one to go *ſhare and ſhare-like* in what they took. They pluck'd down a Stag, and cut him into ſo many Parts; but as they were entring upon the dividend, *Hands off*, ſays the *Lion*, *This* Part is mine by the Privilege of my *Quality*; *this*, becauſe I'll have it *in ſpite of your teeth*; *this* again, becauſe I took moſt *pains* for't; and if you diſpute the *fourth*, we muſt e'en pluck a Crow about it. So the Confederates Mouths were all ſtopt, and they went away as mute as Fiſhes.

The MORAL.

There's no entering into Leagues or Partnerſhips with thoſe that are either too powerful, or too crafty for us. He that has the Staff in his Hand will be his own Carver, Bought Wit is beſt.

REFLECTIONS.

SAVING the Incongruity of making the *Aſs* a Beaſt of *Prey*, we are to learn from hence the Danger of unequal Alliances; where the Poor and the Weak lie at the Mercy of the Rich and Powerful, and no Remedy but Patience and Reſignation.

People ſhould have a care how they engage themſelves in Partnerſhips with Men that are too mighty for them, whether it be in Money, Pleaſure, or Buſ'neſs. *Find out ſomething*, ſays a Court-Minion, and then upon the Diſcovery, he lays hands on't for himſelf. So ſays, and ſo does the *Lion* here to the *Aſs* and his Companions. Now this is only a ſtate-way of fiſhing with Cormorants. Men in Power plunge their Clients into the Mud with a Ring about their Necks; ſo that let them bring up what they will, nothing goes down with them that they ſhall be ever the better for. And when they come in Concluſion to caſt up the Profit and Loſs of the Purchaſe, or the Project, what betwixt Force, Intereſt, and good Manners, the

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the Adventurer 'ſcapes well if he can but get off at laſt with *his Labour for his Pains.*

Ambition, and the inſatiable Thirſt of Money, Greatneſs, and Glory, know no other Bounds of Juſtice or Conſcience, than the Meaſures of a corrupt Appetite. Services are paid with Smoke and fair Words; and there goes a world of unprofitable Ceremony to the mortifying of an honeſt Man. Promiſes and Proteſtations are only Paſſages of Courſe, and mere Expletives, that in the Conſtruction of Civility and good Breeding, ſignify no more than [*Your Humble Servant, Sir.*] All, in ſhort, that the *Lion* ſays and does in this Inſtance, is but according to the Practice of Men in Power in a thouſand other Caſes.

FAB. 8. A Wolf and a Crane.

A *Wolf* had got a Bone in's Throat, and could think of no better Inſtrument to eaſe him of it, than the Bill of a *Crane*; ſo he went and treated with a *Crane* to help him out with it, upon Condition of a very conſiderable Reward for his Pains. The Crane did him the good Office, and then claim'd his Promiſe. Why how now Impudence! (ſays the other) Do you put your Head into the Mouth of a *Wolf*, and then, when you've brought it out again ſafe and ſound, do you talk of a Reward? Why Sirrah, you have your Head again, and is not that a ſufficient Recompence.

The MORAL.

One good Turn, they ſay, requires another: But yet he that has to do with wild Beaſts (as ſome Men are no better) and comes off with a whole Skin, let him expect no other Reward.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable will bear divers Morals; as firſt, That it is but due Gratitude to be thankful to our Preſervers. Secondly, The *Crane*'s good Fortune can hardly excuſe his Facility. And then the *Crane* did ill again, to inſiſt upon a Reward; for a good Office pays it-ſelf: neither was he reaſonably to expect that ſo perfidious a Creature ſhould keep touch with him. Thirdly, Though the *Wolf* was to blame for not making good his

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his Promiſe, there is yet, in Equity, a kind of Reward in not chopping off his Head when he had it at Mercy.

The Caſe of the *Crane* here, is a Caſe of Conſcience; for 'tis a nice Buſineſs to determine how far wicked Men in their Diſtreſſes *may* be reliev'd; how far they ought to be reliev'd; and to what Degree of Loſs, Labour and Difficulty, a ſober, a wiſe and a good Man may interpoſe to their Redreſs. He may *give*, he may *lend*, he may *venture*, ſo far as Generoſity and good Nature ſhall prompt him: provided always that he go no further than the Conſcience of the Cauſe or of the Action will warrant him. A Man is at *liberty*, 'tis true, to do many kind and brave Offices, which he is not *bound* to do: And if the Largeneſs of his Heart ſhall carry him beyond the Line of neceſſary Prudence, we may only reckon upon it as a more illuſtrious Weakneſs.

Here is a Fiction of one *Crane* that ſcap'd, that there might not want one Inſtance of an Encouragement to a dangerous Act of Charity: But this one Inſtance is not yet ſufficient to juſtify the making a common Practice of it, upon the ſame Terms. 'Tis poſſible for one Blot not to be hit; or to be over-ſeen perhaps. And ſo 'tis as poſſible for one ill Man either not to think of the Miſchief he could do, or to ſlip the Occaſion of it; but ſuch a Deliverance however is a Thing to thank Providence for, without ſtanding upon a Reward for the Service. The Bone in the Throat of the *Wolf* may be underſtood of any ſort of Pinch or Calamity, either in Body, Liberty, or Fortune. How many do we ſee daily, gaping and ſtruggling with Bones in their Throats, that when they had gotten them drawn out, have attempted the Ruin of their Deliverers? The World, in ſhort, is full of Practices and Examples to anſwer the Intent of this Fable, and there are thouſands of Conſciences that will be touch'd with the reading of it, whoſe Names are not written in their Foreheads.

FAB. 9. A Countryman and a Snake.

A *Countryman* happen'd in a hard Winter to ſpy a *Snake* under a Hedge, that was half frozen to Death. The Man was good-natur'd, and took it up, and kept it in his Boſom, till Warmth brought it to Life again; and ſo ſoon as ever it was in condition to do Miſchief, it bit the very Man that ſav'd the Life on't.

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on't. Ah thou ungrateful Wretch! says he, Is that venomous Ill-Nature of thine to be satisfy'd with nothing less than the Ruin of thy Preserver?

The MORAL.

There are some Men like some Snakes; 'Tis natural to them to be doing Mischief; and the greater the Benefit on the one side, the more implacable the Malice on the other.

REFLECTION.

HE that takes an ungrateful Man into his Bosom, is well nigh sure to be betrayed; and it is no longer Charity, but Folly, to think of obliging the common Enemies of Mankind. But 'tis no new thing for good-natur'd Men to meet with ungrateful Returns. Wherefore Friendships, Charities, and Kindnesses should be well weigh'd and examin'd, as to the Circumstances of Time, Place, Manner, Person, and Proportion, before we sign and seal. A Man had much better take a *Tiger* into his Grounds, than a *Snake* into his Bosom. How many Examples have we seen with our own Eyes, of Men that have been pick'd up, and relieved out of starving Necessities, without either Spirit or Strength to do Mischief, who in requital have afterwards conspired against the Life, Honour, and Fortune of their Patrons and Redeemers? Did ever any of these human *Snakes* lose their Venom for lying under some temporary Incapacity of using it? Will they be ever the less dangerous and malicious, when Warmth shall bring them to themselves again, because they were once frozen and benumm'd with Cold? The very Credulity encourages an Abuse, where the Will to do Mischief only waits for the Power and Opportunity of putting it in execution, Facility makes the Innocent a Prey to the Crafty. The *Snake*, after his Recovery, is the very same *Snake* still that he was first. How many People have we read of in Story, that after a Pardon for one Rebellion, have been taken in another with that very Pardon in their Pockets, and the Ink scarce dry upon the Parchment? Now all this is no more than the *Proverb* in a *Fable: Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he'll cut your Throat.*

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ditation, good Air, Health, and ſound Sleeps, without the Rages of Wine and Luſt, or the Contagion of idle Examples, can make them ſo: for every thing there is natural and gracious. There's the Diverſion of all healthful Exerciſes for the Body; the Entertainment of the Place, and of the Rivers, without any baſe Intereſt to corrupt either the Virtue or the Peace of our Lives. He that's a Slave in the Town, is a kind of a petty Prince in the Country. He loves his Neighbours, without Pride, and lives in Charity with the whole World. All that he ſees is his own, as to the Delight of it, without envying the Proſperity. His Doors are not troubled with either Duns or Fools, and he has the Sages of all Times in his Cabinet for his Companions. He lives to himſelf as well as to the World, without Brawls or Quarrels, of any ſort whatſoever. He ſees no bloody Murders; he hears no Blaſphemous Execrations; he lives free from the Plagues of Jealouſy and Envy. And this is the Life, in fine, that the greateſt and the wiſeſt Men in the World, have, or would have made choice of, if Cares and Buſineſs had not hinder'd them from ſo great a Bleſſing.

'Tis againſt common Juſtice to paſs Sentence without hearing both ſides: And the only way to come to a true Eſtimate upon the Odds betwixt a publick and a private Life, is to try both. Virtue is only glorious in the native Simplicity of it, and while it holds no Communication with Intereſt, Fancy, Senſe, or Ornament: Wherefore *Æſop* has done wiſely to caſt the Iſſue of the Queſtion upon the Experiment, *Far from* Jupiter (ſays the *Adage*) *far from the Thunder*. What ſignifies the Splendor and the Luxury of Courts, conſidering the ſlaviſh Attendances, the invidious Competitions, and the mortal Diſappointments that go along with it? The Frowns of Princes, and the Envy of thoſe that judge by Hearſay or Appearance, without either Reaſon or Truth? To ſay nothing of the innumerable Temptations, Vices, and Exceſſes of a Life of Pomp and Pleaſure. Let a Man but ſet the pleaſing of his Palate againſt the Surfeits of Gluttony and Exceſs; the ſtarving of his Mind againſt a pamper'd Carcaſe; the reſtleſs Importunities of Tale-bearers and Back-friends againſt fair Words and Profeſſions only from the Teeth outwards: let him, I ſay, but ſet the one in Balance againſt the other, and he ſhall find himſelf miſerable, even in the very Glut of his Delights. To ſay all in a Word; Let him but ſet the Comforts of a Life ſpent in Noiſe, Formality and Tumult, againſt the

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Bleſſings of a Retreat with Competency and Freedom, and then caſt up his Account.

What Man then, that is not ſtark mad, will voluntarily expoſe himſelf to the imperious Brow-beatings and Scorns of great Men! To have a Dagger ſtruck to his Heart in an Embrace! To be torn to pieces by Calumny, nay to be a Knave in his own Defence! For the Honeſter the worſe in a vicious Age, and where 'tis a Crime not to be like the Company. Men of that Character are not to be read and underſtood by their Words, but by their Intereſts; their Promiſes and Proteſtations are no longer binding than while they are profitable. But *Baudoin* has done ſo well upon this Fable, that there needs no more to be ſaid to't.

FAB. 12. A Crow and a Muſcle.

THere was one of your *Royſton-Crows*, that lay battering upon a *Muſcle*, and could not for his Blood break the Shell to come at the Fiſh. A *Carrion-Crow* in this *interim*, comes up, and tells him, that what he could not do by Force, he might do by Stratagem. Take this *Muſcle* up in the Air, ſays the *Crow*, as high as you can carry it, and then let him fall upon that Rock there; his own Weight, you ſhall ſee, ſhall break him. The *Royſtoner* took his Advice, and it ſucceeded accordingly; but while the one was upon wing, the other ſtood lurching upon the Ground, and flew away with the Fiſh.

The MORAL.

Charity begins at home, *they ſay*; *and moſt People are kind to their Neighbours for their own ſakes.*

REFLECTION.

IT is no longer an Amity of Virtue, but of Deſign, when we ſeek our own Intereſt, under Colour of obliging others; and Men of Frankneſs and Simplicity are the moſt eaſily impoſed upon, where they have Craft and Treachery to deal withal. The Impoſture, in truth, can hardly miſcarry, where there is a full Confidence on the one ſide, and a plauſible Addreſs and Diſpoſition on the other; wherefore 'tis good to be wary, but ſo as not to be inexorable, where there is but any Place for Charity

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Charity itſelf to hope for better things: Not but that a ſupine credulous Facility expoſes a Man to be both a Prey and a Laughing-ſtock at once. 'Tis not for us to judge of the good Faith of Mens Intentions; but by the Light we receive from their Works. We may ſet up this for a Rule however, that where the Adviſer is to be evidently the better for the Counſel, and the Adviſed in manifeſt danger to be worſe for't, there's no meddling. The *Crow*'s Counſel was good enough in itſelf, but it was given with a fraudulent Intention.

FAB. 13. A Fox and a Raven.

A Certain *Fox* ſpy'd out a *Raven* upon a Tree with a Morſel in his Mouth, that ſet his Chops a watering: but how to come at it was the Queſtion. Oh thou bleſſed Bird! (ſays he) the Delight of Gods and of Men! and ſo he lays himſelf forth upon the Gracefulneſs of the *Raven*'s Perſon, and the Beauty of his Plumes: his admirable Gift of *Augury*, &c. and now, ſays the *Fox*, if thou haſt but a Voice anſwerable to the reſt of thy excellent Qualities, the Sun in the Firmament could not ſhew the World ſuch another Creature. This nauſeous Flattery ſets the *Raven* immediately a gaping as wide as ever he could ſtretch, to give the *Fox* a taſte of his Pipe; but upon the opening of his Mouth, he drops his Breakfaſt, which the *Fox* preſently chopt up, and then bad him remember, that whatever he had ſaid of his *Beauty*, he had ſpoken nothing yet out of his *Brains*.

The MORAL.

There's hardly any Man living that may not be wrought upon more or leſs by Flattery: For we do all of us naturally overween in our own Favour? But when it comes to be applied once to a vain Fool, it makes him forty Times an arranter Sot than he was before.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable ſhews us the Danger and the Nature of Flattery. It calls good Things by ill Names, and ill by good; but it will never be out of Credit, ſo long as there are Knaves to

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give it, and Fools to take it. It is never more Pernicious than in the Courts of great Princes, becauſe a good deal of it looks like Duty; as in private Caſes, it carries a Face of Friendſhip. The Way to riſe is to pleaſe, and whatever is gotten by't, comes by Treachery. 'Tis a Deſign that endangers both Body, Soul, and Eſtate, and not one Man of a Million that's Proof againſt it. But great and good Men will rather look for their Character in the Writings and Precepts of the Philoſophers, than in the *Hyperboles* of their Flatterers; for they know very well, that *wiſe Books* are the only *true Friends*.

There's a fawning crafty Knave and a vain eaſy Fool well met in this Fable of the *Fox* and the *Raven*; which is no more at laſt, than one ſort of Raſcal *cajoling* another: And then to ſhew us both that Impudence will ſtick at nothing, and that a ſelf-conceited Fop will ſwallow any Thing, the *Raven*'s Beauty forſooth, and his Voice, are the *Topicks* that *Reynard* has made choice of to dilate upon. The two main Ends of Flattery are Profit or Safety, tho' there are many others too that are leſs principal; but in ſome reſpect or other reducible to theſe Heads. The one is too mercenary, and the other too ſervile, for a Man of Worth. There are alſo ſeveral ſorts and Degrees of it under this Diviſion; and divers ways of Addreſs and Application. But *Flattery* is *Flattery* ſtill, and the Moral extends to all.

'Tis in itſelf an unmanly ſlaviſh Vice; but it is much worſe yet for the Alliance it has to *Hypocriſy*; for while we make other People think better of themſelves than they deſerve, we make them think better of us too than we deſerve: For Self-love and Vanity on the one Hand aſſiſts the Falſeneſs and Confidence on the other, while it ſerves to confirm weak Minds in the Opinion they had of themſelves before; and makes them Parties, effectually, in a Conſpiracy to their own Ruin. The Meaſures and the Artifices of it are many, and in divers Caſes ſo like Sincerity, that what betwixt Cuſtom, and the Nature of the thing, it looks, in truth, like a Virtue and a Duty; that is to ſay, where it is ſo managed as to be rather inſtructive than puffing up. As for Example, for a Body to ſay, [*This, or That, was wiſely foreſeen*;] or [*You intend, I preſume, to go This or That way to work*;] and the like: ſuch an Inſinuation as this is carries the Force in it of a tacite and a prudent Advice; for it both ſerves to point out the Reaſon of the thing, and it preſerves the Decency of that Reſpect which ought to go along with it. 'Tis a good Hint,

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the very ſuggeſting of ſuch or ſuch a Precaution, tho' the Conſideration perhaps never came near the t'others Thoughts. But there is a certain habitual Meanneſs of Soul, which has ſo far prevail'd in the World, that common Civility is no leſs tainted by Courſe and Cuſtom, than Friendſhip and Converſation is by Corruption.

It is the Paraſite's Art to caſt himſelf into all Shapes that may ſort with the Figure of his Patron, in what Poſt, Function, or Adminiſtration ſoever; and to frame the Air and Countenance of his Words, Looks and Actions accordingly, with a reſpect to his Power, Wiſdom, Conduct, Bravery, Generoſity, Juſtice, or what other Subject he thinks fit to treat upon. So that let him be never ſo perfidious, ſhallow, raſh, timorous, envious, malicious, proud, covetous, *&c.* a little *Court Holy Water* waſhes off all Stains. And what is this upon the main now, but an Exchange of Air for Subſtance, and parting with all that either is or ought to be dear to us, for a Song? The Flatterer firſt counſels his Patron to his Loſs, and then betrays him into the making himſelf ridiculous; as what can be more ſo, than for a *Raven* to value himſelf upon his *croaking*, or an *Aſs* upon his *braying?* The only Benefit or Good of Flattery is this; that by hearing what we are not, we may be inſtructed what we ought to be.

FAB. 14. An Old Lion.

A *Lion* that in the Days of his Youth and Strength had been very outragious and cruel, came in the end to be reduced, by old Age and Infirmity, to the laſt Degree of Miſery and Contempt; inſomuch that all the Beaſts of the Foreſt, ſome out of Inſolence, others in Revenge, ſome, in fine, upon one Pretence, ſome upon another, fell upon him by Conſent. He was a miſerable Creature to all Intents and Purpoſes; but nothing went ſo near the Heart of him in his Diſtreſs, as to find himſelf batter'd by the Heel of an *Aſs*.

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The MORAL.

A Prince that does not ſecure Friends to himſelf while he is in Power and Condition to oblige them, muſt never expect to find Friends when he is old and impotent, and no longer able to do them any Good. If he governs tyrannically in his Youth, he will be ſure to be treated contemptuouſly in his Age; and the baſer his Enemies are, the more inſolent and intolerable will be the Affront.

REFLECTION.

THIS may ſerve for a Leſſon to Men in Power, that they treaſure up Friends in their Proſperity, againſt a time of need; for he that does not ſecure himſelf of a Stock of Reputation in his Greatneſs, ſhall moſt certainly fall unpitied in his Adverſity: And the baſer his Enemies are, the more inſupportable is the Inſolence, and the forwarder will they be to trample upon him.

The Caſe of this miſerable *old Lion* may ſerve to put great Men in Mind that the Wheel of Time and of Fortune is ſtill rolling, and that they themſelves are to lie down at laſt in the Grave with common Duſt; and without any thing to ſupport them in their Age, but the Reputation, Virtue and Conſcience of a well-ſpent Youth. Nay, Age itſelf is well-nigh ſufficient to deface every Letter and Action in the Hiſtory of a meritorious Life. For old Services are buried under the Ruins of an old Carcaſe. But there are none yet that fall ſo unpitied, ſo juſt, ſo neceſſary, and ſo grateful a Sacrifice to the Rage and Scorn of common People, as thoſe that have raiſed themſelves upon the Spoils of the Publick; eſpecially when that Oppreſſion is aggravated with a wanton Cruelty, and with Blood and Rapine, for the very love of Wickedneſs. It is a kind of Arrogance, in ſuch a caſe, to be honeſt, where 'tis both a Faſhion and a Credit to the contrary.

The *Lion* is here upon his Death-bed; not a Friend left him, nor ſo much as an Enemy, with either Fangs or Claws, that does not ſtand gaping and waiting for a Collop of him. Here he lies faint, poor, and defenceleſs, under the Judgment of Divine Vengeance, and the Animadverſion of human Juſtice, both at once; ſtung in his own Thoughts with the guilty Remembrance of the Pride and Riot of his Youth, abandon'd and deſpis'd by the righteous Retaliation of Heaven itſelf: All his Sins, as well as all his Adverſaries; his Frauds and Cruelties, broken Vows, Promiſes and Contracts; his Tyran-

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ny and Hypocriſy, and the Iniquity, in fine, of all his Counſels and Practices, for the Ruin of the Guiltleſs, flying in the Face of him.

FAB. 15. An Aſs and a Whelp.

A Gentleman had got a Favourite-*Spaniel*, that would be ſtill toying and leaping upon him, licking his Cheeks, and playing a thouſand pretty Gamboles, which the Maſter was well enough pleas'd withal. This wanton Humour ſucceeded ſo well with the *Puppy*, that an *Aſs* in the Houſe would needs go the ſame gameſome way to work, to curry favour for himſelf too; but he was quickly given to underſtand, with a good Cudgel, the difference betwixt the one Play-Fellow and the other.

The MORAL.

People that live by Example, ſhould do well to look very narrowly into the Force and Authority of the Preſident, without ſaying or doing things at a venture: For that may become one Man, which would be abſolutely intolerable in another, under different Circumſtances.

REFLECTION.

UNDER the Allegory of the *Aſs* is inſinuated the Licenſe of a *Buffoon*. There's a Miſchief and Scandal in the very Sport and Humour of it. There are ſome Men who ſeem to have brutal Minds wrapt up in human Shapes; their very Careſſes are rude and importune, and, with *Æſop*'s *Aſs* here, their very Compliments deſerve a Correction, rather than an Encouragement or a Reward.

All Creatures have ſomewhat in 'em peculiar to their ſeveral *Species*; and that Practice is ſtill the beſt which is moſt conſonant to the Nature of them, by a common Inſtinct. The *Fawnings* of an *Aſs* are as unnatural as the *Brayings* would be of a *Dog*, and a Man would as ſoon chuſe him for his Bed-fellow as for his Play-fellow. He that follows Nature is never out of his way; and that which is beſt for every Man, is fitteſt for him too. He does it with Eaſe and Succeſs, whereas all Imitation is putid and ſervile.

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FAB. 16. A Lion and a Mouſe.

UPon the roaring of a Beaſt in the Wood, a *Mouſe* ran preſently out to ſee what News: and what was it but a *Lion* hamper'd in a Net! This Accident brought to her Mind, how that ſhe herſelf, but ſome few Days before, had fall'n under the Paw of a certain generous *Lion*, that let her go again. Upon a ſtrict Enquiry into the Matter, ſhe found this to be that very *Lion*, and ſo ſet herſelf preſently to work upon the Couplings of the Net, gnaw'd the Threads to pieces, and in Gratitude deliver'd her Preſerver.

The MORAL.

Without good Nature and Gratitude, Men had as good live in a Wilderneſs as in a Society. There is no Subject ſo inconſiderable, but his Prince, at ſome time or other may have occaſion for him: and it holds through the whole Scale of the Creation, that the Great and the Little have need one of another.

REFLECTION.

THERE is nothing ſo little, but Greatneſs may come to ſtand in need on't, and therefore Prudence and Diſcretion ought to have a Place in Clemency, as well as in Piety and Juſtice; 'tis *doing as we would be done by:* And the Obligation is yet ſtronger, when there is Gratitude as well as Honour and good Nature in the Caſe. The Generoſity of the *Lion*, and the Gratitude of the *Mouſe*; the Power, the Dignity, and the Eminence of the one, and the Meanneſs of the other, do all concur to the making of this a very inſtructive Fable. Who would have thought that Providence ſhould ever have laid the Life of a *Lion* at the Mercy of a *Mouſe?* But the Divine Wiſdom, that brings the greateſt Ends to paſs by the moſt deſpicable Means, orders the Reward of Virtue, and the Puniſhment of Vice, by the Ways only known to it ſelf, in token of an Approbation of the one, and the Diſlike of the other.

Here's a Recommendation of Clemency and Wiſdom both in one: For the *Lion*, in ſparing the Life of the *Mouſe*, ſaved his own; and has left us in this Fable an Inſtance of a grateful Beaſt that will ſtand upon Record to the Confuſion of ma-

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ny an ungrateful Man; that is to say, against those that in their Prosperity forget their Friends, that to their Loss and Hazard stood by and succour'd them in their Adversity. This is a Sin of so odious and dangerous an Example, that it puts even Piety and Gratitude it self out of Countenance. And then the Tenderness on the other side is matter of Interest and ordinary Prudence, as well as of Virtue. If this *Lion* had kill'd the *Mouse*, what would the other *Mice* have said or done afterwards, when they should have found the same *Lion* in the Toil? [Have a care, good People; for this is he that killed our Sister, and we cannot save his Life without hazarding our own. If the Huntsman kill him, we are sure he will never kill us; beside, that we shall have one Enemy the fewer for't when he's gone.] Now the Reason of *Æsop's Mouse* here works quite another way. This *Lion* (says he) gave me my Life when he had it at Mercy, and it is now my Turn and Duty to do what I can to preserve his. No Flesh, in fine, can be so great, as not to tremble under the Force and Consequences of this President.

FAB. 17. A Sick Kite and her Mother.

PRay *Mother* (says a *sick Kite*) give over these idle Lamentations, and let me rather have your Prayers. Alas! my Child (says the Dam) which of the Gods shall I go to, for a Wretch that has robb'd all their Altars?

The MORAL.

Nothing but the Conscience of a virtuous Life can make Death easy to us; wherefore there's no trusting to the Distraction of an agonizing and a Death-bed Repentance.

REFLECTION.

THE *Kite's* Death-bed Devotion and Repentance works like the Charity and Piety of a great many Penitents we meet with in the World; that after the robbing of Temples, the profaning of Altars, and other Violences of Rapine and Oppression, build an Hospital, perhaps, or some little Alms-House, out of the Ruins of the Church, and the Spoils of Widows and Orphans, put up a Bill for the Prayers of the Congregation,

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gregation, wipe their Mouths, and all's well again. But 'tis not for a wicked Life to truſt the Hazards of an uncertain State and Diſpoſition at the Point of Death. When Men come to that laſt Extremity once by Langour, Pain, or Sickneſs; and to lie agonizing betwixt Heaven and Hell, under the Stroke either of a divine Judgment, or of human Frailty, they are not commonly ſo ſenſible of their Wickedneſs, or ſo effectually touch'd with the Remorſe of a true Repentance, as they are diſtracted with the Terrors of Death, and the dark viſionary Apprehenſions of what's to come. People in that Condition do but diſcharge themſelves of burdenſom Reflections, as they do of the *Cargo* of a Ship at Sea that has ſprung a Leak; every thing is done in a Hurry, and Men only part with their Sins in the one Caſe, as they do with their Goods in the other, to fiſh them up again, ſo ſoon as the Storm is over. Grace muſt be very ſtrong in theſe Conflicts, wholly to vanquiſh the Weakneſſes of diſtreſſed Nature. That certainly is none of the time to make choice of for the great Work of reconciling ourſelves to Heaven, when we are divided and confounded betwixt an Anguiſh of Body and of Mind: And the Man is worſe than mad, that ventures his Salvation upon that deſperate Iſſue. We have abundance of theſe *ſick Kites* in the World, that after a ſacrilegious Life, ſpent in the robbing of the Church, would willingly be thought to die in the Boſom of it,

FAB. 18. A Swallow and other Birds.

THere was a Country Fellow at work a ſowing his Grounds, and a *Swallow* (being a Bird famous for Providence and Foreſight) call'd a Company of *little Birds* about her, and bade 'em take good notice what that Fellow was a doing. You muſt know (ſays the *Swallow*) that all the Fowlers Nets and Snares are made of *Hemp* or *Flax*, and that's the Seed that he is now a ſowing. Pick it up in time, for fear of what may come on't. In ſhort, they put it of, till it took root; and then again, till it was ſprung up into the Blade: Upon this, the *Swallow* told 'em once for all, that it was not yet too late to prevent the Miſchief, if they would but beſtir themſelve,

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ſelves, and ſet heartily about it; but finding that no heed was given to what ſhe ſaid, ſhe e'en bade adieu to her old Companions in the Woods, and ſo betook herſelf to a City-Life, and to the Converſation of Men. This *Flax* and *Hemp* came in time to be gather'd and wrought, and it was this *Swallow*'s Fortune to ſee ſeveral of the very ſame *Birds* that ſhe had forewarned, taken in Nets made of the very Stuff ſhe told them of. They came at laſt to be ſenſible of the folly of ſlipping their Opportunity; but they were loſt beyond all Redemption firſt.

The MORAL.

Wiſe Men read Effects in their Cauſes; but Fools will not believe them till 'tis too late to prevent the Miſchief. Delay in theſe Caſes is mortal.

REFLECTION.

MANY and many a time has this been our own Caſe, both publick and private, when we would not believe the Danger of Things till the Evil was come upon us: But good Counſel is caſt away upon the Arrogant and ſelf-conceited, or the ſtupid, who are either too proud to take it, or too heavy to underſtand it.

The ſowing of *Hemp-Seed* and of *Plot-Seed* is much at one. The Deſign and the End are Deſtruction both alike. The *Swallow* propoſes the preventing of ill Conſequences in their Cauſes, and obviating the Miſchief by times: But that Counſel is either thrown off with a Raillery, or not minded at all: *Governors would have enough to do*, they cry, *to trouble their Heads with the Politicks of every meddling officious Impertinent.* Well, it takes root, ſhews itſelf in the Blade, advances, and ripens; and ſtill the *Swallow* is but the ſame Fool over again, for continuing the ſame Advice. The *Hemp* comes at laſt to be pluck'd up, pill'd, dreſs'd, and ſpun; the Nets and Snares made and laid; and yet all this while the *Birds* could never find a time to bethink themſelves, till they came to be hamper'd and ruin'd paſt Recovery.

What is all this but a perfect Emblem of the Method of deſtroying Kingdoms and States? Cautions, or the common ways of anticipating or defeating Conſpiracies, are below the Wiſdom

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Wiſdom of Men of *Intrigue* and *Cabal*; till at laſt a Faction comes to be too hard for the Government. Now whether this befals a Kingdom by Envy, Ignorance, Conſpiracy, Treachery, or Preſumption, it comes all to a caſe, ſo long as it does the Work. It is the Bane of Society, and, in truth, even of particular Perſons too, when betwixt Lazineſs and Neglect Men ſlip all the Opportunities, with the *Birds* here in the Fable, of a ſafe and of a happy Life.

FAB. 19. The Frogs chuſe a King.

IN the days of old, when the *Frogs* were all at liberty in the Lakes, and grown quite weary of living without Government, they petition'd *Jupiter* for a *King*, to the end that there might be ſome Diſtinction of Good and Evil, by certain equitable Rules and Methods of Reward and Puniſhment. *Jupiter*, that knew the Vanity of their Hearts, threw them down a *Log* for their Governor; which upon the firſt Daſh, frighted the whole *Mobile* of them into the Mud for the very fear on't. This *Panick* Terror kept them in Awe for a while, till in good time one *Frog*, bolder than the reſt, put up his Head, and look'd about him, to ſee how Squares went with their *New King*. Upon this, he calls his Fellow-Subjects together, opens the Truth of the Caſe, and nothing would ſerve them then, but riding a-top of him; inſomuch that the Dread they were in before, is now turn'd into Inſolence and Tumult. *This King*, they ſaid, was too *tame* for them, and *Jupiter* muſt needs be entreated to ſend 'em another: He did ſo; but Authors are divided upon it, whether 'twas a *Stork* or a *Serpent*; though whether of the two ſoever it was, he left them neither Liberty nor Property, but made a Prey of his Subjects. Such was their Condition, in fine, that they ſent *Mercury* to *Jupiter* yet once again for *another King*, whoſe Anſwer was this: *They that will not be contented when they are well, muſt be patient when things are amiſs with them*; and People had better reſt where they are, than go farther and fare worſe.

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The MORAL.

The Mobile *are uneasy without a Ruler: They are as restless with one; and the oftner they shift, the worse they are: so that Government or no Government, a King of God's making or of the Peoples, or none at all, the Multitude are never to be satisfied.*

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable under the Emblem of the *Frogs*, sets forth the Murmuring and Unsteadiness of the common People, that in a State of Liberty will have a King: They do not like him when they have him, and so change again, and grow sicker of the next, than they were of the former. Now the Bus'ness is only this: They are never satisfied with their present Condition; but their Governors are still either too dull or too rigid. 'Tis a Madness for him that's free, to put himself into a State of Bondage, and rather than bear a less Misfortune, to hazard greater.

This Allusion of the *Frogs* runs upon all Four (as they say) in the Resemblance of the Multitude, both for the Humour, the Murmur, the Importunity, and the subject Matter of the Petition; Redress of Grievances is the Question, and the Devil of it is, that the Petitioners are never to be pleased. In one Fit they cannot be *without Government*; in another they cannot bear the *Yoke* on't. They find absolute Freedom to be a direct State of War; for where there's no means of either preventing Strife, or ending it, the Weaker are still a Prey to the Stronger. *One King* is *too soft* and easy for them; *another too fiery*; and then a *third* Change would do better they think. Now 'tis impossible to satisfy People that would have they know not what. They beg, and wrangle, and appeal, and their Answer is at last, that if they shift again, they shall be still worse: By which the *Frogs* are given to understand the very truth of the Matter, as we find it in the World, both in the Nature and Reason of the thing, and in Policy and Religion; which is, That *Kings are from God*; and that it is a Sin, a Folly, and a Madness, to struggle with his Appointments.

FAB. 20. The Kite, Hawk, and Pigeons.

THE *Pigeons* finding themselves persecuted by the *Kite*, made choice of the *Hawk* for their Guardian. The

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The *Hawk* sets up for their Protector; but under the countenance of that Authority, makes more havock in the *Dove-house* in two Days, than the *Kite* could have done in twice as many Months.

The MORAL.

'Tis a dangerous thing for People to call in a powerful and ambitious Man for their Protector; and upon the Clamour of here and there a private Person, to hazard the whole Community.

REFLECTION.

IT is highly dangerous and imprudent for a People in War to call in an Enemy Prince to their Defence. There's no trusting a perfidious Man, nor any Enmity like the pretended Protection of a treacherous Friend.

There is no living in this World without Inconveniencies, and therefore People should have the Wit or the Honesty to take up with the least, and to bear the Lot which is not to be avoided, with Honour and Patience. How many Experiments have been made in the Memory of Man, both in Religion and in State, to mend Matters, upon pretence that they were *uneasy*, by making them *intolerable*; and whence is this, but from a mistaken Opinion of the present, and as false a Judgment of the future? And all for want of rightly understanding the Nature and the Condition of things, and for want of Foresight into Events. But we are mad upon Variety, and so sick of the present (how much soever without or against Reason) that we abandon the Wisdom and the Providence of Heaven, and fly from the Grievances of God's Appointment to blind Chance for a Remedy. This Fable, in one Word, was never more exactly moralized, than in our Broils of famous Memory.

The *Kite* was the *evil Counsellor*, the *free-born People* that complain'd of them were *Pigeons*; the *Hawk* was the Power or Authority that they appeal'd to for Protection. And what did all this come to at last? The very *Guardians* that took upon them to rescue the *Pigeons* from the *Kite*, destroy'd the whole *Dove-house*, devour'd the Birds and shar'd the Spoil amongst themselves.

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FAB. 21. A Dog and a Thief.

AS a Gang of *Thieves* were at work to rob a Houſe, a *Maſtiff* took the Alarm, and fell a barking: One of the Company ſpoke him fair, and would have ſtopt his Mouth with a Cruſt. No, ſays the *Dog*, this will not do, for ſeveral Reaſons. Firſt, I'll take no Bribes to betray my Maſter. Secondly, I am not ſuch a Fool neither, as to ſell the Eaſe and Liberty of my whole Life to come, for a piece of Bread in Hand: for when you have rifled my Maſter, pray who ſhall maintain me?

The MORAL.

Fair Words, Preſents, and Flatteries, are the Methods of Treachery in Courts, as well as in Cottages; only the Dogs are truer to their Maſters than the Men.

REFLECTION.

WHEN ill Men take up a Fit of Kindneſs all on a ſudden, and appear to be better natur'd than uſual, 'tis good Diſcretion to ſuſpect Fraud, and to lay their Words and their Practices together. The greater their Truſt, the greater is the Treachery, and the baſer is the Villany too. This Moral reaches to all ſorts of Truſtees whatſoever.

It were well if all *two-footed Servants* were but as faithful to their Maſters as this *four-legged Animal*. A Loaf of Bread was as much to him as a Bag of Guineas to a great Officer; and why ſhould not the one make as much Conſcience of betraying his Patron for Gold, as the other of doing it for a Cruſt? Beſide the right Reaſoning of the *Dog* upon the Conſequence of things. *If I take your Bread* (ſays he) *you'll rob my Maſter.* But in the other Caſe it is not ſo much a Deliberation of what will follow upon't, as a kind of tacit Compoſition, that does as good as ſay [*For ſo much Money I'll ſhut my Eyes, and let you rob my Maſter.*] Here's an *Emblem* now of the Foreſight, Fidelity, and Duty of a truſty Servant, on the one hand, and of the Flattery, Arts and Practices that are employ'd by evil Men to corrupt him, on the other.

Under the Figure of this faithful truſty Servant is couch'd a Lecture to all Men of Buſineſs; let them be Councellors, Confidents, Favourites, Officers, Soldiers, Traders, or what you

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you will: for there are good and bad of all Kinds and Professions. So that *Æsop's Dog* is a Reproach to *false Men*. Publick Persons have their Ways of Temptation and Address as well as private! and he that suffers a Government to be abus'd by Carelesness or Neglect, does the same thing with him that maliciously and corruptly sets himself to couzen it. This holds as well too in the private Case, of being either Principal or Accessary to the robbing of a House; only the former is a Treachery of a deeper Dye. There are Loaves at the Gates of Courts and Palaces, as well as at the Door of a Cottage; and to encourage the Abuse, there are a thousand Quirks to avoid the Stroke of the Law, tho' none to avoid the Guilt of the Sin. There needs no Contract express, no explicit Confederacy; for the Consent and the Assistance is imply'd in receiving the Present, or, according to the Word in fashion, the [*Acknowledgment*] which is only a softer Name for a *Bribe*. Now this *Acknowledgment* is of the Nature of a direct Bargain, where the Sum or the Reward is agreed upon before the thing be done; tho' there's Room yet for a Distinction even in these Cases, betwixt what's done openly and barefac'd, and a thing that's done in *Hugger-mugger*, under a Seal of Secrecy and Concealment. But the Conscience at last is the best Judge of the Fraud. And without any more Words, the *Dog* in the Fable perform'd all the Parts of a *trusty Servant*.

FAB. 22. A Wolf and a Sow.

A *Wolf* came to a *Sow*, that was just lying down, and very kindly offer'd to take care of her Litter. The *Sow* as civilly thank'd her for her Love, and desir'd she wou'd be pleas'd to stand off a little, and do her the good Office at a distance.

The MORAL.

There are no Snares so dangerous as those that are laid for us under the Name of good Offices.

REFLECTION.

ALL Men are not to be believed or trusted in all Cases: for People, generally speaking, are kind to their Neighbours for their own sakes. [*Timeo Danaos, & Dona Ferentes.*] A wise

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Man will keep himself upon his guard against the whole World, and more especially against a known Enemy, but most of all, against that Enemy in the Shape of a Friend. As the *Sow* had more Wit than to entertain a *Wolf* for her *Nurse*.

FAB. 23. A Mountain in Labour.

WHEN *Mountains* cry out, People may well be excus'd the Apprehension of some prodigious Birth. This was the Case here in the Fable. The Neighbourhood were all at their Wits end, to consider what would be the Issue of that Labour, and instead of the dreadful Monster that they expected, out comes at last a ridiculous *Mouse*.

The MORAL.

Much ado about Nothing.

REFLECTION.

WHAT are all the extravagant Attempts and Enterprizes of vain Men in the World, but Morals more or less of this Fable? What are mighty Pretences without Consideration or Effect, but the Vapours of a Distemper, that like sickly Dreams, have neither Issue nor Connexion. And the Disappointment is not all neither; for Men make themselves ridiculous, instead of terrible, when this *Tympany* shall come to End in a *Blast*, and a *Mountain* to bring forth a *Mouse*.

FAB. 24. An Ass and an Ungrateful Master.

A Poor *Ass*, that what with Age, Labour, and hard Burdens, was now wore out to the Stumps in the Service of an *unmerciful Master*, had the ill Hap one day to make a false Step, and to fall down under his Load; his Driver runs up to him immediately, and beats him almost to death for't. This (says the *Ass* to himself) is according to the Course of the ungrateful World. One casual Slip is enough to weigh down the faithful and affectionate Service of a long Life.

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FAB. 25. An Old Dog and his Master.

AN *old Dog*, that in his Youth had led his *Master* many a merry Chase, and done him all the Offices of a trusty Servant, came at last, upon falling from his Speed and Vigour, to be loaden at every turn with Blows and Reproaches for it. Why Sir, says the *Dog*, my Will is as good as ever it was, but my Strength and my Teeth are gone; and you might with as good a Grace, and every Jot as much Justice, hang me up because I'm *old*, as beat me because I'm *impotent*.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

The Reward of Affection and Fidelity must be the Work of another World: Not but that the Conscience of well-doing is a Comfort that may pass for a Recompence even in this; in despite of Ingratitude and Injustice.

REFLECTION.

THESE Fables are a Reproof to the ungrateful Cruelty of those that will neither forgive one Slip, nor reward a thousand Services, but take more Notice of a particular unlucky Accident, than of a general laudable Practice. But one Stumble is enough to deface the Character of an honourable Life. It is a barbarous Inhumanity in great Men to old Servants, to make the Failings of Age to be a Crime, without allowing the past Services of their Strength and Youth to have been a Virtue. And this is found in Governments, as well as in Courts, and private Families; with Masters and Mistresses, as well as in States.

'Tis a miserable Thing when faithful Servants fall into the Hands of the insensible and unthankful Masters; such as value Services only by the Profit they bring them, without any Regard to the Zeal, Faith, and Affections of the Heart, and pay them with Blows and Reproaches in their Age, for the Use, Strength, and Industry of their Youth. Nay, human Frailty it self is imputed to them for a Crime, and they are treated worse than Beasts, for not being more than Men. Here's an *old drudging Curr* turned off to shift for himself, for want of the very Teeth and Heels that he had lost in his *Master*'s Service: Nay, if he can but come off for starving too,

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too, it passes for an Act of Mercy. Under these Circumstances, the bare Sense of a Calamity is call'd grumbling, and if a Man does but make a Face upon the Boor, he's presently a Malecontent. It may be a Question now, whether the Wickedness, or the Imprudence of this Iniquity, be the more pernicious? For over and above the Inhumanity, 'tis a Doctrine of ill Consequence to the *Master* himself, to shew the World how impossible a Thing it is for a Servant to oblige and please him: Nay, it is some sort of Temptation also to Impiety and Injustice, when Virtue and Duty come to be made dangerous.

And yet it is not one *Master* perhaps of twenty, all this while, that either directs or takes Notice of these Indignities. It goes a great way, 'tis true, barely to permit them. One while perchance the Master is not aware of what is done, and then in other Cases it may fall out effectually to be his own Act, even against his own Will; that is to say, when the Passions of imperious and ill-natur'd Servants are covered with the Name and Authority of their Patrons, in the Abuse of a Trust that was placed in 'em for honester and for nobler Ends. It is congruous enough yet to apply the Moral of this Fiction, rather to the Driver of the *Ass*, and to the Huntsman that manag'd the Chase, than to the *Master* himself. But the *Ass* and the *Dog* were beaten however, for being *old*, and spent, in despite of all the Bonds and Instincts of Honour, Piety, and good Nature.

FAB. 26. An Ass, an Ape, and a Mole.

AN *Ass* and an *Ape* were conferring Grievances. The *Ass* complain'd mightily for want of *Horns*, and the *Ape* was as much troubled for want of a *Tail*. Hold your Tongues both of ye, says the *Mole*, and be thankful for what you have, for the poor *Moles* are stark blind, and in a worse Condition than either of ye.

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FAB. 27. The Hares and the Frogs.

ONCE upon a Time the *Hares* found themſelves mightily unſatisfied with the miſerable Condition they lived in, and called a Council to adviſe upon't. Here we live, ſays one of 'em, at the Mercy of Men, Dogs, Eagles, and I know not how many other Creatures and Vermin, that prey upon us at Pleaſure; perpetually in Frights, perpetually in Danger; and therefore I am abſolutely of Opinion, that we had better die once for all, than live at this Rate in a continual Dread that's worſe than Death itſelf. The Motion was ſeconded and debated, and a Reſolution immediately taken, *One and All*, to drown themſelves. The Vote was no ſooner paſs'd but away they ſcudded with that Determination to the next Lake. Upon this Hurry there leapt a whole Shoal of *Frogs* from the Bank into the Water, for fear of the *Hares*. Nay then, my Maſters, ſays one of the graveſt of the Company, pray let's have a little Patience. Our Condition, I find is not altogether ſo bad as we fancy'd it; for there are thoſe you ſee that are as much afraid of us, as we are of others.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

There's no Contending with the Orders and Decrees of Providence. He that made us knows what's fitteſt for us; and every Man's own Lot (well underſtood and managed) is undoubtedly the beſt.

REFLECTION.

'TIS the Intent of theſe two Fables, to ſhew, that no People are ſo miſerable, but that at ſome time or other, in ſome Things or other, they have Reaſon to account themſelves happy, and if they would but duly conſider how it is with many of their Neighbours, they would find it their Duty to be thankful, that it is no worſe with themſelves. It is ſome Relief to the Miſerable to ſhew them that there are others yet more miſerable, and there is not any Thing ſo timorous, but ſomething elſe is afraid of it. There are thoſe, 'tis true, that

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die for the very fear of Death, and plunge themſelves into certain Miſery, upon the bare Apprehenſion of it: But this comes rather from the Spleen, than their Misfortune.

Since ſo it is, that Nature provides for the Neceſſities of all Creatures, and for the well-being of every one in its kind: and ſince it is not in the Power of any Creature to make it ſelf other than what by Providence it was deſign'd to be; what a Madneſs is it to wiſh our ſelves other than what we are, and what we muſt continue to be: Since the Thing is bounded, and the whole Matter predetermined! Every Atom of the Creation has its Place aſſigned: Every Creature has its proper Figure, and there is no diſputing with him that made it ſo. *Why have not I this?* and, *Why have not I that?* are Queſtions for a Philoſopher of *Bedlam* to ask; and we may as well cavil at the Motions of the Heavens, the Viciſſitude of Day and Night, and the Succeſſion of the Seaſons, as expoſtulate with Providence upon any of the reſt of God's Works. The *Aſs* would have *Horns*, and the *Tinker* would fain be in Bed with my *Lady*. The *Ape* would have a *Tail*; and why ſhould not a *Mountebank* complain that he is not a *Miniſter of State*, *or Juſtice*. But, in ſhort, the poor wretched, blind *Mole* puts in with her Doctrine to take up the Quarrel.

And what's the Caſe of the *Hares* now, but an Inſtance to fortify us againſt *Panick* Frights and Terrors, for trivial Cauſes; where the Fears are a great deal more terrible than the Dangers? In all theſe Caſes, we fancy our ſelves much more miſerable than we are, for want of taking a true Eſtimate of Things. We fly into Tranſports without Reaſon, and judge of the Happineſs or Calamity of humane Life, by falſe Lights. A ſtrict Enquiry into the Truth of Matters will help us in the one, and Compariſon will ſet us right in the other. The *Dogs* and the *Eagles* frighted the *Hares*; the *Hares* frighted the *Frogs*, and the *Frogs*, twenty to one, frighted ſomething elſe. This is according to the Courſe of the World; one fears another; and ſomebody elſe is afraid of him.

It may ſeem to be a kind of a malicious Satisfaction that one Man derives from the Misfortunes of another. But the Philoſophy of this Reflection ſtands upon another Ground; for our Comfort does not ariſe from other Peoples being miſerable, but from this Inference upon the Balance, That we ſuffer only the Lot of human Nature: And as we are happy or miſerable, compared with others, ſo other People are miſerable

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rable or happy compared with us; by which Juſtice of Providence, we come to be convinc'd of the Sin, and the Miſtake of our Ingratitude. What would not a Man give to be eas'd of the Gout or the Stone? Or ſuppoſing an incurable Poverty on the one Hand, and an incurable Malady on the other, Why ſhould not the poor Man think himſelf happier in his Rags, than the other in his Purple? But the rich Man envies the poor Man's Health, without conſidering his Want; and the poor Man envies the other's Treaſure, without conſidering his Diſeaſes. What's an ill Name in the World to a good Conſcience within ones ſelf? And how much leſs miſerable upon the Wheel, is one Man that is innocent, than another under the ſame Torture that's guilty? The only way *for Hares* and *Aſſes*, is to be thankful for what they are, and what they have, and not to grumble at the Lot that they muſt bear in ſpite of their Teeth.

FAB. 28. A Wolf, Kid, and Goat.

A *Goat* that was going out one Morning for a Mouthful of freſh Graſs, charg'd her *Kid* upon her Bleſſing, not to open the Door, 'till ſhe came back, to any Creature that had not a Beard. The *Goat* was no ſooner out of ſight, but up comes a *Wolf* to the Door, that had over-heard the Charge, and in a ſmall Pipe calls to the *Kid* to let her *Mother* come in. The *Kid* ſmelt out the Roguery, and bad the *Wolf* ſhew his *Beard*, and the Door ſhould be open to him.

The MORAL.

There never was an Hypocrite ſo diſguis'd but he had ſome Mark or other yet to be known by.

REFLECTION.

HERE is Prudence, Caution and Obedience, recommended to us in the *Kid*'s Refuſal to open the Door; and here is likewiſe ſet forth in the *Wolf*, the Practice of a fraudulent and a bloody Impoſtor. This Moral runs through the whole Buſineſs of human Life, for ſo much as the Plot is carried on againſt the Simple and the Innocent, under falſe Colours, and feign'd Pretences. There are *Wolves* in *Policy*, as

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well as in *Mythology*; and if the *Kid*'s *Obedience* had not been more than her *Sagacity*, ſhe would have found to her Coſt, the Teeth of a *Wolf* in the Mouth of a *Goat*, and the Malice of an Enemy cover'd under the Voice and Pretence of a Parent.

FAB. 29. A Dog, a Sheep, and a Wolf.

A *Dog* brought an Action of the Caſe againſt a *Sheep*, for ſome certain Meaſures of Wheat, that he had lent him. The Plaintiff proved the Debt by three poſitive Witneſſes, the *Wolf*, the *Kite*, and the *Vulture*. (*Teſtes probi & legales.*) The *Defendant* was caſt in *Coſts* and *Damages*, and forc'd to ſell the Wool off his Back to ſatisfy the Creditor.

The MORAL.

'Tis not a Straw Matter whether the main Cauſe be right or wrong, or the Charge true or falſe; where the Bench, Jury and Witneſſes are in a Conſpiracy againſt the Priſoner.

REFLECTION.

NO Innocence can be ſafe, where Power and Malice are in Confederacy againſt it. There's no Fence againſt Subornation and falſe Evidence. What greater Judgment can befal a Nation than for *Sheep* to be made *Treſpaſſers*, and *Wolves*, *Kites* and *Vultures* to ſet up for *Witneſſes*? This is a large Field, if a Body would amplify upon it: But the Hiſtory of the Age in Memory will be the beſt Moral of this Fable. There's no living however without Law: and there's no help for't in many Caſes, if the ſaving Equity be over-ruled by the killing Letter of it. 'Tis the *Verdict* that does the Buſineſs; but 'tis the *Evidence*, true or falſe, that governs the *Verdict*. So that (as it ſometimes falls out) the Honour of the Publick may come to be concerned in the Defence and Support of an undetected Perjury. The only Danger is the giving too much Credit to the Oaths of *Kites* and *Vultures*. That is to ſay, of Witneſſes ſo profligate as to bring a Scandal even upon Truth itſelf, where it is ſo aſſerted.

FAB.

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FAB. 30. A Countryman and a Snake.

THERE was a *Snake* that bedded himſelf under the Threſhold of a Country-Houſe: A *Child* of the Family happen'd to ſet his Foot upon't; the *Snake* bit him, and he dy'd on't. The *Father* of the *Child* made a Blow at the *Snake*, but miſs'd his aim, and only left a Mark behind him upon the Stone where he ſtruck. The *Countryman* offer'd the *Snake*, ſometime after this, to be Friends again. No, ſays the *Snake*, ſo long as you have this Flaw upon the Stone in your Eye, and the Death of the *Child* in your Thought, there's no truſting of ye.

The MORAL.

In Matters of Friendſhip and Truſt, we can never be too tender; but yet there's a great Difference betwixt Charity and Facility. We may hope well in many Caſes, but let it be without venturing Neck and All upon't, for New-Converts *are ſlippery.*

REFLECTION.

'TIS ill truſting a reconciled Enemy; but 'tis worſe yet, to proceed at one Step, from Clemency and Tenderneſs, to Confidence and Truſt; eſpecially where there are ſo many Memorials in Sight, for Hatred and Revenge to work upon. 'Tis generous however to forgive an Enemy; though extremely hazardous to grace him in the doing of an ill Thing, with the Countenance of a Deference to his Merit. Nay, a bare Eaſineſs of pardoning has but too often the Force of a Temptation to offend again. 'Tis a nice Buſineſs to indulge on the Left Hand, without puniſhing on the Right, for there muſt be no ſacrificing of a faithful Friend to the Generoſity of obliging a mortal Enemy. But the Caſe is then moſt deplorate, when Reward goes over to the wrong Side, and when Intereſt ſhall be made the Teſt and the Meaſure of Virtue. Upon the whole Matter, the *Countryman* was too eaſy, in propoſing a Reconciliation, (the Circumſtances duly conſidered) and the *Snake* was much in the right on the other hand, in not entertaining it from a Man that had ſo many Remembrances at Hand ſtill, to provoke him to a Revenge. Wherefore

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it is highly neceſſary for the one to know how far, and to whom to truſt, and for the other to underſtand what he is to truſt to. 'Tis a great Error to take Facility for Good-Nature: Tenderneſs without Diſcretion, is no better than a more pardonable Folly.

FAB. 31. A Fox and a Stork.

THERE was a great Friendſhip once betwixt a *Fox* and a *Stork*, and the former would needs invite the other to a Treat. They had ſeveral Soups ſerved up in broad Diſhes and Plates, and ſo the *Fox* fell to lapping himſelf, and bade his Gueſt heartily welcome to what was before him. The *Stork* found he was put upon, but ſet ſo good a Face however upon his Entertainment, that his Friend by all means muſt take a Supper with him that Night, in Revenge. The *Fox* made ſeveral Excuſes upon the Matter of Trouble and Expence, but the *Stork*, in fine, would not be ſaid nay, ſo that at laſt, he promiſed him to come. The Collation was ſerved up in Glaſſes with long narrow Necks, and the beſt of every Thing that was to be had. Come (ſays the *Stork*, to his Friend) pray be as free as if you were at Home, and ſo fell to't very ſavourily himſelf. The *Fox* quickly found this to be a Trick, tho' he could not but allow of the Contrivance as well as the Juſtice of the Revenge. For ſuch a Glaſs of Sweet-Meats to the one, was juſt as much to the Purpoſe as a Plate of Porridge to the other.

The MORAL.

'Tis allowable in all the Liberties of Converſation to give a Man a Rowland *for his* Oliver, *and to* pay him in his own Coin, *as we ſay: provided always that we keep within the Compaſs of Honour and good Manners.*

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REFLECTION.

ÆSOP has here given us the Fiction of a Caſe, wherein it may not be amiſs to repay an Abuſe in its own kind. The Mockery of the *Fox* was a Reproach, as it hit the *Stork* on the weak Side; but that which was Rudeneſs and Ill-Nature in the Aggreſſor, was only a Monitory Juſtice, and a diſcreet Sharpneſs in the other. But this is the Fate commonly of Drolls and Buffoons, that while they think to make ſport with others, they ſerve only in the Concluſion for a Laughing-Stock themſelves.

There's nothing looks ſillier than a crafty Knave out-witted, and beaten at his own Play. The *Fox*'s Frolick went too far, in regard it was both upon an Invitation, and under his own Roof. Now the Return of the *Stork* was only *Quid pro Quo*, and a warrantable Revenge, even according to the Rules of Civility and good Fellowſhip; for the *Fox*'s leading the Humour, gave the other not only a Provocation, but a kind of a Right to requite him in his own way: Beſide that it was the cleverer Mockery of the two. This may ſerve to reprove thoſe Liberties in Converſation that paſs the Bounds of good Nature, Honour, Honeſty, and Reſpect. When they exceed theſe Limits, they degenerate into Scurrility, Scandal and Ill-Manners. For in all Caſes, an Eye muſt be had to the due Circumſtances of Meaſure, Time, Place, Occaſion, and Perſon. The Laws of Humanity and Hoſpitality muſt be kept ſacred upon any Terms: for the wounding of a Friend for the ſake of a Jeſt, is an Intemperance, and an Immorality, not to be endured. There was ſomewhat of this in the *Fox*'s beginning the Frolick.

FAB. 32. A Fox and a Carv'd Head.

AS a *Fox* was rumidging among a great many *carv'd Figures*, there was one very extraordinary Piece among the reſt. He took it up, and when he had conſider'd it a-while, Well, (ſays he) what Pity 'tis that ſo exquiſite an Out-ſide of a Head ſhould not have one Grain of Senſe in't.

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The MORAL.

'Tis not the Barber or the Taylor that makes the Man: and 'tis no new Thing to ſee a fine wrought Head without ſo much as one Grain of Salt in't.

REFLECTION.

MANY a Fool has a fair Out-ſide, and many a Man of Fortune and Title has not ſo much as common Senſe. We have a whole World of *Heads* to anſwer the Drift of this Emblem; but there is no judging however by the Senſes, of Matters that the Senſes can take no Cognizance of; as Virtue, Wiſdom, and the like. The Excellency, in fine, of the Soul is above the Beauty of the Body: Not but that the Graces of the one, and the Endowments of the other, may encounter ſometimes (how rarely ſoever,) in one and the ſame Perſon. But Beauty and Judgment are ſo far yet from being inſeparable, that they ſeem effectually to require, more or leſs, a Diverſity of Temperament: Beſide that more Care is taken to cultivate the Advantages of the Body, than thoſe of the Mind. To wrap up all in a Word, the World it ſelf is but a great Shop of *Carv'd Heads*; and the *Fox*'s Conceit will hold as well in the Life, as in the Fiction.

FAB. 33. A Daw and Borrow'd Feathers.

A *Daw* that had a mind to be ſparkiſh, trick'd himſelf up with all the *gay Feathers* he could muſter together: And upon the Credit of theſe ſtoll'n or borrow'd Ornaments, he valued himſelf above all the Birds in the Air beſide. The Pride of this Vanity got him the Envy of all his Companions, who, upon a Diſcovery of the Truth of the Caſe, fell to pluming of him by Conſent; and when every Bird had taken his own *Feather*, the ſilly *Daw* had nothing left him to cover his Nakedneſs.

The MORAL.

We ſteal from one another all manner of Ways, and to all manner of Purpoſes; Wit, as well as Feathers; but where Pride and Beggary

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Beggary meet, People are ſure to be made ridiculous in the Concluſion.

REFLECTION.

EVERY Thing is beſt, and every Man happieſt, in the State and Condition wherein Nature has plac'd them; but if *Daws* will be ſetting up for *Peacocks*, or *Aſſes* for *Lions*, they muſt expect, and content themſelves to be laugh'd at for their Pains. The Alluſion of the *Daw* here, and his *borrow'd Feathers*, extends to all Sorts of Impoſtors, vain Pretenders, and Romancers, in Feats of Arms, State, Love, or the like. It points alſo at the empty Affectation of Wit and Underſtanding; in which caſe it fares as it does with Men that ſet up for Quality, Birth, and Bravery, upon the Credit of a gay outſide; for Authors may be cozen'd upon the Tick, as well as Taylors: Nay, we have ſeen ſome, even of our *firſt-rate Writers*, that have been better at diſguiſing other Peoples Works, than furniſhing any Thing of their own; that is to ſay, upon the taking of them to Pieces, the Stuff and Trimming is found to be wholly ſtoll'n, and new furbiſh'd; and nothing, in ſhort, that they can aſſume to themſelves, but the Needle and Thread that tack'd the Compoſition together. Now when theſe *Plagiaries* come to be ſtript of their borrow'd or pilfer'd Ornaments, there's the *Daw* of the Fable truly moraliz'd.

FAB. 34. An Ant and a Fly.

THere happen'd a warm Diſpute betwixt an *Ant* and a *Fly*. Why, where's the Honour, or the Pleaſure in the World, ſays the *Fly*, that I have not my Part in? Are not all Temples and Places open to me? Am not I the Taſter to Gods and Princes in all their Sacrifices and Entertainments? Am I not ſerv'd in Gold and Silver? And is not my Meat and Drink ſtill of the beſt? And all this, without either Money or Pains? I trample upon Crowns, and kiſs what Ladies Lips I pleaſe. And what have you now to pretend to all this while? Why, ſays the *Ant*, you value your ſelf upon the Acceſs you have to the Altars of the Gods, the Cabinets of Princes, and to all publick Feaſts and Collations: And what's all this but the Acceſs

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ceſs of an Intruder, not of a Gueſt; for People are ſo far from liking your Company, that they'll kill ye as faſt as they can catch ye. You are a Plague to 'em where-ever you come. Your very Breath has Maggots in't, and for the Kiſs you brag of, what is it but the Perfume of the laſt Dunghill you touch'd upon, once remov'd? For my Part, I live upon what's my own, and work honeſtly in the Summer to maintain my ſelf in the Winter; whereas the whole Courſe of your ſcandalous Life is only cheating or ſharping, one half of the Year, and ſtarving the other.

The MORAL.

Here's an Emblem of Induſtry, and Luxury, ſet forth at large; with the ſober Advantages, and the ſcandalous Exceſſes of the one and of the other.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable marks out to us the Difference betwixt the empty Vanity of Oſtentation, and the ſubſtantial Ornaments of Virtue. It ſhews that the Happineſs of Life does not lie ſo much in the enjoying of ſmall Advantages, as in living free from great Inconveniencies, and that an honeſt Mediocrity is beſt. The *Fly* ſtands up for the Pride, the Luxury, and the Ambition of Courts, in the Preference of Palaces, to Caves and private Retreats. The *Ant* contents herſelf with the Virtue of Sobriety, Retirement, and Moderation: She lives upon her own honeſtly gotten and poſſeſs'd, without either Envy or Violence; whereas the *Fly* is an Intruder, and a common *Smell-Feaſt*, that ſpunges upon other Peoples Trenchers.

A Man can hardly fanſy to himſelf a truer Image of a plain, honeſt, Country Simplicity, than the *Ant*'s Part of the Dialogue in this Fable. She takes Pains for what ſhe eats; wrongs no body; and ſo creates no Enemies; ſhe wants nothing; and ſhe boaſts of nothing; lives contented with her own, and enjoys all with a good Conſcience. This Emblem recommends to us the Bleſſings of a virtuous Privacy, according to the juſt Meaſures of right Nature, and in few Words, comprizes the Sum of a happy State.

The *Fly*, on the contrary, leads a lazy, voluptuous, ſcandalous, ſharking Life; hateful where-ever ſhe comes, and in perpetual Fears and Dangers. She flutters, 'tis true, from Place to Place,

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Place, from Feaſt to Feaſt, brags of her Intereſt at Court, and of Ladies Favours: And what's this miſerable Inſect at laſt, but the very Picture of one of our ordinary Trencher Eſquires, that ſpend their Time in hopping from one great Man's Table to another's, only to pick up Scraps, and Intelligence, and to ſpoil good Company! I cannot ſee one of theſe officious, humble Companions, skipping up and down from *Levee* to *Levee*, and making himſelf Neceſſary, where-ever he thinks fit to be troubleſome: I cannot hear a finical Fop romancing, how the King took him aſide at ſuch a Time; what the Queen ſaid to him at another; how many Ladies fell out who ſhould have him to herſelf; what Diſcourſe paſs'd; where he is to eat to morrow; what Company; what Diſhes; what Wine; who loves who; and what *Intrigues* are a-foot in Church and State, *&c.* Without more Words, I cannot hear the Chat, or ſee the Vanity of theſe pragmatical empty *buſy-Bodies*, without thinking of the *Fly* in the Fable. And this Application was the true End of writing it.

FAB. 35. A Frog and an Oxe.

AS a huge over-grown *Oxe* was grazing in a Meadow, an old envious *Frog* that ſtood gaping at him hard by, call'd out to her little ones, to take Notice of the Bulk of that monſtrous Beaſt; and ſee, ſays ſhe, if I don't make my ſelf now the bigger of the two. So ſhe ſtrain'd once, and twice, and went ſtill ſwelling on and on, till in the Concluſion ſhe forc'd herſelf, and burſt.

The MORAL.

Betwixt Pride, Envy, and Ambition, Men fanſy themſelves to be bigger than they are, and other People to be leſs: And this Tumour ſwells itſelf at laſt till it makes all fly.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fancy is a Laſh upon thoſe that ſet up to live above their Quality and Fortune, and pretend to ſpend Penny for Penny with Men of twenty Times their Eſtate, and therefore muſt needs burſt in the Concluſion. But Pride and Ambition puſhes Men forward, not only to Extravagances, but Impoſſi-

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bilities, though to the certain Undoing of the weaker and the meaner: When they come to vie Power and Expence with thoſe that are too high and too many for them.

Men that would be bigger than God has made them, muſt e'en expect to fall to nothing. This Affectation ſtrikes upon all the Weakneſſes that Pride, Envy, or Ambition can fanſy to it ſelf, provided always that we do not take Emulation for Envy. In one Word, when Mens Hearts and Thoughts are puff'd up into a Deſire of Things unnatural, the Tumour is incurable. But they are weak Minds commonly that are tainted with this Evil. They take falſe Meaſures, both of themſelves and of others, without conſidering the Limits, Bulk, Fortune, Ability, Strength, &c. or, in Truth, the very Nature of the Things, Matter, or Perſon in Queſtion. They ſet up Competitors for Learning, Power, Eſtate, Policy; they cenſure their Betters, deſpiſe their Equals, and admire themſelves: But their Greatneſs all this while, is only in Imagination, and they make all fly with the *Frog* at laſt, by ſtraining to be bigger than they are, and bigger than 'tis poſſible for them to be.

FAB. 36. An Aſs and a Wolf.

AN *Aſs* had got a Thorn in's Foot, and for want of a better Surgeon, who but a *Wolf* at laſt to draw it out with his Teeth! The *Aſs* was no ſooner eas'd, but he gave his Operator ſuch a Kick under the Ear with his ſound Foot for his Pains, that he ſtunn'd him, and ſo went his way.

FAB. 37. A Horſe and a Lion.

THERE was an old hungry *Lion* would fain have been dealing with a Piece of good *Horſe-Fleſh* that he had in his Eye; but the *Nag* he thought would be too fleet for him, unleſs he could ſupply the want of Heel, by Artifice, and Addreſs. He puts himſelf into the Garb, and Habit of a Profeſſor of Phyſick, and according to the Humour of the World, ſets up for

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for a Doctor of the College. Under this Pretext, he lets fall a Word or two by way of Diſcourſe, upon the Subject of his Trade; but the *Horſe* ſmelt him out, and preſently a Crochet came in his Head how he might countermine him. I got a Thorn in my Foot t'other Day, ſays the *Horſe*, as I was croſſing a Thicket, and I am e'en quite Lame on't. Oh, ſays the new Phyſician, do but hold up your Leg a little, and I'll cure ye immediately. The *Lion* preſently puts himſelf in Poſture for the Office; but the Patient was too nimble for his Doctor, and ſo ſoon as ever he had him fair for his Purpoſe, gave him ſo terrible a Rebuke upon the Forehead with his Heel, that he laid him at his Length, and ſo got off with a whole Skin, before the other could execute his Deſign.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

Harm watch, Harm catch, *is but according to the common Rule of Equity and Retaliation, and a very warrantable Way of deceiving the Deceiver.*

REFLECTION.

THERE's no truſting to the fair Words of thoſe that have both an Intereſt, and an Inclination to deſtroy us; eſpecially when the Deſign is carry'd on under the Maſque of a friendly Office. It is but reaſonable to oppoſe Art to Art, and where we ſuſpect falſe Play, to encounter one Trick with another: Provided always that it be manag'd without Breach of Faith, and within the Compaſs of Honour, Honeſty, and good Manners. The *Wolf* had the ſame Deſign upon the *Aſs*, that the *Lion* had upon the *Horſe*; and the Matter being brought to a Trial of Skill between them, the Countermine was only an Act of Self-Preſervation.

FAB. 38. A Horſe and an Aſs.

IN the Days of old, when *Horſes* ſpoke *Greek* and *Latin*, and *Aſſes* made *Syllogiſms*, there happen'd an Encounter upon the Road, betwixt a proud pamper'd *Jade* in the full Courſe of his Carriere, and a poor creeping

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creeping *Aſs*, under a heavy Burden, that had chopt into the ſame Track with him. Why, how now Sirrah, ſays he, d'ye not ſee by theſe Arms, and Trappings, to what Maſter I belong? And d'ye not underſtand that when I have that Maſter of mine upon my Back, the whole Weight of the State reſts upon my Shoulders? Out of the Way thou ſlaviſh inſolent Animal, or I'll tread thee to dirt. The wretched *Aſs* immediately ſlunk aſide, with this envious Reflection between his Teeth, [*What would I give to change Conditions with that happy Creature there.*] This Fancy would not out of the Head of him, 'till it was his hap ſome few Days after to ſee this very Horſe doing Drudgery in a common dung Cart. Why how now Friend (ſays the *Aſs*) how comes this about? Only the Chance of the War, ſays the other: I was a *Soldier's Horſe*, you muſt know; and my Maſter carried me into a Battle, where I was ſhot, hack'd and maim'd; and you have here before your Eyes the Cataſtrophe of my Fortune.

The MORAL.

The Folly, and the Fate of Pride and Arrogance. The Miſtake of placing Happineſs in any Thing that may be taken away, and the Bleſſing of Freedom in a mean Eſtate.

REFLECTION.

WE are to gather from hence, that People would never envy the Pomp and Splendour of Greatneſs, if they did but conſider, either the Cares and Dangers that go along with it, or the Bleſſings of Peace, and Security in a middle Condition. No Man can be truly happy, who is not every Hour of his Life prepared for the worſt that can befal him. Now this is a State of Tranquility never to be attain'd, but by keeping perpetually in our Thoughts the Certainty of Death, and the Lubricity of Fortune; and by delivering our ſelves from the Anxiety of Hopes and Fears.

It falls naturally within the Proſpect of this Fiction to treat of the Wickedneſs of a preſumptuous Arrogance, the Fate that attends it; the Riſe of it; and the Means of either preventing or ſuppreſſing it; the Folly of it; the wretched and ridiculous Eſtate of a proud Man, and the Weakneſs

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of that Envy that is grounded upon the miſtaken Happineſs of human Life.

If a body may be allow'd to graft a *chriſtian Moral* upon a *pagan Fable*, what was it but Pride and Arrogance that firſt threw *Lucifer* out of Heaven, and afterwards, *Adam* out of Paradiſe? [*Ye ſhall be as Gods*] was the Temptation; an impotent and preſumptuous Affectation of vain-Glory was the Sin; and a Malediction temporal and eternal was the Puniſhment. Now if the Charms of an unruly Ambition could ſo far prevail upon the *Angels* themſelves in their Purity; and upon Mankind in a State of Innocence, how ſtrict a Guard ought *we* then to keep upon our ſelves, that are the Children of Diſobedience, and bring the Seeds of this deadly Vanity into the World with us in our very Veins?

It is highly remarkable, that as Pride and Envy are the two Paſſions, that above all others give the greateſt Trouble to the Sons of Men, ſo are they likewiſe the firſt Emotions of the Mind that we take Notice of in our Approaches to the Exerciſe of our Reaſon. They begin with us in the Arms of our Nurſes, and at the very Breaſts of our Mothers; for what's the Meaning of all the little Wrangles and Contentions elſe, *Which Child ſhall be made moſt of*; *or which Baby ſhall have the gayer Coat?* So that theſe Affections are in Truth connatural to us, and as we our ſelves grow up and gather Strength, ſo do they; and paſs inſenſibly from our Inclinations into our Manners. Now the Corruption muſt needs be ſtrong, where human Frailty ſtrikes in ſo early with it, and the Progreſs no leſs mortal, where it is ſuffer'd to go on without controul: For what are the Extravagances of the lewdeſt Life, but the more conſummated Follies and Diſorders, of either a Miſ-taught or a neglected Youth? Nay, what are all the publick Outrages of a deſtroying Tyranny, and Oppreſſion, but childiſh Appetites let alone till they are grown ungovernable? Beſide that it is infinitely eaſier to prevent ill Habits than to maſter them; as the Choaking of the Fountain is the ſureſt Way to cut off the Courſe of the River. It ſhould be conſider'd too that we have the Seeds of Virtue in us, as well as of Vice; and whenever we take a ſtrong Biaſs, 'tis not out of a moral Incapacity to do better, but for want of a careful Manage and Diſcipline, to ſet us right at firſt.

Wherefore Children ſhould be moulded while their Tempers are yet pliant and ductile. As *Pride*, for the Purpoſe, that ariſes from a falſe Opinion of Things, ſhould be obviated by informing their Underſtandings. And ſo for *Envy*; the very Diſpoſition

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Diſpoſition to it is to be ſweeten'd, as flowing from a certain froward Tincture of Ill-Nature. (I ſpeak this of the malevolent, canker'd Paſſion of Envy, which, in effect, is little or nothing a-kin to the ſilly Envy of the *Aſs* here in the Fable.) In one Word, Children ſhould be ſeaſon'd betimes, and leſſoned into ſuch a Contempt, and Deteſtation of this Vice, as neither to practiſe it themſelves, nor to approve it in others. This is, in little, the Foundation of a virtuous Life, and there goes no more than judging, and acting aright, to the Character of a good Philoſopher, a good Chriſtian, and a good Man: For to know, and to do, is the *Compendium* of our Duty.

It is not for every twatling Goſſip yet, or ſome empty Pedant, preſently to undertake this Province: For it requires a critical Nicety both of Wit, and of Judgment, to find out the *Genius*, or the Propenſions of a Child, and to diſtinguiſh betwixt the Impulſes of Envy, and thoſe of Emulation: Betwixt the firſt Motions of a churliſh and impetuous Inſolence, and thoſe of a ſerene Greatneſs, and Dignity of Mind. It is not, I ſay, for every common Eye, or Hand to divide ſo accurately betwixt the Good, and the Evil, the gracious and perverſe, as to hit the preciſe *Medium* of encouraging the one, without diſcouraging the other. And this Faculty of Diſcerning is not enough neither, without a watchful Aſſiduity of Application. The juſt Seaſon of doing Things muſt be nick'd, and all Accidents obſerv'd and improv'd: For weak Minds are to be as narrowly attended, as ſickly Bodies: To ſay nothing of the infinite Curioſity of the Operation, in the forming of our Lives and Manners: And that not one Man of ten Thouſand is competently qualify'd for the Office. Upon the whole Matter, there muſt be an Awe maintain'd on the one Hand, and at the ſame time, a Love and Reverence preſerv'd on the other. And all this muſt be order'd too with ſo gentle a Softneſs of Addreſs, that we may not hazard, either the ſtifling, or the quenching of generous Inclinations, by bearing too hard upon them, or the licentiating of any Thing that is courſe and vulgar, out of a fooliſh Facility, or a miſtaken Pity. It is with our Paſſions, as it is with Fire and Water, they are *good Servants*, but *bad Maſters*, and ſubminiſter to the beſt, and worſt of Purpoſes, at once. This is enough ſaid, as to the Wickedneſs and the Fate of Pride; the Source and Danger of it, together with the only ſure and effectual Means of Remedy.

The Moral leads me in the next Place to conſider the Folly of both the *Horſe* and the *Aſs*; the one in placing his Hap-

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pineſs upon any thing that could be taken away; and the other, in envying that miſtaken Happineſs, under the Abuſe of the ſame ſplendid Illuſion and Impoſture. What ſignifies a gay Furniture, and a pamper'd Carcaſs; or any other outward Appearance, without an intrinſick Value of Worth and Virtue? What ſignifies Beauty, Strength, Youth, Fortune, embroider'd Furniture, gawdy Boſſes, or any of thoſe temporary and uncertain Satisfactions that may be taken from us with the very next Breath we draw? What Aſſurance can any Man have of a Poſſeſſion that every Turn of State, every Puff of Air, Change of Humour, and the leaſt of a Million of common Caſualties may deprive him of? How many huffing Sparks have we ſeen in the World, that in the ſame Day have been both the Idols, and the Sport and Scorn of the ſame Slaves and Fools? Nay, how many Emperors and Princes, that in the Ruff of all their Glory have been taken down from the Head of a conquering Army, to the Wheel of the Victor's Chariot? Where's that Advantage under the Sun that any but a Mad-man would be proud of? Or where's that Pride it ſelf that any Mortal in his right Wits, would not find Reaſon to be aſhamed of? Take it ſingly, and what is there more in't than an unnatural and unmanly Tympany, that riſes in a Bubble, and ſpends it ſelf in a Blaſt? Take it in Complication, and we find a thouſand Weakneſſes, Iniquities, and vexatious cutting Miſeries wrapt up in't. What can be more imprudent than to affect Reputation by the Methods of Infamy? To aſpire to Greatneſs by the Ways of becoming odious and contemptible? And to propoſe the erecting of a mighty Fabrick, upon a Bottom that will certainly ſink under the Weight?

The Diſappointments of thoſe that build their Hopes in this World upon a falſe *Baſis*, fall under theſe three general Heads. The Advantages we value our ſelves upon, may either be taken from us, or we from them; or, which is much at one, we may be brought by a thouſand Accidents to loſe the Uſe and Reliſh of them. As firſt for the purpoſe; they may be taken from us, by Cheats, Robberies, Subornations, falſe Oaths, Forgeries, corrupt Judges; to ſay nothing of Fires, Earthquakes, Tempeſts, Inundations, Inſurrections, and other Violences without Number. Secondly, We may be taken from them, by as many Ways as there are out of this World. A Fly, or a Hair ſhall do the Office of a Rope. And then for the third Branch, an Indiſpoſition, a Fever, an acute Pain, an impetuous Paſſion, an anxious

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Thought, Impotency and old Age, ſhall do the Work of taking away both the Guſt and Comfort of them. Nay, the very Loſs of one Pleaſure is enough to damp, if not to deſtroy the Reliſh of another.

But now to carry the Alluſion one Step farther yet: It may be literally aſſerted, that all proud Men, over and above the Stroke of a divine Judgment, are miſerable even in themſelves, and that no Circumſtances in this World can ever make them other. Their Appetites are inſatiable, and their Hearts conſequently never at reſt; whether it be Wealth, Power, Honour, popular Eſteem, or whatever elſe they pretend to. They envy, and they are envied. 'Tis impoſſible for them to be at reſt, without enjoying what is impoſſible for them to attain. They live gaping after more, and in a perpetual Fear of loſing what they have already. The higher they are rais'd, the giddier they are; the more ſlippery is their Standing, and the deeper the Fall. They are never well, ſo long as any thing is above them: And their Ambition carries them on the very ſupplanting of their Maſters and Makers; when yet by a moſt ridiculous Contradiction, they lie effectually (in the very ſame inſtant) at the mercy of the Men they moſt deſpiſe. [*The Silver, being ten thouſand Talents, is given to thee* (ſays *Ahaſuerus* to *Haman*) *the People alſo, to do with them as it ſeemeth good unto thee*; Eſther, Ch. 3. v. 11.] Who would have imagined now, that the ſtiff Croſſneſs of a poor Captive, ſhould ever have had the Power to make *Haman*'s Seat ſo uneaſy to him? Or that the want of a Cap or a Cringe ſhould ſo mortally diſcompoſe him, as we find afterwards it did! If large Poſſeſſions, pompous Titles, honourable Charges, and profitable Commiſſions; if a plentiful Iſſue, Court-Favours, or the flowing Bounty of a gracious Prince, could have made this proud Man happy, there would have been nothing wanting to his Eſtabliſhment. But all this did not do his Work, it ſeems: neither, as big as he was, did there in truth need any great Matter to unſettle him. But he was as ſure to ſink under the Infirmity of his own Mind, as if he had been doom'd to ſink in the Fate of a common Ruin.

When Haman *ſaw* Mordecai *in the King's Gate*, (ſays the Text) *that he ſtood not up, nor moved for him, he was full of Indignation againſt* Mordecai. *Nevertheleſs*, Haman *refrained himſelf, and when he came home, he ſent and called for his Friends, and* Tereſh *his Wife, and told them of the Glory of his Riches, and the Multitude of his Children, and all the things*

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wherein the King had promoted him, and how he had advanced him above the Princes and Servants of the King; yea, Esther *the Queen* (says he) *did let no Man come with the King unto the Banquet that she had prepared, but my self; and to-morrow am I invited unto her also with the King.* [Yet all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see *Mordecai* the *Jew* sitting at the King's Gate.] *Esther,* Ch. 5. v. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

This Instance of *Haman*'s Case may serve, in a good measure, for a Moral to the Arrogance of the *Horse* here in the Fable; only *Haman*'s Pride was the more invidious and malicious of the two. To wind up the Story, *Mordecai* was an Eye-sore to *Haman*, and *a Gallows of fifty Cubits high was prepared for him by the Order of* Haman, Ch. 5. v. 14. But the King, upon Examination of the Matter, order'd *Haman* himself to be hanged. [*So they hanged* Haman *upon the Gallows he had prepared for* Mordecai, Ch. 7. v. 10.] *Haman*'s Pride, in fine, was a Torment to him, and he was not only punish'd by it, and for it, but by a righteous Judgment of Retaliation, he suffer'd Death himself upon the very Gibbet that he had provided for another.

How wretched a Creature was *Haman* now, even in the Caresses of his royal Master, and in the very Rapture of all his Glories! And how vain again were all the Marks and Ensigns of his Character and Power; that were not able to support him against one slighting Look of a sorry Slave! He had the World at Will, we see; but all was as good as nothing to him, *so long as he saw* Mordecai *the* Jew *sitting in the King's Gate.* Where's the sober Man now, that would not rather chuse to be *Mordecai* in the *Gate* upon these terms, than to be *Haman* in the *Palace?* The one had the Blessing of a Conscience that fears nothing but God; the other was haunted with a fantastical Weakness of Mind, that makes a Man dread every thing, and stand in awe of his own Shadow! A Word, a Thought, an Imagination, a Countenance, is enough to break his Sleep, and to shake the very Foundations of the *Babel* that he has built. He fancies every Bolt that's levell'd at his Vices, to be pointed at his Person, and finds himself wounded in the Morality of the most innocent Reproofs. He's a Slave to all Passions, all Accidents, and all sorts of Men. A Jest, a Banter, a Lampoon, nay, a Glance, an Insinuation, or a bare Casualty, with the Help of a guilty Conscience, and a suspicious Gloss of Application, is enough to murder him; for he conceits himself to be struck at, when he is not so much as thought of: As I dare appeal to

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the Conſciences of a thouſand top gallant Sparks, that will fancy their own Caſe to be the Key to this Moral. He makes himſelf odious to his Superiors, by his Haughtineſs; to his Equals, by a reſtleſs Courſe of factious Competitions; and then he never fails of a virulent Hatred and Envy from thoſe that are below him: ſo that he's beſet with Enemies on all Hands, the meaneſt of which is not without many and many a way to the wreaking of a Malice, and to the gratifying of a Revenge. As to the Wretchedneſs of his Condition, 'tis all a Caſe to him, whether he be teiz'd out of his Life by a Judgment of Flies and Lice, or ſtung to Death by Fiery Serpents. And he is not only tormented by others, but the very Tormentor of himſelf too. Nay, rather than want a colourable Ground of Trouble, he creates it. His Pride is a continual Drought upon him, and a Thirſt never to be quench'd. His Conſcience, his Fancy, his Fears, Jealouſies, and Miſtakes: Every thing helps on towards his undoing. And now to the infinite variety of Plagues that wait upon Pride, there is likewiſe as great a Diverſity of imperious Humours for this Miſery to work upon. As for Example; there is a Pride of Stomach, a Pride of Popularity, a Pride of Brow, Equipage and Parade. There's a Pride of Tongue without either Brains, or Heart to ſupport it. There's an abject (in fine) and there's a ſurly Pride. But to conclude, there is all this, and a thouſand times more of the ſame kind and Colour, that lies naturally couch'd under this Allegory. And not one Inſtance at laſt, that is not verify'd by many and many an Example.

Now as to the Envy of the *Aſs*, it was a double Folly; for he miſtakes both the *Horſe*'s Condition and his own. 'Tis Madneſs to envy any Creature that may in a Moment become miſerable; or for any Advantage that may in a Moment be taken from him. The *Aſs* envies the *Horſe* to day; and in ſome few days more, the *Horſe* comes to envy him: Wherefore let no Man deſpair, ſo long as it is in the Power either of Death, or of Chance, to remove the Burden. Nothing but Moderation and Greatneſs of Mind can make, either a proſper us or an adverſe Fortune eaſy to us. The only way to be happy is to ſubmit to our Lot: for no Man can be properly ſaid to be miſerable that is not wanting to himſelf. It is certainly true, that many a jolly Cobler has a merrier Heart in his Stall, than a Prince in his Palace.

FAB.

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FAB. 39. A Bat and a Weazle.

A *Weazle* had ſeiz'd upon a *Bat*, and the *Bat* begg'd for Life. No, no, ſays the *Weazle*, I give no Quarter to Birds. Ah, (ſays the *Bat*) but I am a Mouſe you ſee; look on my Body elſe: And ſo ſhe got off for that Bout. The *ſame Bat* had the Fortune to be taken a while after by *another Weazle*; and there the poor *Bat* was forc'd to beg for Mercy once again. No, ſays the *Weazle*, no Mercy to a Mouſe. Well, (ſays t'other) but you may ſee by my Wings that I'm a Bird; and ſo the *Bat* ſcap'd in both Capacities, by playing the *Trimmer*.

FAB. 40. A Bat, Birds, and Beaſts.

UPON a deſperate and a double Battle betwixt the *Birds* and the *Beaſts*, the *Bat* ſtood *Neuter*, till ſhe found that the *Beaſts* had the better on't, and then went over to the ſtronger Side. But it came to paſs afterward (as the Chance of War is various) that the *Birds* rally'd their broken Troops, and carry'd the Day; and away ſhe went then to t'other Party, where ſhe was try'd by a Council of War as a Deſerter; ſtript, baniſh'd, and finally condemn'd never to ſee Day-light again.

FAB. 41. An Eſtrich, Birds, and Beaſts.

THE *Eſtrich* is a Creature that paſſes in common Reputation, for *Half-Bird*, *Half-Beaſt*. This *amphibious* Wretch happen'd to be taken twice the ſame Day in a Battle betwixt the *Birds* and the *Beaſts*, and as an Enemy to both Parties. The *Birds* would have him to be a *Beaſt*, and the *Beaſts* concluded him to be a *Bird*; but upon ſhewing his *Feet* to prove that he was no *Bird*, and upon ſhewing his *Wings*, and his

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Beak, to prove that he was no *Beaſt*, they were ſatisfy'd upon the whole Matter, that though he ſeem'd to be both, he was yet in Truth neither the one nor the other.

The MORAL of the three Fables above.

Trimming, *in ſome Caſes, is foul and diſhoneſt; in others laudable, and in ſome again not only honeſt but neceſſary. The Nicety lies in the Skill of diſtinguiſhing upon Caſes, Times and Degrees.*

REFLECTION.

WE are here taught in ſome Caſes to yield to Times and Occaſions; but with a Saving ſtill to Honour and to Conſcience. A wiſe and an honeſt Man will always mean the ſame thing; but he's a Fool that always ſays the ſame thing. *Æſop* however condemns the double Practices of *Trimmers*, and all falſe, ſhuffling, and ambidextrous Dealings. He gives alſo to underſtand, that thoſe that pretend at the ſame time to ſerve two Maſters, are true to neither.

The three Fables next above have a great Affinity one with another, and yet not without ſome remarkable Diverſities neither. From the Emblem of the *Bat* and *Weazle*, we are to gather, that there are certain Ways, Caſes and Occaſions, wherein Diſguiſes and artificial Evaſions are in ſome meaſure allowable, provided only that there be no ſcandalous or malicious Departure from the Truth. This ſhifting of the *Bat* in the Paw of the *Weazle*, was but making the beſt of what he had to ſay, and to ſhew for himſelf toward the ſaving of his Life. There was no Breach of Faith, or of Truſt in't; no abandoning of a Duty, no Thought of Treachery; nor in effect any thing more in't than a fair Chriſtian Way of putting out falſe Colours.

The *Bat* that ſtood *Neuter* may ſerve for the Character of a *Time-ſerving Trimmer:* He betrays his Party, Firſt, in withdrawing his Aſſiſtance; Secondly, in going over to the ſtronger Side, and declaring himſelf an open Enemy when his Fellows had the worſt on't. His Judgment, in fine, was juſt, and if all double Dealers and Deſerters were ſerved as this *Bat* was, it would be an Example of Terror to Renegades, and of Encouragement to honeſt Men.

The *Eſtrich*'s Caſe ſeems to be different from the other two. He fought (though 'tis not ſaid on which Side) and he was taken

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taken in the Battle. He had the Shape, but not the Heart of a *Trimmer*, and it was rather Nature than Fraud that brought him off. Now there are many things in an Affair of this Quality that may be warrantable, even upon the niceſt Scruples of Honour, in him that ſuffers the Violence, which perchance would not be ſo in the Aggreſſor.

FAB. 42. A Wolf and a Fox.

A *Wolf* that had a mind to take his eaſe, ſtor'd himſelf privately with Proviſions, and ſo kept cloſe a-while. Why, how now Friend, ſays a *Fox* to him, we han't ſeen you abroad at the Chaſe this many a Day! Why truly, ſays the *Wolf*, I have gotten an Indiſpoſition that keeps me much at home, and I hope I ſhall have your Prayers for my Recovery. The *Fox* had a Fetch in't, and when he ſaw it would not fadge; away goes he preſently to a Shepherd, and tells him where he might ſurprize a *Wolf*, if he had a mind to't. The Shepherd follow'd his Directions, and deſtroy'd him. The *Fox*, immediately, as his next Heir, repairs to his Cell, and takes Poſſeſſion of his Stores; but he had littly Joy of the Purchaſe, for in a very ſhort time, the ſame Shepherd did as much for the *Fox*, as he had done before for the *Wolf*.

The MORAL.

'Tis with Sharpers *as 'tis with Pikes, they prey upon their own kind; and 'tis a pleaſant Scene enough, when Thieves fall out among themſelves, to ſee the cutting of one Diamond with another.*

REFLECTION.

'TIS impoſſible for an envious Man to be happy. He makes the World his Enemies, and the Miſchief that he does to others, returns in a Judgment upon his own Head. There's no truſting of a crafty deſigning Knave. I do not ſpeak of the Truſt of Privacy and Confidence only; but a wiſe Man would not ſo much as venture himſelf in ſuch Company, nor let him come within diſtance of ſo much as knowing how to

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put a trick upon him. This Fable ſhews us the Danger of ſuch Converſation. And it ſhews us likewiſe the juſt Fate that attends the Treachery, even of one Traitor to another: The *Wolf* had a Deſign upon the *Fox*; the *Fox* had a Counter-Deſign upon the *Wolf*; (which was no more than a couple of crafty Knaves well match'd) and the Shepherd did juſtice upon them both.

FAB. 43. A Stag Drinking.

AS a *Stag* was drinking upon the Bank of a clear Stream, he ſaw his Image in the Water, and enter'd into this Contemplation upon't. Well! ſays he, if theſe pitiful Shanks of mine were but anſwerable to this branching Head, I can't but think how I ſhould defy all my Enemies. The Words were hardly out of his Mouth, but he diſcover'd a Pack of Dogs coming full Cry towards him. Away he ſcours croſs the Fields, caſts off the Dogs, and gains a Wood; but preſſing through a Thicket, the Buſhes held him by the Horns, till the Hounds came in and pluck'd him down. The laſt thing he ſaid was this, What an unhappy Fool was I, to take my Friends for mine Enemies, and my Enemies for my Friends! I truſted to my *Head*, that has betray'd me; and I found fault with my *Legs*, that would otherwiſe have brought me off.

The MORAL.

He that does not throughly know himſelf, may be well allow'd to make a falſe Judgment upon other Matters that moſt nearly concern him.

REFLECTION.

THIS is to ſhew us how perverſely we judge of many Things, and take the worſe for the better; and the better for the worſe; upon a very great Miſtake, both in what we deſpiſe, and in what we admire. But we are rather for that which is fair, and plauſible in Appearance, than for that which is plain and profitable in Effect; even to the Degree of preferring Things temporal to eternal.

He

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He that would know himſelf, muſt look into himſelf. 'Tis only the Reſemblance, or the Shadow that he ſees in the Glaſs, not the Man. 'Tis one Thing to fancy Greatneſs of Mind; another Thing to practice it; for a Body may promiſe, nay and reſolve upon many Things in Contemplation, that he can never make good upon Trial. How did the *Stag* deſpiſe the *Dogs* here, at the Sight of his armed Head in the Fountain; but his Heart went quite to another Tune, when the Hounds were at the Heels of him. We are likewiſe taught here, how ſubject vain Men are to glory in that which commonly tends to their Loſs, their Misfortune, their Shame; and their very Deſtruction; and yet at the ſame Time to take their beſt Friends for their Enemies. But there's a huge Difference betwixt a falſe Conception of Things, and the true Nature and Reaſon of them. The *Stag* prided himſelf in his Horns, that afterward ſhackled, and were the Ruin of him; but made ſlight of his pitiful *Shanks*, that if it had not been for his branching Head, would have brought him off.

FAB. 44. A Snake and a File.

THere was a *Snake* got into a Smith's Shop, and fell to licking of a *File*: She ſaw the *File* bloody, and ſtill the bloodier it was, the more eagerly ſhe lick'd it; upon a fooliſh Fancy, that it was the *File* that bled, and that ſhe herſelf had the better on't. In the Concluſion, when ſhe could lick no longer, ſhe fell to biting; but finding at laſt ſhe could do no more good upon't with her Teeth than with her Tongue, ſhe fairly left it.

The MORAL.

'Tis a Madneſs to ſtand biting and ſnapping at any Thing to no manner of Purpoſe, more than the gratifying an Impotent Rage, in the fancy of hurting another, when in Truth, we only wound our ſelves.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable ſets out the Malignity of ſome ſpiteful People, that take ſo much Pleaſure in the Deſign of hurting others, as not to feel, and underſtand that they only hurt them-

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themſelves. This is the Caſe of thoſe that will be trying Maſteries with their Superiors, and biting of that which is too hard for their Teeth. There's no contending with an Adverſary that's either inſenſible or invincible; and the Rule holds, in Matters, not only of actual Force and Violence, but of Fortune and good Name; for 'tis no better than downright Madneſs, to ſtrike where we have no Power to hurt, and to contend where we are ſure to be worſted. The Doctrine is this, That every Man ſhould conſider his own Strength, and act accordingly.

FAB. 45. A League betwixt the Wolves and the Sheep.

THere was a Time when the *Sheep* were ſo hardy as to wage War with the *Wolves*; and ſo long as they had the *Dogs* for their Allies, they were upon all Encounters, at leaſt a Match for their Enemies. Upon this Conſideration, the *Wolves* ſent their Embaſſadors to the *Sheep*, to treat about a Peace, and in the mean Time there were Hoſtages given on both ſides; the *Dogs* on the Part of the *Sheep*, and the *Wolves Whelps* on the other Part, till the Matters might be brought to an Iſſue. While they were upon Treaty, the *Whelps* fell a howling; the *Wolves* cry'd out Treaſon; and pretending an Infraction in the Abuſe of their Hoſtages, fell upon the *Sheep* immediately without their *Dogs*, and made them pay for the Improvidence of leaving themſelves without a Guard.

The MORAL.

'Tis Senſeleſs in the higheſt Degree, to think of eſtabliſhing an Alliance among thoſe that Nature herſelf has divided, by an irreconcilable Diſagreement. Beſide that a fooliſh Peace is much more deſtructive than a bloody War.

REFLECTION.

TO take this Fable in a political Senſe; a Peace that puts People out of Condition of Defence, in the Caſe of a War, muſt expect a War; and ſuch a State as leaves them at the Mercy

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Mercy of an Enemy, is worſe than War itſelf. There's no truſting to the Articles and Formalities of an out-ſide Peace, upon the pretended Reconciliation of an implacable Enemy, Chriſtian Religion bids us forgive: But Chriſtian Prudence bids us have a Care too, whom we truſt. 'Tis juſt in the World as it is in the *Apologue*. Truces and Ceſſations are both made, and broken, for preſent Convenience; and where the Allies find they may be the better for't, we may lay down this for an undoubted Truth, that there can never want a Colour for a Rupture, where there's a good Will to't. 'Tis no new Thing in the World for the *Degs* that are to keep the *Wolves* from worrying the *Sheep*, to be deliver'd up to the Enemy for Hoſtages, for fear the *Sheep* ſhould worry the *Wolves*. This was our very Caſe within the Memory of Man, when Matters were brought to the ſame Iſſue in the Kingdom by't, that they are here in the Fable: Witneſs the ſeveral and ſeveral Treaties and Propoſals that were ſet on foot under the Countenance of a good Will to Peace: Where only ſuch Conditions where inſiſted upon by the deſigning Party, as would be almoſt equally deſtructive to all honeſt Men, whether they were granted or refuſed. The one Way the *Wolves* were to have the *Sheep* left at Mercy; and the other Way, the Scandal was turn'd upon the Refuſers, as the Enemies of an Accommodation; nay, and the very *Dogs* were turn'd into *Wolves* too; while Lawyers, and Divines, made the Law and the Goſpel *Felons of themſelves*, and ſuborn'd the Scriptures againſt the very Chriſt and his Apoſtles,

FAB. 46. An Ax and a Foreſt.

A Carpenter that had got the Iron Work of an *Ax* already, went to the next *Foreſt* to beg only ſo much Wood as would make a Handle to't. The Matter ſeem'd ſo ſmall, that the Requeſt was eaſily granted; but when the Timber Trees came to find that the whole Wood was to be cut down by the Help of this Handle; *There's no Remedy*, they cry'd, *but Patience, when People are undone by their own Folly.*

FAB.

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FAB. 47. A Tree and a Wedge.

A Workman was cutting down a *Tree* to make *Wedges* of it. Well! ſays the *Tree*, I cannot but be extreamly troubled at the Thought of what I am now a doing; and I do not ſo much complain neither, of the *Ax* that does the Execution, as of the Man that guides it; but it is my Miſery that I am to be deſtroy'd by the Fruit of my own Body.

FAB. 48. The Eagle and Arrow.

AN *Eagle* that was watching upon a Rock once for a *Hare*, had the ill Hap to be ſtruck with an *Arrow*. This *Arrow*, it ſeems was feather'd from her own Wing, which very Conſideration went nearer her Heart, ſhe ſaid, than Death itſelf.

FAB. 49. A Thruſh taken with Birdlime.

IT was the Fortune of a poor *Thruſh*, among other Birds, to be taken with a Buſh of *Lime-Twigs*, and the miſerable Creature reflecting upon it, that the chief Ingredient in the *Birdlime* came out of her own Guts: I am not half ſo much troubled, ſays the *Thruſh*, at the Thought of dying, as at the Fatality of contributing to my own Ruin.

The MORAL of the four Fables above.

Nothing goes nearer a Man in his Misfortunes, than to find himſelf undone by his own Folly, or but any Way acceſſary to his own Ruin.

REFLECTION.

THE Fables of the *Ax-Handle*, and the *Wedge*, ſerve to precaution us not to put ourſelves needleſly upon an after-Game, but to weigh before-hand what we ſay, and do. We ſhould have

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have a Care how we arm our Enemies againſt ourſelves; for there's nothing goes nearer a Man than to be undone by his own Improvidence; and nothing afterward more ridiculous, than to blame Fortune for our own Faults: Tho' we are ſo fram'd by Nature, in reſpect of our Souls and Bodies, that one Part of a Man is ſtill wounded by the other. Nothing ſo much troubled the *Eagle* and the *Thruſh*, as the Thought of aſſiſting to their own Deſtruction.

There's no living in this World without an Exchange of civil Offices, and the Need we have one of another, goes a great Way towards the making of us love one another. How is this Amity, and Communication to be entertain'd now, but by the Commerce of giving and receiving? Reaſon and Experience are ſufficient to convince us of the Neceſſity of ſuch a Correſpondence; and this Fiction of the *Ax* and the *Foreſt*, and ſo of the *Tree* and the *Wedge*, ſhews us the Danger of it too, if it be not manag'd with a provident Reſpect to all the Niceties of Circumſtance, and Contingency in the Caſe. People have got a Cuſtom, 'tis true, of computing upon the preſent Need, and Value of Things, without ever heeding the Conſequences of them: As if all our Askings, and our Grantings were to be governed by the Standard of the Market. *'Tis ſo pitiful a Buſineſs*, ſays one, and *it was ſo ſmall a Thing*, ſays another; and yet this *pitiful Buſineſs*, and this *ſmall Thing*, proves at laſt to be as much as a Man's Life, Honour, and Eſtate is worth. Alas! What's a *Handle* for an *Ax*, out of a whole *Foreſt!* What's the writing of a Man's Name, or the ſaying ay, or no to a Queſtion? And yet the very Safety and Honour of our Prince and Country, and the Sum of our Well-being lies many a Time at ſtake upon the Iſſue of doing either the one or the other. Nay, and let the People we have to do withal be never ſo Juſt and Honeſt, it is yet a Temerity, and a Folly inexcuſable, to deliver up ourſelves needleſly into another's Power: For he that doth any Thing raſhly, muſt be taken in Equity of Conſtruction to do it willingly: For he was free to deliberate or not: 'Tis good Advice to conſider, firſt, What the Thing is that is deſired. Second, The Character of the Perſon that asks. Third, What uſe may be made on't to the Detriment of him that grants the Requeſt, and ſo to reſolve how far in Duty, Humanity, Prudence, Juſtice, and Reſpect, we are to comply with it. Whereſoever there is moral Right on the one Hand, no ſecondary Intereſt can diſcharge it on the other. A Priſoner upon Parole muſt ſurrender himſelf upon demand, though he die for't. A Man may contribute to his

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his own Ruin several Ways; but in Cases not to be foreseen, and so not to be prevented, it may be his Misfortune, and the Man not to blame. We are not to omit Precaution however, for fear an ill use should be made of those things that we do, even with a good Intention; but we are still to distinguish betwixt what may possibly, and what will probably be done, according to the best Measures we can take of the End of asking; for there would be no Place left for the Functions of human Society, if the Possibility of abusing a Kindness should wholly divert us from the Exercise of Charity and good Nature. There may be great Mischief wrought yet, without any Thing of a previous Malice, and it may be hazardous to yield, even where the Proposal is wholly innocent. There may be other Propositions again, that were originally design'd for Snares, to the short-sighted and credulous; now 'tis the Art of Life, critically to discern the one Case from the other.

There needs little more to be said to the Emblems of the *Eagle* and the *Thrush*, than to observe, that both by Chance, and by Nature, we are made accessary to our own Ruins: And that's enough to trouble a Body, though not to condemn him.

FAB. 50. The Belly and Members.

THE *Commoners of Rome* were gone off once into a direct Faction against the *Senate*. They'd pay no *Taxes*, nor be forc'd to bear *Arms*, they said, and 'twas against the *Liberty of the Subject* to pretend to compel them to't. The Sedition, in short, ran so high, that there was no Hope of reclaiming them, till *Menenius Agrippa* brought them to their Wits again by this *Apologue*.

The *Hands* and the *Feet* were in a desperate Mutiny once against the *Belly*. They knew no Reason, they said, why the one should lie lazing, and pampering itself with the Fruit of the others Labour; and if the *Body* would not work for company, they'd be no longer at the Charge of maintaining it. Upon this Mutiny, they kept the Body so long without Nourishment, that all the Parts suffer'd for it: Insomuch that the *Hands* and *Feet* came in the Conclusion to find their Mistake, and

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and would have been willing then to have done their Office; but it was now too late, for the *Body* was ſo pin'd with over-Faſting, that it was wholly out of Condition to receive the Benefit of a Relief: which gave them to underſtand, that *Body and Members are to live and die together.*

The MORAL.

The Publick is but one Body, and the Prince the Head on't; ſo that what Member ſoever withdraws his Service from the Head, is no better than a negative Traitor to his Country.

REFLECTION.

THIS Allegory is a political Reading upon the State and Condition of civil Communities, where the Members have their ſeveral Offices, and every Part contributes reſpectively to the Preſervation and Service of the whole. 'Tis true, their Operations are more or leſs noble, but the mechanical Faculties can no more be ſpared than the intellectual, and thoſe that ſerve in Council under an Appearance of Reſt, are yet as buſy, and as neceſſary, in their Functions, as thoſe that are actually and viſibly in Motion. Here's a Caution, in fine, to the *Members*, to have a care how they withdraw themſelves from their Duties, till it ſhall be too late for their Superiors to make uſe of them.

There is ſo near an *Analogy* betwixt the State of a Body natural, and politique, that the Neceſſity of Government and Obedience cannot be better repreſented. The Motions of a popular Faction are ſo violent, and unreaſonable, that neither Philoſophy, Prudence, Experience, nay, nor the holy Writ itſelf, has the Power (ordinarily ſpeaking) to work upon them. If People would allow themſelves Time for Thought and Conſideration, they would find that the Conſervation of the *Body* depends upon the proper Uſe and Service of the ſeveral *Parts*, and that the Intereſt of every diſtinct *Member* of it, is wrapt up in the Support, and Maintenance of the *whole*, which obliges them all to labour, in their reſpective Offices and Functions for the common Good. There are degrees of Dignity (no doubt on't) in both Caſes, and one Part is to be ſubſervient to another, in the Order of civil Policy, as well as in the Frame of a Man's Body: So that they are mightily out of the Way, that take eating and drinking, and un-eating and un-drinking, in a Courſe of Viciſſitude,

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ciſſitude, with other Offices of Nature that are common to Beaſts with Men, to be the great Buſineſs of Mankind, without any further Regard to the Faculties, and Duties of our reaſonable Being: For every *Member* has its proper and reſpective Function aſſign'd it, and not a Finger ſuffers but the *Whole* feels on't.

FAB. 51. An Ape and a Fox.

AN *Ape* that found many Inconveniencies by going *bare-arſe*, went to a *Fox* that had a well-ſpread, buſhy *Tail*, and begg'd of him only a little Piece on't to cover his Nakedneſs: For (ſays he) you have enough for both, and what needs more than you have Occaſion for? Well, *John* (ſays the *Fox*) be it more, or be it leſs, you get not one ſingle Hair on't; for I would have ye know, Sirrah, the *Tail* of a *Fox* was never made for the Buttocks of an *Ape*.

The MORAL.

Providence has aſſign'd every Creature its ſtation, lot, make and figure; and 'tis not for us to ſtand correcting the Works of an incomprehenſible Wiſdom, and an almighty Power.

REFLECTION.

THIS is to reprove the impertinent, uſeleſs, and unreaſonable Demands of thoſe that firſt ask what another cannot part with, unleſs he be a ſtark Fool, or a Madman. And 2. That which if they could obtain would be of no Uſe, or Benefit to them at all. The old Moral carries it to thoſe alſo that will part with nothing to the Poor, even out of their Superfluities: But it ſeems to be abominably wreſted, for neither did the One want, nor had the other any thing to ſpare.

There are certain Rules to be obſerved, as well in aſking as denying. Things againſt Nature are unreaſonable on both Sides. Things impoſſible are ridiculous in the very Propoſal; and things which the one cannot ſpare, and the other will be never the better for, fall naturally within the Compaſs of Exceptions: That is to ſay, thoſe things that we know not what to do withal if we had them; and thoſe things again,

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which another cannot part with, but to his own Loſs and Shame. Theſe Points are the very Conditions of this Fable. Here's a general Caution againſt extravagant Deſires, and yet let the Refuſal be never ſo juſt, it is poſſible however, that a Man may oppoſe a moſt unconſcionable Requeſt for an unjuſtifiable Reaſon; as in the Caſe for the Purpoſe of an ill-natur'd Denial, out of a Diſlike of the Man, rather than of the thing it ſelf.

The Application of this Fable to Avarice, that will part with nothing, ſeems to be wreſted; for it ſtrikes more properly upon the Folly of Peoples not being ſatisfy'd with the Appointments of Nature. An *Ape with a Tail* would be as ſcandalous as a *Fox without* one. Why ſhould not any one Creature envy the Whole, as well as any one Part of another? And why ſhould not an *Ape* be as much troubled that he has no *Wings*, as that he has no *Tail*? This grumbling Humour has Envy in it, Avarice, and Ingratitude, and ſets up it ſelf, in fine, againſt all the Works of the Creation.

FAB. 52. A Lark and her Young Ones.

THere was a Brood of *young Larks* in the Corn, and the *Dam*, when ſhe went abroad to forage for them, laid a ſtrict Charge upon her *little ones*, to pick up what News they could get againſt ſhe came back again. They told her at her Return, that the Owner of the Field had been there, and order'd his Neighbours to come and reap the Corn. Well, ſays the *Old One*, there's no Danger yet then. They told her the next Day that he had been there again, and deſir'd his Friends to do't. Well, well, ſays ſhe, there's no hurt in that neither: and ſo ſhe went out progging for Proviſions again as before. But upon the third Day, when they told their Mother, that the Maſter and his Son appointed to come next Morning, and do't themſelves. Nay then, ſays ſhe, 'tis time to look about us: As for the Neighbours and Friends, I fear 'em not; but the Maſter I'm ſure will be as good as his Word, for 'tis his own Buſineſs.

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FAB. 53. The Stag and the Oxen.

A *Stag* that was hard ſet by the Huntſmen, betook himſelf to a Stall for Sanctuary, and prevail'd with the *Oxen* to conceal him the beſt they could, ſo they cover'd him with Straw, and by and by in comes the Keeper to dreſs the Cattle, and to feed them; and when he had done his Work, he went his way without any Diſcovery. The *Stag* reckon'd himſelf by this time to be out of all danger; but one of the *Oxen* that had more Brains than his Fellows, adviſ'd him not to be too confident neither: for the Servant, ſays he, is a puzling Fool that heeds nothing; but when my Maſter comes, he'll have an eye *here*, *and there*, *and every where*, and will moſt certainly find ye out. Upon the very ſpeaking of the Word, in comes the Maſter, and he ſpies out twenty Faults, I warrant ye; this was not well, and that was not well; till at laſt, as he was prying and groping up and down, he felt the Horns of the *Stag* under the Straw, and ſo made Prize of him.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

He that would be ſure to have his Buſineſs well done, muſt either do it himſelf, or ſee the doing of it; beſide that many a good Servant is ſpoil'd by a careleſs Maſter.

REFLECTION.

INTEREST does more in the World than Faith and Honeſty; for Men are more ſenſible in their own Caſe than in another's; which is all but according to the old Saying, *Command your Man, and do't yourſelf.* Neither, in truth, is it reaſonable that another ſhould be more careful of me, than I am of my ſelf. Every Man's Buſineſs is beſt done, when he looks after it with his own Eyes: And, in ſhort, *when every Man looks to one, the Care is taken for all.*

We are likewiſe given to underſtand in the Misfortune and Miſtake of the *Stag*, how rare a Felicity it is for a Man in Diſtreſs to find out ſuch a Patron as has the Will and the Reſolution, the Skill and the Power, to relieve him; and that it

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it is not every Man's Talent neither to make *the beſt of a bad Game*. The Morality of this Caution is as good a Leſſon to Governments as to private Families. For a Prince's leaving his Buſineſs wholly to his Miniſters, without a ſtrict Eye over them in their reſpective Offices and Functions, is as dangerous an Error in *Politicks*, as a Maſter's committing all to his Servant is in *Oeconomicks*. It is effectually a Tranſlation of the Authority, when a Superior truſts himſelf implicitly to the Faith, Care, Honeſty and Diſcretion of an Inferior. To ſay nothing of the Temptation to Bribery and falſe dealing, when ſo much may be gotten by't with ſo little hazard either of Diſcovery or Puniſhment. Beſide the deſperate Inconvenience of ſetting up a wrong Intereſt, by drawing Applications out of the proper Chanel; and committing the Authority and Duty of the Maſter to the Honeſty and Diſcretion of the Servant. Men will be true to themſelves, how faithleſs ſoever to one another.

FAB. 54. A Fox and a Sick Lion.

A Certain *Lion* that had got a Politick Fit of Sickneſs, made it his Obſervation, that of all the Beaſts in the Foreſt, the *Fox* never came at him: And ſo he wrote him word how ill he was, and how mighty glad he ſhould be of his Company, upon the Score of antient Friendſhip and Acquaintance. The *Fox* return'd the Complement with a thouſand Prayers for his Recovery; but as for waiting upon him, he deſired to be excus'd; for (ſays he) I find the Traces of abundance of Feet going into your Majeſty's Palace, and not one that comes back again.

The MORAL.

The Kindneſſes of ill-natur'd and deſigning People ſhould be throughly conſider'd and examin'd, before we give credit to them.

REFLECTION.

THERE's but a Hair's Breadth here betwixt an Office of great Piety, Humanity and Virtue, and an Action of extreme Folly, Improvidence and Hazard. But the *Fox* ſaw thorough

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the Complement, and that it was, in Truth, but an Invitation of him to his own Funeral. We meet with many of these dangerous Civilities in the World, wherein 'tis a hard Matter for a Man to save both his Skin and his Credit.

'Tis a difficult Point to hit the true Medium betwixt trusting too much and too little, for fear of incurring a Danger on the one hand, or giving a Scandal on the other. Compliments are only Words of Course; and though one external Civility may be current Payment for another, yet a Man would be loth to venture his All upon a Figure of Speech, where the Meaning is so nicely divided betwixt Jest and Earnest. 'Tis a base thing to suspect a Friend or an honest Man, nay, 'tis a base thing to suspect any Man that but looks like one, so as to wound him; that is, either in a Word or in a Thought. But then 'tis Death perhaps to be impos'd upon by an Hypocrite under that Masque. So that the Character of a wise Man lies at stake upon Matter of Judgment one way, and of a good-natur'd Man the other way. The middle Course is to hide our Distrust where we are doubtful; and to be free and open, where we may be secure. There's no living without trusting some Body or other, in some Cases, or at some time or other: But then if People be not cautious, whom, when, and wherein, the Mistake may be mortal: for there must be somewhat of a Trust to make way for a Treachery; since no Man can be betray'd that does not either believe, or seem to believe: So that the *Fox* did well to weigh all Circumstances before he came to a Resolution. The *Lion*'s Design was well enough cover'd under the Disguise of a counterfeit Sickness and a dissembled Tenderness and Respect, for the drawing of the *Fox* into the Toyl. For there was the Civility of an Invitation on the one Hand, and some Colour of a Right to a Visit, tho' but out of Compassion and good Manners, on the other; but the *Fox*'s Sagacity, and the Prints of the Feet spoil'd all. This Fable, in one Word more, bids us be careful how we trust in any Case without looking well about us; for 'tis half the Business of one Part of the World to put Tricks upon t'other. The Heart of a Man is like a Bog, it looks fair to the Eye; but when we come to lay any weight upon't, the Ground is false under us. Nothing could be more obliging and respectful than the *Lion*'s Letter was, in Terms and Appearance; but there was *Death* yet in the true Intent and Meaning on't.

FAB.

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FAB. 55. A Fox and a Weazle.

A Slim thin-gutted *Fox* made a hard ſhift to wriggle his Body into a Hen-rooſt, and when he had ſtuffed his Guts well, he ſqueez'd hard to get out again, but the Hole was too little for him. There was a *Weazle* a pretty way off that ſtood leering at him all this while. Brother *Reynard* (ſays he) your Belly was empty when you went in, and you muſt e'en ſtay till your Belly be empty again, before you come out.

The MORAL.

Temperance keeps the whole Man in Order, and in a good Diſpoſition, either for Thought or Action, but the indulging of the Appetite brings a Clog both upon the Body and Mind.

REFLECTION.

IN a middle State both of Body and of Fortune, a Man is better diſpoſed for the Offices of human Society, and the Functions of reaſonable Nature; and the Heart is alſo freer from Cares and Troubles. There are unwieldy Minds as well as unwieldy Bodies, and the Fumes of the one obſtruct the Operations of the other. The Head of a Philoſopher will never do well upon the Shoulders of an Epicure. The Body and the Soul are inſeparable Companions, and it is againſt the Nature of this reaſonable Union, for the one to be a Clog to the other. The *Fox*'s here is the Caſe of many a *publick Miniſter*, that comes empty in, but when he has cram'd his Guts well, he's fain to ſqueeze hard before he can get off again; and glad to compound with his very Skin for his Carcaſe.

FAB. 56. A Boar and a Horſe.

A *Boar* happened to be wallowing in the Water where a *Horſe* was going to drink, and there grew a Quarrel upon't. The *Horſe* went preſently to a *Man*, to aſſiſt him in his Revenge. They agreed upon the Conditions, and the *Man* immediately arm'd himſelf, and mounted the *Horſe*, who carried him to the *Boar*,

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and had the Satisfaction of seeing his Enemy kill'd before his Face. The *Horse* thank'd the Cavalier for his Kindness, but as he was just about to take leave, the *Man* said he should have further occasion for him, and so order'd him to be ty'd up in the Stable. The *Horse* came by this time to understand, that his Liberty was gone, and no help for't, and that he had paid dear for his Revenge.

FAB. 57. A Stag and a Horse.

UPon a Dispute betwixt a *Stag* and a *Horse* about a Piece of Pasture, the *Stag* got the better on't, and beat the other out of the Field. The *Horse*, upon this Affront, advis'd with a Man what Course to take; who told him, that if he would submit to be bridled and saddled, and take a *Man* upon his Back with a Lance in his Hand, he would undertake to give him the Satisfaction of a Revenge. The *Horse* came to his Terms, and for the gratifying of a present Passion, made himself a Slave all the Days of his Life. *Stesichorus* made use of this Fable to divert the *Himerenses* from chusing *Phalaris* the Tyrant for their General. This *Horse*'s Case, says he, will be yours, if you go on with your Proposals. 'Tis true, you'll have your *Revenge*, but you'll lose your *Liberties:* Upon which Words the Motion fell.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

Let every Man take a true Measure of himself, what he is able to do, and what not, before he comes to any peremptory Resolution how to proceed. He is a Madman, that to avoid a present and less Evil, runs blindfold into a greater; and for the gratifying of a froward Humour, makes himself a Slave all the Days of his Life.

REFLECTION.

THESE Fables lay open to us the Folly of those People that make themselves Slaves to their Revenge; for no Man

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ſhould be ſo angry with another, as to hurt himſelf for't. We ſhould likewiſe conſider, that there's more Hazard in the Succour of a new powerful Friend, than in the Hoſtility of an old dangerous Enemy; and that the greateſt Empires upon the Face of the Earth, have had their riſe from the Pretence of taking up Quarrels, or keeping the Peace.

Theſe Fables tell us, that it is a Rule of good Diſcretion in all Matters of Quarrel and Controverſy, for him that is worſted to have a great Care whom he calls to his Aid: Eſpecially when there's more of Paſſion than Neceſſity in the Caſe. The *Horſe* might have quench'd his Thirſt with troubled Water; or he might have ſtay'd the clearing of it; or chang'd his Watering-Place; or when he was forc'd out of one Paſture, he might have taken up in another, which would have preſerv'd his Liberty upon the Main, tho' not as to this Particular: But his Stomach was too great, it ſeems, to digeſt the Affront, without having his Enemy at his Feet; ſo that he gives up his Freedom to gain his Revenge. He has fair Words however, rich Trapping, and large Promiſes; but works only for his Maſter; and if at any time he does but ſlacken his Pace, or abate, either in Zeal, or in his Mettle, the Spur is immediately in the Flank of him: Or if he be unruly, the Bit's upon the Check to keep him to his Duty. The *Stag* was too hard for the *Horſe*, and the *Horſe* flies for Succour to one that's too hard for him, and rides the one to Death, and outright kills the other. It were well, if poſſible, to keep all potent Enemies to their Behaviour in ſuch a Caſe as this, eſpecially if they appear under the Shape of Friends: But if People will venture Life, Liberty and all, for the clawing of an Itch, and lay violent Hands upon themſelves, there's no Fence for't.

That which *Men* are to *Horſes*, in the Scale of Creatures, Men in Power and Authority are in ſame Proportion to the Poor and Weak; that is to ſay, in the *Analogy* of Servitude and Drudgery, and in the carring of ſome ſort of Burdens that are a Shame to the Bearer. They toil and moil for the Intereſt of their Maſters, that in requital break the very Hearts of them for their Pleaſure; and the freer they are of their Fleſh, the more ſcandalous is the Bondage. When they have done all that *Horſes* can do, they are laſh'd, ſpurr'd, revil'd, and ill-treated, for not being able to do more; they are hurry'd on without either Reſpite or Reaſon; and after they have carried their Riders ſafe over all Leaps, and through all Dangers, and by all Ways and Means contributed to the Eaſe,

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Credit, and Security of their Maſters, what comes of them in the end, but to be ſtrained, founder'd, or broken-winded. Old-Age overtakes them, and they are e'en glad to take up in a Mill at laſt with Grains and Thiſtles, and there ſpend the Remainder of a wretched Life in a Circulation of Miſery and Labour. If any Man of War, or State, ſhall find this Caſe to be his own, and himſelf touch'd in the Moral of this Fable, let him keep his own Counſel, and learn to be wiſer hereafter. And we may learn this Leſſon of the *Horſe* too, not to ſacrifice our Honour, Liberty, and Conſcience, to a Freak.

FAB. 58. Two Young Men and a Cook.

TWO *young Fellows* ſlipt into a *Cook*'s Shop, and while the Maſter was buſy at his Work, one of them ſtole a piece of Fleſh, and convey'd it to the other. The Maſter miſs'd it immediately, and challeng'd them with the Theft; He that took it, ſwore he had none on't: and he that had it, ſwore as deſperately that he did not take it. The *Cook* reflecting upon the Conceit: Well, my Maſters (ſays he) theſe Frauds and Fallacies may paſs upon Men, but there's an Eye above that ſees through them.

The MORAL.

There's no putting of Tricks upon an all-ſeeing Power; as if he that made our Hearts, and knows every Nook and Corner of them, could not ſee through the childiſh Fallacy of a double Meaning.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable concerns thoſe that think to deceive God with Fallacies of Words, Equivocations, mental Reſervations, and double Meanings; but though Frauds and Perjuries may paſs upon Men for a Seaſon, they are as open as the Light yet to him that ſearches the Heart. A Man had better be a downright *Atheiſt*, than in ſuch a Caſe as this, an equivocating *Hypocrite:* For he that denies a Providence, or doubts whether there be any God at all, is much more pardonable than another that acknowledges and confeſſes an all-ſeeing and an al-

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almighty Power; and yet at the ſame Time moſt blaſphemouſly affronts it. 'Tis a great Unhappineſs that Children ſhould be ſo much addicted (as we ſee they are) to this Way and Humour of ſhuffling: But it is a greater Shame and Miſchief for Parents, Governors, and Tutors, to encourage and allow them in't, and ſo (effectually) to train them up to one of the moſt dangerous Corruptions they are capable of, in countenancing the very Ground-work of a falſe and treacherous Life. There muſt be no paradoxing or playing Tricks with Things ſacred. Truth is the great Leſſon of reaſonable Nature, both in Philoſophy and in Religion. Now there is a Truth of Opinion, a Truth of Fact, and a Truth in Simplicity and Sincerity of Thought, Word, and Deed. The laſt of the three is the Truth that is here in queſtion. The Knack of *faſt and looſe* paſſes with a world of fooliſh People for a Turn of Wit; but they are not aware all this while of the deſperate Conſequences of an ill Habit, and that the Practice of falſifying with Men, will lead us on inſenſibly to a double-dealing even with God himſelf.

FAB. 59. A Dog and a Butcher.

AS a *Butcher* was buſy about his Meat, a *Dog* runs away with a *Sheep*'s-Heart. The *Butcher* ſaw him upon the Gallop with a Piece of Fleſh in's Mouth, and call'd out after him, hark ye Friend (ſays he) you may e'en make the beſt of your Purchaſe, ſo long as y'ave made me the wiſer for't.

The MORAL.

It may ſerve as a Comfort to us in all our Calamities and Afflictions, that he that loſes any Thing and gets Wiſdom by it, is a Gainer by the Loſs.

REFLECTION.

NO Man is to account any Thing a Loſs, if he gets Wiſdom by the Bargain: Beſide, that *bought Wit is beſt.* It is in ſome Proportion, in the Buſineſs of this World, as it is in that of the next; in the Caſes, I mean, of Loſſes, Miſcarriages and Diſappointments: We are in both reſpects the better for them, provided they be not mortal, (that is) for they are

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are monitory and inſtructive. Affliction makes a Man both honeſt and wiſe; for the Smart brings him to a Senſe of his Error, and the Experiment to the Knowledge of it. We have I know not how many *Adages* to back the Reaſon of this Moral, *hang a Dog upon a Crab-tree*, (we ſay) *and he'll never love Verjuice.* And then we have it again in that common Saying, *the burnt Child dreads the Fire.* 'Tis wandering many Times, whether it be in Opinion, or in travelling, that ſets a Man right in his Judgment, and brings him into the Way. The *Dog*'s running away with the Fleſh, does as good as bid the *Cook* look better to't another Time.

A *Dog* and a *Sheep*. See Fable and Moral 29.

FAB. 60. A Wolf, a Lamb, and a Goat.

AS a *Lamb* was following a *Goat*, up comes a *Wolf*, wheedling to get him aſide, and make a Breakfaſt of him: Why what a Fool art thou, ſays the *Wolf*, that may'ſt have thy Belly full of ſweet Milk at Home, to leave thy *Mother* for a naſty ſtinking *Goat?* Well, ſays the *Lamb*, but my Mother has plac'd me here for my Security; and you'd fain get me into a Corner to worry me. Pray'e, which of the two am I to truſt to now?

The MORAL.

Where there's the Order of a Parent on the one ſide, and the Advice of an ill Man, and a profeſs'd Enemy on the other, in Oppoſition to that Command; Diſobedience would be undoubtedly the ready Way to Deſtruction.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable preaches both Obedience and Caution; the one as a Matter of Duty, the other as a Point of Prudence. The *Wolf* ſings directly the ſame Note here with the common Seducers and Incendiaries, that we meet with in the World. And to the ſame End too; for they are both agreed upon't, that ſo ſoon as ever they ſhall have withdrawn the *Lambs*, or the *People*, from their *Religion* and *Allegiance*, and gotten them out of the Pale, and Protection of their Parents and Governors,

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nors, they'll make a Prey of 'em themſelves. What's the wheedling of the *Lamb* out of the Station where Authority had plac'd him, to go home again for a belly-ful of ſweet Milk; but a ſtate Trick of inveigling the Multitude into a Fool's Paradiſe, without underſtanding one Word of the Matter in Queſtion! But ſome *Lambs* are wiſer and honeſter than ſome *Men:* And this very *Lamb*'s Anſwer might have become the Mouth of a good Chriſtian and a good Subject. For a Concluſion, the *Wolves* preaching to the *Sheep*, and the *Foxes* preaching to the *Geeſe*, hold forth the ſame Moral.

FAB. 61. A Cat and Venus.

A *Young Fellow* that was paſſionately in Love with a *Cat*, made it his humble Suit to *Venus* to turn *Puſs* into a *Woman*. The Transformation was wrought in the twinkling of an Eye, and out ſhe comes, a very buckſome Laſs. The doating Sot took her home to his Bed; and bad fair for a Litter of Kittens by her that Night: But as the loving Couple lay ſnugging together, a Toy took *Venus* in the Head, to try if the *Cat* had chang'd her Manners with her Shape; and ſo for Experiment, turn'd a *Mouſe* looſe into the Chamber. The *Cat*, upon this Temptation, ſtarted out of the Bed, and without any regard to the Marriage-Joys, made a Leap at the *Mouſe*, which *Venus* took for ſo high an Affront, that ſhe turn'd the Madam into a *Puſs* again.

The MORAL.

The extravagant Tranſports of Love, and the wonderful Force of Nature, are unaccountable; the one carries us out of our ſelves, and the other brings us back again.

REFLECTION.

THIS is to lay before us the Charms and Extravagances of a blind Love. It covers all Imperfections, and conſiders neither Quality, nor Merit. How many noble Whores has it made, and how many imperial Slaves! And let the Defects be never

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never ſo groſs, it either palliates, or excuſes them. The *Woman*'s leaping at the *Mouſe*, tells us alſo how impoſſible it is to make Nature change her biaſs, and that *if we ſhut her out at the Door, ſhe'll come in at the Window.*

Here's the Image of a wild and fantaſtical Love, under the Cover of as extravagant a Fable, and it is all but fancy at laſt too; for Men do not ſee, or taſte, or find the Thing they love, but they create it. They faſhion an Idol, in what figure or Shape they pleaſe; ſet it up, worſhip it, dote upon it, purſue it, and, in fine, run mad for't. How many Paſſions have we ſeen in the World, ridiculous enough to anſwer all the Follies of this Imagination! It was much for *Venus* to turn a *Cat* into a *Woman*, and for that Cully again to take that *Cat* for a *Woman:* What is it leſs now, for a Fop to form an *Idea* of the *Woman* he dies for, every jot as unlike that *Woman*, as the *Cat* is to the *Miſtreſs?* Let this ſuffice for the Impoſtures, and Illuſions of that Paſſion.

We are further given to underſtand that no Counterfeit is ſo ſteady and ſo equally drawn, but Nature by Starts will ſhew herſelf thorough it; for *Puſs*, even when ſhe's a *Madam*, will be a *Mouſer* ſtill. 'Tis the ſame Thing with a Hypocrite, which is only a Devil dreſs'd up with a Ray about him, and transform'd into an Angel of Light. Take him in the very Raptures of his Devotion, and do but throw a parcel of *Church-Lands* in his Way, he ſhall leap at the Sacrilege from the very Throne of his Glory, as *Puſs* did at the *Mouſe*; and pick your Pocket, as a *French* Poet ſays of a *Jeſuit*, in the middle of his *Pater-Noſter*.

FAB. 62. A Father and his Sons.

IT was the Hap of a very honeſt Man to be the *Father* of a contentious Brood of *Children*. He call'd for a Rod, and bad 'em take it, and try one after another with all their Force, if they could break it. They try'd, and could not. Well (ſays he) unbind it now, and take every Twig of it apart, and ſee what you can do that Way. They did ſo, and with great eaſe, by one and one, they ſnap'd it all to pieces. This (ſays he) is the true Emblem of your Condition: Keep together and y'are ſafe, divide, and y'are undone.

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The MORAL.

The Breach of Unity puts the World, and all that's in't, into a State of War, and turns every Man's Hand againſt his Brother; But ſo long as the Band holds, 'tis the Strength of all the ſeveral Parts of it gather'd into one.

REFLECTION.

THIS is to intimate the Force of Union, and the Danger of Diviſion. What has it been but Diviſion that has expos'd Chriſtendom to the Enemies of the chriſtian Faith? And it is as ruinous in private as 'tis in publick. A divided Family can no more ſtand, than a divided commonwealth; for every individual ſuffers in the Neglect of a common Safety. 'Tis a ſtrange Thing, that Men ſhould not do that under the Government of a rational Spirit and a natural Prudence, which Wolves and Bears do by the Impulſe of an animal Inſtinct. For they, we ſee, will make Head, *one and all*, againſt a common Enemy; whereas the Generality of Mankind lie pecking at one another, till one by one, they all are torn to pieces, never conſidering (with the Father here) the Neceſſity and Strength of Union.

FAB. 63. A laden Aſs and a Horſe.

AS a *Horſe* and an *Aſs* were upon the Way together, the *Aſs* cry'd out to his Companion, to eaſe him of his Burden, tho' never ſo little, he ſhould fall down dead elſe. The *Horſe* would not; and ſo his fellow Servant ſunk under his Load. The Maſter, upon this, had the *Aſs* flaid, and laid his whole Pack, Skin and all, upon the *Horſe:* Well (ſays he) this Judgment is befall'n me for my ill Nature, in refuſing to help my Brother in the Depth of his Diſtreſs.

The MORAL.

It is a Chriſtian, a natural, a reaſonable, and a political Duty, for all Members of the ſame Body to aſſiſt one another.

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REFLECTION.

THE Buſineſs of the World, is more or leſs, the Buſineſs of every Man that lives in't: And if the great and the ſmall do not join in a common Aſſiſtance, where the Matter requires it, they are in Danger to be both undone: So that it is for the good of the whole, that the ſeveral Parts take care one of another.

We have here ſet before us the Miſchiefs of ill Nature and Imprudence, both in one; and the Folly of not heeding the Duty, as well as the common Neceſſity, of helping one another. [*This is none of my Buſineſs*] we cry: Never conſidering, that in Things requiſite to be done, what one cannot, another muſt: Beſide, that in the Caſe of a fellow Servant, or an honeſt Neighbour, I am as much bound to ſave him from ſinking under a heavy Burthen, as I am to give him a Cup of Drink, or a Morſel of Bread, to keep him from choaking or ſtarving: It makes a Breach in a Community, when particular Men ſhall take upon them to divide from the common Service of the Body: And he that ſets up a private Intereſt, ſeparate from the publick, diſcontinues the Connection of the Government, by cutting of that Link of the Chain. But the Miſeries and Calamities that follow upon departing from the known Rules and Meaſures of political Order, are ſufficient to enlighten us in the Reaſon of political Methods, and to excite us to an Agreement in all reciprocal Services, one with another. There's the Duty of Charity in't, and the Foundations of governing Prudence; beſide, that we are likewiſe moved to't, by a Senſe of Tenderneſs, Honour and Juſtice.

The churliſh Humour of this *Horſe*, is too much the Humour of Mankind, even in the Caſe of ſubjects to the ſame Maſter; but ſuch is the Vanity that many People draw from their Titles, and their Trappings, that they look down upon their Fellows, as if they were not all made of the ſame Clay. To ſpeak the plain Truth of the Matter, 'tis the little People that ſupport the great; and when the Foundation fails, the whole Fabrick muſt either drop into Rubbiſh, or otherwiſe reſt upon the Shoulders of their Superiors.

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FAB. 64. A Collier and a Fuller.

A *Fuller* had a very kind Invitation from a *Collier* to come and live in the House with him. He gave him a thousand Thanks for his Civility; but told him, that it would not ſtand with his Convenience; for, (ſays he) as faſt as I make any Thing clean, you'll be ſmutting it again.

FAB. 65. A Thruſh and a Swallow.

AH my dear Mother! Says the *Thruſh*, never had any Creature ſuch a Friend as I have, of this ſame *Swallow*. No, ſays ſhe, nor ever any Mother ſuch a Fool to her Son as I have, of this ſame *Thruſh*: To talk of a Friendſhip betwixt People that cannot ſo much as live together in the ſame Climate and Seaſon. One is for the Summer, t'other for the Winter; and that which keeps you alive, kills your Companion.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

'Tis a neceſſary Rule in Alliances, Matches, Societies, Fraternities, Friendſhips, Partnerſhips, Commerce, and all manner of civil dealings and Contracts, to have a ſtrict Regard to Humour, the Nature, and the Diſpoſition of thoſe we have to do withal.

REFLECTION.

THIS is to bid us have a Care what Friendſhips we contract, and what Company we keep; for contrary Humours and Manners will never agree together. There can be no Thought of uniting thoſe that Nature itſelf has divided. And this Caution holds good in all the Buſineſs of a ſober Man's Life; as Marriage, Studies, Pleaſures, Society, Commerce, and the like; 'tis in ſome ſort, with *Friends* (pardon the Coarſeneſs of the Illuſtration) as it is with *Dogs in Couples*. They ſhould be of the ſame Size, and Humour, and that which pleaſes the one ſhould pleaſe the other: But if they draw ſeveral Ways, and if one be too ſtrong for t'other, they'll be ready to hang themſelves upon every Gate or Stile they come at.

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at. This is the Moral of the Friendſhip betwixt a *Thruſh* and a *Swallow*, that can never live together.

FAB. 66. A Fowler and a Pigeon.

AS a *Country Fellow* was making a Shoot at a *Pigeon*, he trod upon a *Snake* that bit him by the Leg. The Surprize ſtartled him, and away flew the Bird.

The MORAL.

We are to diſtinguiſh betwixt the Benefits of good Will, and thoſe of Providence: For the latter are immediately from Heaven, where no humane Intention intervenes.

REFLECTION.

THE Miſchief that we meditate to others, falls commonly upon our own Heads, and ends in a Judgment, as well as a Diſappointment. Take it another Way, and it may ſerve to mind us how happily People are diverted many Times from the Execution of a malicious Deſign, by the Grace and Goodneſs of a preventing Providence. A Piſtol's not taking fire may ſave the Life of a good Man; and the innocent *Pigeon* had died, if the ſpiteful *Snake* had not broken the *Fowler's* Aim: That is to ſay Good may be drawn out of Evil, and a Body's Life may be ſaved without having any Obligation to his Preſerver.

FAB. 67. A Trumpeter taken Priſoner.

UPon the Rout of an Army there was a *Trumpeter* made a Priſoner, and as the Soldiers were about to cut his Throat, *Gentlemen* (ſays he) *Why ſhould you kill a Man that kills No-body?* You ſhall die the rather for that, cries one of the Company, for being ſo mean a Raſcal, as to ſet other People together by the ears without fighting yourſelf.

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The MORAL.

He that provokes and incites Miſchief is the Doer of it. 'Tis the Man that kills me, the Bullet is only a paſſive Inſtrument to ſerve his End that directs it.

REFLECTION.

THIS is to reprove thoſe (according to the old Moral) that ſtir up Men in Power to do publick miſchief; which is much worſe than any Man's doing a private one himſelf; and only a ſafer way of committing greater Outrages.

The *Trumpeter*'s Plea is ſo arrant a Shuffle here, that an *Incendiary* at the *Bar* or the *Pulpit* has as much to ſay for himſelf. He that countenances, encourages, or abets a Miſchief, does it. The ſeditious Lawyer or Divine kills no Body with his own Hand; but by a falſe Gloſs perhaps, upon a Law or a Text, he may cauſe ten thouſand Swords to be drawn, without ſpilling one Drop of Blood immediately himſelf. Shall any Man now, that wilfully and maliciouſly procures the cutting of whole Armies to pieces, ſet up for an Innocent? As if the Lives that were taken away by his Inſtigation, were not to be charged upon his account. He that covers Murder, Oppreſſion, Sacrilege, Rebellion, with a Cloak of Statute and Scripture, makes God and Government effectually the Authors of the Wickedneſs: And thoſe are the baſeſt and worſt of *Bravo's*, that employ *Journeymen Mercenaries* under them to do the Work. What is this but to engage our Bibles, and our Law-Books in a Conſpiracy againſt themſelves? Shall he that gives Fire to the Train, pretend to waſh his Hands of the Hurt that's done by the playing of the Mine? Human Corruptions are as catching as Powder; as eaſily enflam'd, and the Fire afterwards as hard to be quench'd. That which a Man cauſes to be done, he does himſelf, and 'tis all a Caſe whether he does it by Practice, Precept, or Example. In one Word, he that kindles the Paſſions of the *Mobile*, is anſwerable for the following Conflagration. When the Men of the Long Robe have once preached the People to Tinder, the leaſt Spark ſets them a-fire: So that they have no more to do than to inculcate the Doctrine of Diſobedience, and then to leave the Multitude to chew upon't. A *Trumpeter* in the *Pulpit* is the very Emblem of a *Trumpeter* in the *Field*; and the ſame Charge holds good againſt both. Only the *ſpiritual Trumpeter* is the more pernicious Inſtrument of the two; for the latter

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ſerves only to rouze the Courage of the Soldiers without any Doctrine of Application upon the Text, whereas the other infuſes Malice over and above, and preaches Death and Damnation both in one, and gives ye the very Chapter and Verſe for't.

FAB. 68. A Dog and a Wolf.

THere was a hagged Carrion of a *Wolf*, and a jolly ſort of a genteel *Dog*, with good Fleſh upon's Back, that fell into Company together upon the King's Highway. The *Wolf* was wonderfully pleas'd with his Companion, and as inquiſitive to learn how he brought himſelf to that bleſſed State of Body. Why, ſays the *Dog*, I keep my Maſter's Houſe from Thieves, and I have very good Meat, Drink, and Lodging for my Pains. Now if you'll go along with me, and do as I do, you may fare as I fare. The *Wolf* ſtruck up the Bargain, and ſo away they trotted together: But as they were jogging on, the *Wolf* ſpy'd a bare Place about the *Dog*'s Neck, where the Hair was worn off. Brother (ſays he) how comes this, I prithee? Oh, that's nothing, ſays the *Dog*, but the fretting of my *Collar* a little. Nay, ſays t'other, if there be a *Collar* in the Caſe, I know better things than to ſell my Liberty for a Cruſt.

The MORAL.

We are ſo dazzel'd with Glare of a ſplendid Appearance, that we can hardly diſcern the Inconveniencies that attend it: 'Tis a Comfort to have good Meat and Drink at Command, and warm Lodging: But he that ſells his Freedom, for the cramming of his Gut, has but a hard Bargain of it.

REFLECTION.

IN this Emblem is ſet forth the Bleſſing of Liberty, and the ſordid Meanneſs of thoſe Wretches that ſacrifice their Freedom to their Luſts, and their Palates. What Man in his right Senſes, that has wherewithal to live free, would make himſelf a Slave to Superfluities! The *Wolf* would have been well enough content to have barter'd away a ragged Coat, and

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and a raw-bon'd Carcaſs, for a ſmooth and a fat one; but when they came to talk of a *Collar* once, away marches he to his old Trade in the Woods again, and makes the better choice of the two.

To ſpeak to the firſt Point, we are liable to be impoſed upon by Out-ſides and Appearances, for want of ſearching things to the Bottom, and examining what really they are, and what they only ſeem to be. This Fiction of the *Wolf* is a Reproof to eager Appetites and over-haſty Judgments that will not give themſelves time to ballance Accounts, and compute beforehand, whether they are to get or loſe by the Bargain. It holds as well againſt intemperate Curioſities and raſh Wiſhes; that is to ſay, againſt the Folly of the one, and the Wickedneſs of the other; for if we come once to take evil for good, *our very Prayers are turned into Sin:* But what with a certain Itch of prying into, and meddling with other Peoples Matters, and a natural Levity that puts us upon ſhifting and changing, we fall inſenſibly into a thouſand Inconveniences; and when it comes to that once, that we find our ſelves uneaſy at home, and no Reſting-Place in our own Thoughts, (where Reſt is only to be had) we are e'en glad to run away from our ſelves, and hunt abroad for't where 'tis never to be found. This is the common Root of all our Wandrings and Errors. We ſpend our Time and our Peace in Purſuit of things wholly foreign to our Buſineſs, and which will certainly deceive us at laſt.

Thus it is, and thus it muſt be, ſo long as we take every thing by a wrong Handle, and only calculate upon our own Misfortunes, without any Allowance for the Comforts we enjoy. And ſo we reckon upon our Neighbours Enjoyments, on the other hand, without any Conſideration for the Hardſhips that they endure. O that I had but ſuch a Palace! ſays one; ſuch an Eſtate; ſuch a Retinue; this glorious Train; that lovely Woman, *&c.* Nay, the envious Freak deſcends to the very Point and Petticoat. Now theſe idle Curioſities may be ſpecious enough in the Contemplation; but what if this Houſe at the foot of the Account ſhould prove to be haunted; that gay Furniture borrow'd; t'other fine Woman clapt; the Curſe of Sacrilege cleaving to ſuch an Inheritance, and all the reſt of the gaudy Fooleries perhaps unpay'd for! (as theſe Incumbrances are no new things in Nature.) Who would not rather take up with the *Wolf* in the Woods again, than make ſuch a Clutter in the World upon theſe ſcandalous Conditions?

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For the obviating of all Caſes of this Quality, Children ſhould be early inſtructed, according to their Age and Capacity, in the true Eſtimate of things, by oppoſing the Good to the Evil, and the Evil to the Good; and compenſating or qualifying one thing with another. What's Plenty without Health? What's Eaſe without Plenty? And what's Title and Greatneſs, with carking Thoughts and a troubled Mind to attend it? What does that Man want that has enough? Or what's he the better for a great deal, that can never be ſatisfy'd? By this Method of ſetting what we have againſt what we have not, the Equity of Providence will be made manifeſt, and to all manner of Purpoſes juſtify'd, when it ſhall appear upon the Ballance, that every Man has his ſhare in the Bounties of Heaven to Mankind.

As to the Freedom here that *Æſop* is ſo tender of, it is to be underſtood of the Freedom of the Mind: A Freedom to attend the Motions of right Reaſon; and a Freedom, in fine, not to be parted with for all the ſenſual Satisfactions under the Sun. It is, I ſay, a Freedom under theſe Limits; for there's no ſuch thing as abſolute Liberty: Neither is it poſſible that there ſhould be any, without a Violence to the Order of the Univerſe, and to the Dictates of reaſonable Nature: For all Men living are in ſome ſort or other, and upon ſome Penalty or other ſubjected to a ſuperiour Power; that is to ſay, the Laws of Morality are above them: But the Caſe wherein all Men are upon the Behaviour, is not here the Queſtion. To wind up the Moral, in ſhort; Liberty is a Jewel and a Bleſſing. The *Wolf* was well enough pleas'd here with the State of the *Dog*'s Body, but had no fancy to his Collar.

FAB. 69. A Farmer and his Dogs.

A Certain *Farmer* was put to ſuch a pinch in a hard Winter for Proviſions, that he was forc'd to feed himſelf and his Family upon the main Stock. The Sheep went firſt to pot; the Goats next; and after them the Oxen, and all little enough to keep Life and Soul together. The *Dogs* call'd a Council upon't, and reſolv'd to ſhew their Maſter a fair pair of Heels for't, before it came to be their turn; for, (ſaid they) after he has cut the Throats of our Fellow-Servants, that

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that are ſo neceſſary for his Buſineſs, it cannot be expected that he will ever ſpare us.

The MORAL.

There's no contending with Neceſſity, and we ſhould be very tender how we cenſure thoſe that ſubmit to't. 'Tis one thing to be at liberty to do what we would do, and another thing to be ty'd up to do what we muſt.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a common thing for a Maſter to ſacrifice a Servant to his own Eaſe and Intereſt; but there's no meddling with Men of that inhoſpitable Humour, where the Domeſticks, how faithful ſoever, can never be ſecure.

This is according to the old Moral; but not without ſome Force (in my Opinion at leaſt) to the natural Biaſs of the Fable. The *Farmer* has no Liberty of Choice before him, but either to do what he does, or to periſh: And in ſo doing (with all Reſpect to the Rules of Honeſty) he does but his Duty, without any way incurring the Character of an ill-natur'd Man, or a cruel Maſter. But there may be alſo another Doctrine rais'd from it; which is, that in Caſes of extreme Difficulty, the Laws of Conveniency and ordinary Practice muſt give place to the Laws of Neceſſity. This was the naked Truth of the *Farmer*'s Caſe.

FAB. 70. A Camel at firſt Sight.

UPON the firſt Sight of a *Camel*, all People ran away from it, in Amazement at ſo monſtrous a Bulk. Upon the ſecond ſight, finding that it did them no hurt, they took heart upon't, went up to't, and view'd it. But when they came, upon further Experience, to take notice, how ſtupid a Beaſt it was, they ty'd it up, bridled it, loaded it with Packs and Burdens, ſet Boys upon the Back on't, and treated it with the laſt Degree of Contempt.

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FAB. 71. A Fox and a Lion.

A *Fox* had the hap to fall into the Walk of a *Lion*, (the firſt of the kind that ever he ſaw) and he was ready to drop down at the very Sight of him. He came a-while after to ſee another, and was frighted ſtill, but nothing to what he was before. It was his Chance, after this, to meet a third *Lion*, and he had the Courage, then to accoſt him, and to make a kind of an Acquaintance with him.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

Novelty ſurprizes us, and we have naturally a Horror for uncouth miſhapen Monſters; but 'tis our Ignorance that ſtaggers us, for upon Cuſtom and Experience all theſe Bugs grow familiar and eaſy to us.

REFLECTION.

THINGS that at firſt ſeem terrible, become eaſy to us when we are wonted to them, ſays the old Moral; which holds, I confeſs, in the Caſe of the *Camel*, but not in that of the *Lion*.

With leave of the Moraliſt, the Illuſtration does not come up to the Force and Intent of the two laſt Fables; neither, in truth, is the very Deſign of them according to the true Reaſon of the Matter in Queſtion. Things that ſeem terrible, and are not ſo, become not only familiar, but ridiculous to us, when we find that our Fears were vain and idle; as in the Caſe of the *Camel*. But things on the contrary, that only ſeem terrible, but are found upon Experience to be more dangerous than we took them for, (as in the Strength, the Nimbleneſs, the Fierceneſs, and the Appetite of a *Lion*;) theſe are Things, I ſay, that the better we know them, the more we dread them: So that tho' we have Apprehenſions, as well where there is no Peril, as where there is, yet Time teaches us to diſtinguiſh the one from the other. The Alluſion would much better have held in the Caſe of a Battle, where the Soldier grows every Day leſs apprehenſive of the Hazard, by ſeeing ſo many People ſcape; and by computing upon the Diſproportion of thoſe that outlive it, to thoſe that fall in't. We may however learn from hence, that People may be frighted as well without Reaſon as with it. Now, in Propriety

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Propriety of ſpeaking, and in a right underſtanding of the Thing too, People were not ſo much frighted as they were ſurpriz'd at the Bigneſs and uncouth Deformity of the *Camel*. But I could wiſh the *Fox* had been more and more afraid of the *Lion* the oftner he ſaw him; and the Doctrine would then have been to govern our Paſſions by the Truth and Reaſon of Things, not by Appearances: But it holds however, that Cuſtom goes a great Way in making Matters indifferent to us. 'Tis much the ſame Caſe too betwixt the *People* and *Bug-Laws*, and *Acts of State*, that it is here betwixt the *Fox* and the *Lion*. Men look upon the *firſt* opening of a *Publick Faſt*, as if Heaven and Earth were going together; not a *Shop open*; the *Streets* quiet, and ſo diſmal a Countenance every where, as if it were to rain *Fire* and *Brimſtone* the next Morning. The *ſecond* Day is a little uneaſy too, but not half ſo frighteful as the *former*. And ſo in *two or three Days more* the *Awe* goes quite off, and the People come to their Wits, and fall to their Trade again, without any further heed to the Matter.

FAB. 72. An Eagle and a Fox.

THere was a Bargain ſtruck up betwixt an *Eagle* and a *Fox* to be wonderful good Neighbours and Friends. The one took up in a Thicket of Bruſh-wood, and the other timber'd upon a Tree hard by. The *Eagle* one Day when the *Fox* was abroad a forraging, fell into his Quarters, and carried away a whole Litter of Cubs at a Swoop. The *Fox* came time enough back to ſee the *Eagle* upon the Wing, with her Prey in the Foot, and to ſend many a heavy Curſe after her; but there was no overtaking her. It happened in a very ſhort time after this, upon the ſacrificing of a *Goat*, that the ſame *Eagle* made a Swoop at a Piece of Fleſh upon the Altar, and ſhe took it away to her Young: But ſome live Coals it ſeems, that ſtuck to't, ſet the Neſt on Fire. The Birds were not as yet fledged enough to ſhift for themſelves, but upon ſprawling and ſtruggling to get clear of the Flame, down they tumbled, half-roaſted, into the very Mouth of the

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Fox, that ſtood gaping under the Tree to ſee the End on't: So that the *Fox* had the Satisfaction at laſt of devouring the Children of her Enemy in the very Sight of the Dam.

The MORAL.

God reſerves to himſelf the Puniſhment of faithleſs and oppreſſing Governors, and the Vindication of his own Worſhip and Altars.

REFLECTION.

THIS is to give great Men to underſtand, that no Power upon Earth can protect them in the Exerciſe of Tyranny and Juſtice, but that ſooner or later Vengeance will overtake Oppreſſors. It does likewiſe condemn Treachery and Breach of Faith, even towards the moſt perfidious.

The Morality of this Fiction looks ſeveral ways. Here's firſt a League betwixt an *Eagle* and a *Fox*, which would be a moſt incongrous Alliance, if it were not in the Caſe of that princely Bird's Departure from the Dignity of her Character, and from the Obligation of royal Juſtice: So that *Æſop* has aptly enough match'd a *faith breaking Prince* with a perfidious Subject, and fancy'd a knaviſh Favourite as the *fitteſt Miniſter* for ſuch a *Governour*. In the *Eagle*'s deſtroying the *Fox*'s *Cubs*, there's Power exercis'd with Oppreſſion, and the Curſes of the *Fox* that purſu'd the Oppreſſor, were not ſent in vain neither, as appears by the Sequel. We are likewiſe to take notice that Juſtice is ſacred, and that no Provocation, either of inſolent Language or Behaviour, can warrant the Violation of it.

And it is further ſuggeſted to us, that when People are in a Train of Wickedneſs, one Sin treads upon the Heel of another. The *Eagle* begins with an Invaſion upon the Rights of *Hoſpitality* and *Common Faith*; and at the next Step advances to *Sacrilege*, in robbing the Altar. And what follows upon't now, but a divine Judgment, that ſets fire to her Neſt, and avenges the Caſe of the very *Fox*, though one of the falſeſt of Creatures! From hence we are to gather theſe two Doctrines for our Inſtruction. Firſt, that the Miſdemeanours of temporal ſovereign Powers are ſubjected only to the Animadverſion of the ſupreme Lord of the Univerſe. And Secondly, that in the Caſe of Tyranny itſelf, it is not for private Men to pretend to any other Appeal.

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FAB. 73. A Husbandman and a Stork.

A Poor innocent *Stork* had the ill Hap to be taken in a Net that was laid for *Geese* and *Cranes*. The *Stork*'s Plea for herself was Simplicity and Piety: The Love she bare to Mankind, and the Service she did in picking up venomous Creatures. This is all true, says the *Husbandman*; but they that keep ill Company, if they be catch'd with ill Company, must expect to suffer with ill Company.

The MORAL.

'Tis as much as a Man's Life, Fortune and Reputation are worth, to keep good Company (over and above the Contagion of lewd Examples;) for as Birds of a Feather will flock together, *so if the good and bad be taken together, they must expect to go the Way of all Flesh together.*

REFLECTION.

THIS is to bid Men have a Care what Company they keep; for when the good and the bad are taken together, they must go together. Not but that a Man may lie under some Obligation of Duty and Respect, to visit, eat, and correspond with many People that he does not like. And this may be well enough done too; provided it be out of Decency, Discretion, or good Manners, rather than upon Choice and Inclination. We cannot honestly let a civil Enemy into a Town that is besieged, or hold any sort of Intelligence with him (though but in a bare Curiosity) about the Affairs of the Garrison. Let a Man consider now, how much more dangerous and unwarrantable it is to take an Enemy into our Souls, than into our Forts. With all Honour yet to a brave Adversary, apart from his Cause.

'Tis the Fortune of many a good Man to fall into bad Company, and to be undone by't, and yet no ways Guilty all this while, of the Iniquity of his Companions. The Letter of the Law sweeps all in such a Case, without Distinction of Persons: To say nothing of the Shame and Dishonour of being taken up with Rogues and Felons; over and above the Lash of publick Justice, and the Contagion of a lewd Conversation. *Shew me the Company* (says the *Adage*) *and I'll tell you the Man*

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Man. What would a body think now of a prime *Miniſter* that ſhould conjobble Matters of State with *Tumblers* and *Buffoons*; confer Politicks with Tinkers and Carmen? Would not any Man judge their Souls to be of the ſame Standard and Allay? and that there were no more betwixt them than Croſs or Pile, which ſhould be the Lord, and which the Scoundrel? Or according to the Fable, which the *Stork*, and which the *Gooſe*? For 'tis not the Purple, but the Virtue that makes a *Man of Honour*; truly ſo called.

FAB. 74. A Boy and Falſe Alarms.

A *Shepherd*'s Boy had gotten a roguy Trick of crying [a *Wolfe*, a *Wolfe*,] when there was no ſuch Matter, and fooling the Country People with *falſe Alarms*. He had been at this Sport ſo many times in Jeſt, that they would not believe him at laſt when he was in Earneſt: And ſo the *Wolves* brake in upon the Flock, and worry'd the *Sheep* at Pleaſure.

The MORAL.

He muſt be a very wiſe Man that knows the true Bounds, and Meaſures of fooling, with a Reſpect to Time, Place, Matters, Perſons, &c. But Religion, Buſineſs, and Caſes of Conſequence muſt be excepted out of that ſort of Liberty.

REFLECTION.

A common Liar (ſays the old Moral) ſhall not be believed, even when he ſpeaks true: But there's a great deal more in't, of which hereafter.

There's not one Man of a thouſand that underſtands the juſt, the ſafe, warrantable, decent, and preciſe Limits of that which we call bantering, or fooling: But it is either too coarſe, too rude, too churliſh, too bitter, too much on't, too pedantick, too fine, out of Meaſure, or out of Seaſon. Now the leaſt Error or Miſtake in the Manage of this Humour, lays People open to great Cenſure and Reproach. It is not every Man's Talent to know when and how to caſt out a pleaſant Word, with ſuch a Regard to Modeſty and Reſpect, as not to tranſgreſs the true, and fair Allowances of Wit, good Nature, and good Breeding. The Skill and Fa-

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culty of governing this Freedom within the Terms of Sobriety and Diſcretion, goes a great Way in the Character of an agreeable Converſation; for that which we call Raillery, in this Senſe, is the very Sawce of civil Entertainment: And without ſome ſuch Tincture of Urbanity, even in Matters the moſt ſerious, the good Humour falters, for want of Refreſhment and Relief: But there's a *Medium* yet betwixt *all-Fool*, and *all-Philoſopher*. I mean a proper and diſcreet Mixture, that in ſome ſort partakes of both, and renders Wiſdom itſelf ſo much the more grateful, and effectual. The Gravity, in ſhort, of the one, is enliven'd with the Spirit and Quickneſs of the other; and the Gaiety of a diverting Word ſerves as a Vehicle to convey the Force of the Intent, and Meaning of it. But the main Drift at laſt of this Fable, is to ſhew us the dangerous Conſequences of an improper and an unſeaſonable fooling: With all reſpect however to the Ornament and Advantage of a facetious Freedom of Diſcourſe, within the Compaſs of Sobriety and Honour. To conclude; the *Shepherd*'s *Boy* went too far upon the Topick that he did not underſtand.

FAB. 75. An Eagle and a Daw.

AN *Eagle* made a ſtoop at a *Lamb*; truſs'd it, and took it cleverly away with her. A mimical *Daw*, that ſaw this Exploit, would needs try the ſame Experiment upon a Ram: But his Claws were ſo ſhackled in the Fleece with lugging to get him up, that the Shepherd came in, and caught him, before he could clear himſelf; he clipt his Wings, and carried him home to his Children to play withal. They came gaping about him, and ask'd their Father what ſtrange Bird that was? Why, ſays he, he'll tell you himſelf that he's an *Eagle*; but if you'll takes my Word for't; I know him to be a *Daw*.

The MORAL.

'Tis a high Degree of Vanity and Folly, for Men to take more upon them than they are able to go through withal; and the End of thoſe Undertakings is only Mockery and Diſappointment in the Concluſion.

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REFLECTION.

'Tis vain and dangerous to enter into Competitions with our Superiors, in what kind ſoever, whether it be in Arms, Letters, Expence, Strength of Body, Arts and Sciences, or the like. 'Tis impoſſible for any Man, in fine, to take a true Meaſure of another, without an exact Knowledge and a true Judgment of himſelf. Nay, the Attempt of any Thing above our Force, with Vanity and Preſumption, moſt certainly ends in a Miſcarriage that makes the Pretender ridiculous. The out-doing of a great Man in his own Way, favours in ſome degree of ill Manners, as it is upon the main a high Point of Indiſcretion. One Man takes it for an Affront to be out-witted: Another to be out-fool'd, as *Nero* could not endure to be out-fiddled; but in ſhort, be the Matter never ſo great, or never ſo trivial, 'tis the ſame Caſe as to the Envy of the Competition.

FAB. 76. A Dog in a Manger.

A Churliſh envious *Cur* was gotten into a *Manger*, and there lay growling and ſnarling to keep the Horſes from their Provender. The *Dog* eat none himſelf, and yet rather ventur'd the ſtarving his own Carcaſe than he would ſuffer any Thing elſe to be the better for't.

The MORAL.

Envy pretends to no other Happineſs than what it derives from the Miſery of other People, and will rather eat nothing itſelf than not to ſtarve thoſe that would.

REFLECTION.

WE have but too many Men in the World of this *Dog*'s Humour; that will rather puniſh themſelves, than not be troubleſome and vexatious to others. There's an Envy of good Things too, as well as of good Men; but this Fable is ſo well known that it is moraliz'd in a common Proverb.

If ſome Men might have their Wills, the very Sun in the Firmament ſhould withdraw his Light, and they would ſubmit to live in perpetual Darkneſs themſelves, upon Condition

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on that the reſt of the World might do ſo for Company. Whatſoever their Neighbour gets, they loſe, and the very Bread that one eats, makes t'other meager: Which is the genuine Moral of the Fable. There is in this Malevolence, ſomewhat of the Puniſhment, as well as of the Spite of the damn'd; they take Delight in other Peoples Miſeries, and at the ſame time are their own Tormentors. This diabolical Envy is deteſtable, even in private Perſons; but whenever the governing Part of a Nation comes to be tainted with it, there's nothing ſo ſacred that a corrupt, ſupercilious, ill-natur'd Miniſter will not ſacrifice to this execrable Paſſion. No Man ſhould eat, live, or breathe common Air, if he could hinder it. 'Tis the Bus'neſs of his Life, and the Delight of his Soul, to blaſt all ſorts of honeſt Men, and not only to leſſen their Characters, and their Services, but to range them in the number of publick Enemies: And he had twenty times rather ſee the Government ſink, than have it thought that any Hand but his own ſhould have a Part in the Honour of ſaving it. Now he that betrays his Maſter for *Envy*, will never fail of doing it for *Money:* For the gratifying of this canker'd Malignity is but another way of ſelling him, only the Spite is antecedent and ſubſervient to the Corruption: But this *Court-Envy* is not altogether the Envy of the *Dog* in the Fable. For there's a Mixture of Avarice and Intereſt in the former, whereas the other is a ſpiteful Malignity purely for Miſchief-ſake. The *Dog* will rather ſtarve himſelf than the *Ox* ſhall eat; but the *Courtier* will be ſure to look to one, whoever elſe goes to the Devil.

FAB. 77. A Sheep and a Crow.

There was a *Crow* ſat chattering upon the Back of a *Sheep:* Well! Sirrah, ſays the *Sheep*, you durſt not ha' done this to a *Dog*. Why, I know that, ſays the *Crow*, as well as you can tell me, for I have the Wit to conſider whom I have to do withal. I can be as quiet as any body with thoſe that are quarrelſome, and I can be as troubleſome as another too, when I meet with thoſe that will take it.

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The MORAL.

'Tis the Nature and Practice of Drolls and Buffoon's, to be insolent towards those that will bear it, and as slavish to others that are more than their Match.

REFLECTION.

'TIS no new thing for an Innocent Simplicity to be made the Support of bantering Drolls, and Buffoons. This is to tell modest and well-meaning Men what they are to expect in this World, and what they are to trust to where there is not a Power sufficient to repel Force by Force: and it serves further to keep this Check upon the Insolent, that there are others as much too hard for them, as they are for those that they oppress. This *Crow* is much of the Humour of the *Mobile*. They are Tongue-valiant, 'tis true, and as bold as *Hercules* where they know there's no Danger; but throw a Volley of Shot among them, and they have not the Courage of so many Hares. And what is all this now, but according to the Guise of the World, *God threatens Kings*, (as Dr. *Donne* has it) *Kings Lords, as Lords do us.* He that's a Tyrant over one Man is a Slave to another.

FAB. 78. A Camel praying for Horns.

IT stuck filthily in the *Camel*'s Stomach, that *Bulls*, *Stags*, *Lions*, *Bears*, and the like, should be armed with *Horns*, *Teeth*, and *Claws*, and that a Creature of his Size should be left naked and Defenceless. Upon this Thought he fell down upon his marrow-bones, and begg'd of *Jupiter* to give him a pair of Horns, but the Request was so ridiculous, that *Jupiter*, instead of *horning* him, order'd him to be cropt, and so punish'd him with the Loss of his Ears, which Nature had allow'd him, for being so unreasonable as to ask for *Horns*, that Providence never intended him.

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FAB. 79. A Fox and a Hare to Jupiter.

A *Fox* and a *Hare* preſented a Petition to *Jupiter*. The *Fox* pray'd for the *Hare*'s Swiftneſs of Foot, and the *Hare* for the *Fox*'s Craft and Wylineſs of Addreſs. *Jupiter* told them, that ſince every Creature had ſome Advantage or other peculiar to itſelf, it would not ſtand with divine Juſtice, that had provided ſo well for every one in particular, to confer all upon any one.

FAB. 80. A Peacock to Juno.

THE *Peacock*, they ſay, laid it extremely to Heart, that being *Juno*'s *darling Bird*, he had not the *Nightingal*'s Voice ſuper-added to the Beauty of his own Plumes. Upon this Subject he petition'd his Patroneſs, who gave him for Anſwer, that Providence had aſſign'd every Bird its Proportion, and ſo bad him content himſelf with his Lot.

The MORAL of the three Fables above.

The Bounties of Heaven are in ſuch manner diſtributed, that every living Creature has its ſhare; beſide, that to deſire Things againſt Nature, is effectually to blame the very Author of Nature itſelf.

REFLECTION.

IN theſe three Fables is ſet forth the Vanity of unnatural Wiſhes, and fooliſh Prayers; which are not only to be rejected, but they deſerve alſo to be puniſhed. Providence has made an Equal Diſtribution of natural Gifts, whereof each Creature ſeverally has a Share; and it is not for this or that Particular to pretend to all: So that conſidering the Equality of the Diviſion, no Creature has Cauſe, either to boaſt, or to complain. We are never content with the Bounties of Providence. One would have a Voice; t'other gay Cloaths; and while every Man would have all, we charge Providence with Injuſtice for not giving to every Man alike. *Socrates* was in the right in ſaying, that in caſe a Man were to go where he ſhould

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ſhould have the Choice before him, of all the ill Things and all the good Things in Nature, he would come Home again the ſame Man that he went out.

It is to be noted, upon the Diſtribution of the Matter of theſe three Fables, that the *Camel* prays for Weapons offenſive, and defenſive, either for the encountring of Dangers, or the repelling of them. The *Fox* and the *Hare*, for the Means of avoiding them. And the *Peacock* for a Voice, anſwerable to his Beauty. And all their Prayers are to no Purpoſe, but to the Reproach of the Petitioners, and to the Confuſion of vain Deſires. What is all this but an Appeal from Heaven to Heaven itſelf; and petitioning Providence againſt Providence, in a Recourſe from one Providence to another? The Determinations and Appointments of Heaven are no more to be diſputed and controuled than they are to be made better, and improved; and we muſt not preſume to judge of the Goodneſs and Juſtice of Heaven, by the Frailties and Corruptions of Fleſh and Blood. We were not of Counſel with the Almighty, either in the making, or in the regulating of the World, and we have no more right to adviſe him in the governing of it. The Power, in fine, that Rules in the Nature of Things, is no other than a divine Influence.

Why ſhould not the *Nightingal* envy the *Peacock*'s Train, as well as the *Peacock* envy the *Nightingal*'s Note? And why ſhould not all the Works of the Creation expoſtulate at the ſame Rate, and upon the ſame Grounds? Why has not Man the Wings of an Eagle to carry him from Danger, or to ſatisfy his Curioſity what the World's a doing? Why has he not the Sagacity of a *Dog*, the Paw of a *Lion*, the Teeth of a *Leopard*, the Heels of a *Courſer*, and the like? And have not brute Animals the ſame Equity of Complaint on the other Hand, for want of the Faculties and Advantages, intellectual, and moral of Mankind? So that here's a civil War that runs through all the Parts of the Univerſe, where nothing is pleaſed with his own Lot, and no Remedy at laſt; but by new moulding the World over again. This inordinate Appetite has been the overthrow of many a Kingdom, Family and Commonwealth.

To ask Impoſſibilities, in fine, is ridiculous, and to ask Things unnatural is impious: For to take upon us to blame or mend the Works of Providence, is to ſuppoſe the Divine Wiſdom liable to Miſcarriages and Miſtakes. Theſe Mutterings are but fooliſh alſo, even to the degree of Madneſs itſelf; for there's no Thought or Poſſibility of Relief in the Caſe.

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Such as we are God has made us: Our Poſt and our Station is appointed us, and the Decree is not to be revers'd.

FAB. 81. An Old Weazle and Mice.

AN *old Weazle* that was now almoſt paſt mouſing, try'd what ſhe could do by her Wits, when ſhe found ſhe could live no longer upon the Square, and ſo conveys her ſelf into a *Meal-Tub* for the *Mice* to come to *her*, ſince ſhe could not go to *them*. They came thick and threefold for a time, as ſhe expected they ſhould, till at laſt one experienced Stager, that had baffled twenty Traps and Tricks before, diſcover'd the Plot, and quite ſpoil'd the Jeſt.

The MORAL.

The want of Force, Strength, and other Abilities to compaſs our Ends, muſt be ſupply'd by Induſtry and Invention.

REFLECTION.

KNAVES live as naturally upon Fools, as Spiders do upon Flies, and the want of downright Force muſt be ſupply'd by Art. But Time, that diſcovers the Truth of things, lays open Frauds too, and double Dealings; and after that Diſcovery, there's no paſſing the ſame Trick upon the *Mice* and *Rats* here over again. A Body would think now that reaſonable Creatures ſhould at leaſt have the Wit of Vermin, and not run their Necks over and over into the ſame Nooſe; but in deſpite of Claps and Surfeits, Men we ſee will be whoring and ſudling on ſtill. And the ſame Bait of Liberty and Property will ſerve for the common People *in ſecula ſeculorum*, even after they have been choak'd, beggar'd, and poiſon'd with it five hundred times before.

FAB. 82. An Old Tree Tranſplanted.

A Certain *Farmer* had one choice *Apple-Tree* in his Orchard, that he valued above all the reſt, and made his *Landlord* every Year a Preſent of the

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Fruit on't. He lik'd the *Apples* ſo very well, that nothing would ſerve him but *tranſplanting* the *Tree* into his own Grounds. It wither'd preſently upon the Removal, and ſo there was an End of both Fruit and Tree together. The News was no ſooner brought to the Landlord, but he brake out into this Reflection upon it: This comes, ſays he, of *tranſplanting* an *old Tree*, to gratify an extravagant Appetite: whereas, if I could have contented my ſelf with the Fruit, and left my Tenant the Tree ſtill, all had been well.

The MORAL.

Nature has her certain Methods and Seaſons for the doing of every thing, and there muſt be no trying of Experiments to put her out of her Courſe.

REFLECTION.

THERE's no *forcing* Nature againſt her Biaſs, or inverting the Methods of Providence. Irregular Deſires and unreaſonable Undertakings muſt expect to meet with Diſappointments. There's a proper time for all things, and nothing ſucceeds well, but what's done in Seaſon. And this is not the only Caſe neither, where an extravagant Appetite or Humour makes People forget the Methods of Decency and Reaſon. As in *unequal Matches* for the Purpoſe: For Marrying is but a kind of *tranſplanting*, and an *old Fellow* with a *young Wench*, may very well paſs for a *Counterpart* of this Fable.

FAB. 83. A Fox and a Goat.

A *Fox* and a *Goat* went down by conſent into a Well to drink, and when they had quench'd their Thirſt, the *Goat* fell to hunting up and down which way to get back again. Oh! ſays *Reynard*, Never trouble your Head how to get back, but leave that to me. Do but you raiſe your ſelf upon your hinder-Legs with your fore-Feet cloſe to the Wall, and then ſtretch out your Head; I can eaſily whip up to your Horns, and ſo out of the Well, and draw you after me.

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me. The *Goat* puts himself in a Posture immediately, as he was directed, gives the *Fox* a lift, and so out he springs! But *Reynard*'s Business was now only to make sport with his Companion, instead of helping him. Some hard Words the *Goat* gave him, but the *Fox* puts off all with a Jest. If you had but half so much Brain as Beard, says he, you would have bethought your self how to get up again before you went down.

The MORAL.

A wise Man will debate every thing pro *and* con *before he comes to fix upon any Resolution. He leaves nothing to Chance more than needs must. There must be no Bantering out of Season.*

REFLECTION.

IT is Wisdom to consider the End of things before we embark, and to forecast Consequences. It is also to be expected, that Men in distress will look to themselves in the first Place, and leave their Companions to shift as well as they can. When a Knave and an honest Man happen to be embarked together in the same common Interest, the Sharper will be sure, if ever it comes to a pinch, to shift for himself, and leave t'other in the lurch. It is the way of the World for Men to abandon their Benefactors, and to make sport with those that rais'd them. This was the Trick that the *Fox* serv'd the *Goat* here in the *Well*; to shew us, that he that helps another at a Plunge, runs the risque of being left in the Mire himself. No Matter for the Morality of the thing, so long as it is the Fashion; and he that advances himself upon the Ruin of another, gets the Reputation of a Man of Art and Address. The Facility, in fine, and the Simplicity of the *Goat*, shews us what an honest Man is to trust to that keeps a Knave Company.

We find in this *Fox*, the Roguery, the Invention, and the Wiliness of the crafty People we meet with abroad, and a lively Image of the Faith, Friendship, good Nature and Justice that we are to expect from them. We cannot therefore keep too strict an Eye upon the Life and Conversation of those we have to do withal. If they be Men of Fraud, they'll never stick at bringing their Friends and Companions into Dangers, Losses, and Inconveniencies; scour off themselves, and leave those that trust them to pay the Reckoning. But, in a word, this Application extends to Men of Trick and Design of all

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ſorts; let it be in Pleaſure, Fortune, Pride, Envy, vain Glory, Trade, Law, Marriages, Quarrels, Travels, Ambition, *&c.* Wherefore it behoves us to *look before we leap*, and in Caſe of the worſt that can befal us, to ſecure an After-game. The want of this Foreſight was the *Goat*'s Ruin.

FAB. 84. Cocks and a Partridge.

A *Cock-Maſter* bought a *Partridge*, and turn'd it among his *Fighting-Cocks*, for them to feed together. The *Cocks* beat the *Partridge* away from their Meat, which ſhe laid the more to Heart, becauſe it look'd like an Averſion to her purely as a Stranger. But the *Partridge* finding theſe very *Cocks* afterwards cutting one another to pieces, ſhe comforted her ſelf with this thought, that ſhe had no reaſon to expect they ſhould be kinder to her, than they were to one another.

The MORAL.

'Tis no wonder to find thoſe People troubleſome to Strangers, that cannot agree among themſelves. They quarrel for the Love of quarrelling; and provided the Peace be broken, no matter upon what Ground, or with whom.

REFLECTION.

THERE's no Peace to be expected among thoſe that are naturally fierce and quarrelſome. But we are to diſtinguiſh however, betwixt Injuries of Malice and of evil Nature, as we do between Violences in hot Blood, and thoſe of deliberate Spite and Intention; which we find in the common Caſes of *Manſlaughter* and *Murder*. The Doctrine may be briefly this, that, ſo far as poſſible, we are to avoid ill Company; but where we are forc'd upon't, there's no Remedy but Patience. The *Cocks* here did but according to their Kind; and it is the ſame thing with wicked Men too (as Birds of the ſame Feather) to be troubleſome to other People as well as to one another.

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FAB. 85. A Bragging Traveller.

A *Vain Fellow* that had been abroad in the World, would ſtill be tiring all Peoples Ears at his Return with Stories of his wonderful Actions and Adventures in his Travels; and particularly, he told of a Leap he took at *Rhodes*, that no Body there could come within ſix Foot on't. Now this (ſays he) I am able to prove by ſeveral Witneſſes upon the Place. If this be true (ſays one of the Company) there's no need of going to *Rhodes* for Witneſs: Do but you fanſy this to be *Rhodes*, and then ſhew us the Leap.

The MORAL.

Travellers have a kind of Privilege to romance it, and to tell Stories at large. And for thoſe that doubt the Truth of the Matter, they had e'en better paſs it over than go to diſprove it.

REFLECTION.

'TIS fooliſh to appeal to Witneſſes for the Proof of any thing, when 'tis not a Pin Matter whether the Fact in queſtion be true or falſe; and ſo it is alſo to talk of Proofs that are not within Call; but vain Boaſters are naturally impertinent; and they talk at random, without any regard to Truth and Judgment. There may be a double Uſe made of this Fable: Firſt, as a Diſſuaſive to thoſe that ſpend their time in idle inſipid Company. Secondly, As a Caution to thoſe that are tainted with the Levity, not to make themſelves ridiculous any longer. Nature has written Fool upon the Tip of that Man's Tongue that will be always telling Stories with an [*I did This,*] and [*I did That.*] Travellers, they ſay, may lye by Authority; and yet our Traveller's Privilege here was not ſufficient to Protect him in his Vanity from making ſport to the Company.

FAB. 86. An Impoſtor to the Oracle.

THERE was a certain *bantering Droll* that took a Journey to *Delphos*, a purpoſe to try if he could put a Trick upon *Apollo*. He carry'd a Sparrow in his

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Hand under his Coat, and told the God, *I have ſomething in my Hand*, ſays he, *Is it dead or living?* If the *Oracle* ſhould ſay 'twas dead, he could ſhew it alive; if living, 'twas but ſqueezing it, and then 'twas dead. He that ſaw the Malice of his Heart, gave him this Anſwer: It ſhall e'en be which of the two you pleaſe; for 'tis in your Choice to have it either the one or the other.

The MORAL.

Preſumption leads People to Infidelity in a trice, and ſo by inſenſible Degrees to Atheiſm: For when Men have once caſt off a Reverence for Religion, they are come within one Step of laughing at it.

REFLECTION.

THIS points at the Folly and Wickedneſs of thoſe Men that think to play faſt and looſe with God Almighty, who ſees the very Thoughts of our Hearts. This way of fooling in holy Things, is a much bolder ſort of Impiety than it is commonly taken for. He that pretends to doubt of an *All-knowing* Power, has as much right to doubt of an *Almighty* Power too; and the bringing of one Attribute in Queſtion opens the way to a Diffidence of all the reſt. It would prevent a great deal of Wickedneſs in the World, if Men would but live and act in religious Matters ſo as to own and to recognize the Force and Awe of a Deity in their Practices, as well as in their Words: But when they come to *querying* and *riddling* upon it, with an [*If* it be ſo and ſo,] the Scandal of the Suppoſition is not to be borne; for ſuch a way of ſeeming to affirm a Thing, is but one Remove from a flat Denial of it. Such was the *Impoſtor's* Queſtion here to the *Oracle*, which implies both the Doubt of a *divine Omniſcience*, and a *Curioſity* to diſcover the *Truth* of the Matter, with a Banter at the End on't; and ſo makes a conſummated Wickedneſs.

FAB. 87. A Woman and a Fat Hen.

A *Good Woman* had a *Hen* that laid her every Day an Egg. Now ſhe fancy'd to herſelf, that upon a larger Allowance of Corn, this *Hen* might be brought in

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in time to lay twice a Day. She try'd the Experiment; but the *Hen* grew fat upon't, and gave quite over laying.

The MORAL.

He that has a great deal already, and would have more, will never think he has enough 'till he has all; and that's impossible: wherefore we should set Bounds to our Desires, and content our selves when we are well, for fear of losing what we had.

REFLECTION.

HERE'S a Figure of the Folly and the Mischief of vain Desires, and an immoderate Love of Riches. Covetousness is enough to make the Master of the World as poor as he that has just nothing; for a Man may be brought to a Morsel of Bread by Griping as well as by Profusion. 'Tis a Madness for a Body that has enough already, to hazard all for the getting of more, and then upon the Miscarriage to leave himself nothing. This was the Woman's Case and Fault here. In few Words, there's a just *Medium* betwixt eating too much and too little; and this Dame had undoubtedly hit upon't, when the Matter was so ordered, that the Hen brought her every Day an Egg. But when she came to enlarge the Hen's Allowance for her own Profit, upon an Opinion that more Corn would produce more Eggs, her Avarice misled her into a Disappointment, which was both a Judgment upon the Sin, in the Loss of what she had before, and an Error in the very Point of Manage and good Huswivery; for Repletion obstructs the most necessary Offices of Nature.

FAB. 88. A Man bit by a Dog.

ONE that was bitten by a Dog, was advised, as the best Remedy in the World, to dip a Piece of Bread in the Blood of the Wound, and give it the Dog to eat. Pray hold your Hand a little (says the Man) unless you have a mind to draw all the Dogs in the Town upon me; for that will certainly be the end on't, when they shall find themselves rewarded instead of punish'd.

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The MORAL.

Good Nature is a great Misfortune where it is not manag'd with Prudence. Chriſtian Charity, 'tis true, bids us return Good for Evil; but it does not oblige us yet to reward where we ſhould puniſh.

REFLECTION.

THIS is to inform us, that wicked and ill-natur'd Men are not to be obliged by Kindneſſes, eſpecially when they find they may be the better for Inſolence; for at that Rate he that rewards paſt Affronts, draws on and encourages new Ones. There are churliſh Curs in the Moral as well as in the Fable, and we are here taught how to behave ourſelves upon the biting of all manner of Dogs. Under the Rule and Correction of this Allegory, we may reckon Calumny, Slander, and Detraction in any Form of Figure whatſoever, and all manner of Affronts and Indignities upon our good Names, or our Perſons. There may be Place in all theſe Caſes for a generous Charity to forgive Offences, even of the higheſt Ingratitude and Malice; but it is not adviſeable to reward where Men have the Tenderneſs not to puniſh. This way of Proceeding is dangerous in all the Affairs, publick as well as private, of human Life; for 'tis a Temptation to Villany, when a Man fares the better for evil-doing. Ill-Nature, in fine, is not to be cur'd with a Sop; but on the contrary, quarrelſome *Men*, as well as quarrelſome *Curs*, are worſe for fair Uſage.

FAB. 89. A hunted Bever.

THE *Bever* is a kind of *amphibious* Creature, but he lives moſtly in the *Water*. His Stones, they ſay, are medicinal; and it is principally for their Sake, he knows that People ſeek his Life; and therefore when he finds himſelf hard pinch'd, he bites 'em off, and by leaving them to his Purſuers, he ſaves himſelf.

The MORAL.

When a greater Intereſt is at ſtake, 'tis a warrantable Point of Honour and Diſcretion, to compound the Hazard, by parting with

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with the leſs; provided, that while we quit the one, we may ſave the other.

REFLECTION.

WE find this Doctrine and Practice to be verify'd in State-Chaces, as well as in thoſe of the *Woods*; that is to ſay, where it is made a Crime to be rich, and where Men are forc'd to lay violent Hands on themſelves, to be ſafe and quiet; and with the *Bever* here to compound with their *Nutmegs* to ſave their Lives.

FAB. 90. A Thunny and a Dolphin.

A *Thunny* gave Chace to a *Dolphin*; and when he was juſt ready to ſeize him, the *Thunny* ſtruck before he was aware, and the *Dolphin*, in the Eagerneſs of his Purſuit, ran himſelf a-ground with him. They were both loſt; but the *Thunny* kept his Eye ſtill upon the *Dolphin*, and obſerving him when he was juſt at laſt Gaſp; well, ſays he, the Thought of Death is now eaſy to me, ſo long as I ſee my Enemy go for Company.

FAB. 91. Two Enemies at Sea.

THERE were *two Enemies* at *Sea* in the ſame Veſſel, the one at the Ship's Head, the other at the Stern. It blew a dreadful Storm, and when the Veſſel was juſt ready to be ſwallow'd up, one of them ask'd the Maſter, which part of the Ship would be firſt under Water; ſo he told him the t'other End would ſink firſt. Why then, ſays he, I ſhall have the Comfort of ſeeing my Enemy go before me.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

'Tis a wretched Satisfaction, that a revengeful Man takes, even in the loſing of his own Life, provided that his Enemy may go for Company.

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REFLECTION.

THERE is ſome Comfort in Company, even in a State of Adverſity. Society is ſo neceſſary and agreeable to Mankind in all Caſes, that Death is certainly the more uneaſy for a Man's going alone into another World: But the Conſolation pointed at in this Fable, is, that which an envious Man takes in the Ruin of his Enemy. There is a memorable Inſtance to this Purpoſe, of a Gentleman that had an Eſtate for Lives, and two of his Tenants in the Leaſe: One of them dies, and the other deſires his Landlord to lay both Farms into one, and accept of him for his Tenant. The Gentleman fairly excuſed himſelf, and away goes the Man in a Rage to his Wife, told her how it was, and ſwore a great Oath, that he would be reveng'd of his Landlord. This was in Harveſt time, and he went out next Day to his Reapers, but ſtay'd ſo long, that his Wife ſent up and down to look after him. To ſhorten the Story, they found him at laſt in a Ditch vomiting his Heart out. The Man, it ſeems, had poiſon'd himſelf, and the Revenge upon his Landlord was the defeating him of his Eſtate, by deſtroying the laſt Life in his Leaſe. In one Word, Revenge ſtops at nothing that's violent and wicked. It divides the deareſt Friends; embroils Governments, and tears Families to Pieces. But to ſay no more on't, the Hiſtories of all Ages are full of the tragical Outrages that have been executed by this diabolical Paſſion: Beſide, that it hardens People into a brutal Contempt of Death, (as in the Fables above) where they may but ſee their Enemies fall for Company.

FAB. 92. A Fortune-teller.

THere was a kind of a *petty Conjurer*, that made it his Profeſſion to reſolve Queſtions, and tell *Fortunes*, and he held forth in the Market-Place. Word was brought him, in the very Middle of his Schemes and Calculations, that his Houſe was robb'd; and ſo away he ſcours immediately to learn the Truth on't. As he was running Home in all haſte, a Droll takes him up by the Way, with this ſhort Queſtion, Friend, (ſays he,) how come you to be ſo good at telling other Peoples Fortunes, and know ſo little of your own?

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FAB. 93. A Cunning Woman.

A Certain Dame, that paſs'd in the World under the Name of a *cunning Woman*, took upon her to avert divine Judgments, and to foretel ſtrange Things to come. She play'd the counterfeit Witch ſo long, till, in the Concluſion, ſhe was taken up, arraign'd, try'd, convicted, condemn'd to die, and at laſt executed for a Witch indeed. D'ye hear, good Woman, (ſays one to her, as ſhe was upon the Way to her Execution) are the Gods ſo much eaſier than the Judges, that you ſhould be able to make them do any Thing for ye, and yet could not prevail with the Bench for the ſaving of your own Life?

FAB. 94. An Aſtrologer and a Traveller.

A Certain *Star-gazer* had the Fortune, in the very height of his celeſtial Obſervations, to ſtumble into a Ditch; a ſober fellow paſſing by, gave him a piece of wholeſome Counſel. Friend, ſays he, make a right Uſe of your preſent Misfortunes; and pray, for the future, let the Stars go on quietly in their Courſes, and do you look a little better to the Ditches.

The MORAL of the three Fables above.

There needs no more than Impudence and Ignorance, on the one ſide, and a ſuperſtitious Credulity on the other, to the ſetting up of a Fortune-teller.

REFLECTION.

THIS ſerves for a Reproof to the Ignorance and Confidence of *Figure-flingers*, *Star-gazers*, &c. that pretend to foretel the Fortunes of Kingdoms and States, and yet have no foreſight at all in what concerns themſelves.

The Moral of theſe Fables ſtrikes upon the Vanity and Arrogance of *Empiricks* and *Impoſtures themſelves*, and upon the Folly of the fond *Believers* of them. The Caution holds alſo againſt unlawful Curioſities, ſickly, and ſuperſtitious Fancies and

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and Dreams; fore-bodings of ill Luck, as the croſſing of a Hare, the ſpilling of Salt, &c. This Humour, let it look never ſo little and ſilly, (as it paſſes many times only for frolick and banter) is one yet of the moſt pernicious Snares in human Life; when it comes once to get Poſſeſſion, and to gain Credit, eſpecially among Women and Children, where the Imagination is ſtrong in the one, and the Diſpoſition is as pliant as Wax for any Impreſſion in the other. Wherefore, of all Things in this World, Care is to be taken, that they get not a hankering after theſe *juggling Aſtrologers, Gypſies, Wizards, Fortune-tellers, Conjurers, Quacks, cunning Women*, &c. To ſay nothing of the Fooleries of *fortune Books*, and a hundred other vulgar Ways of Enquiry into the Event of *Amours, Marriages, Life and Death, Travel, Play*, or the like; which is all but a Tincture of the ſame capital Infirmity. If theſe Pretenders were not better ſupported by the Simplicity, and Devotion of the inquiſitive Fools that conſult thoſe Oracles, than they are by any Congruity of Premiſſes and Concluſion, or by the ordinary way of tracing Cauſes into their Effects, the Trade would not find them Bread; for there's no Proportion at all betwixt the Means and the End. Not but that the Things they ſeem to predict, come many times to paſs; yet ſtill the nearer the Mark in their Conjectures, the more ſuſpicious is the Profeſſion on the one Hand, and the more dangerous is the Credulity on the other; for thoſe People that take upon them to reſolve ſuch Doubts, Scruples, and Difficulties, as are not to be known by any natural Proceſs of reaſoning, and thoſe Men that will be prying by forbidden Ways, into the ſecret Councels of almighty God, are both juſtly puniſh'd; the one in telling the Truth, and the other in hearing it; for it hardens the one in his Confidence and Preſumption, and the other in his Curioſity and Superſtition: Over and above the Feats that are done by Confederacy and Intelligence; for how ſhall any Man pretend to tell me my Fortune, that knows nothing of his own?

There are *Mountebanks*, and *Smatterers* alſo in *State* as well as in *Science*; nay and perchance, the vainer, the more ignorant, and the more miſchievous of the two; for all theſe Fables are moraliz'd in Hiſtory, Practice, and Converſation; and the Fiction, match'd at leaſt, if not out-done in Matter of Fact. And theſe ordinary *Hocuſſes* have been made uſe of in all Ages too, as Tools of State; ſometimes for the Government, other while againſt it, as the Occaſion lay faireſt for the Game that was then a playing. It goes a great way, when natural

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tural Curiosity, vulgar Prejudice, and an artificial Application of Actives to Passives, shall be assisted with the *Shams* of *astrological Judgments* and *Calculations* over and above; though with our *Conjurers* here, their Ignorance and Presumption lays them open in the Conclusion, to the Scorns and Contempt of the common People.

FAB. 95. A Doctor and his Patient.

PRay Sir, how d'ye find yourself? Says the *Dr.* to his *Patient.* Why truly, says the *Patient*, I have had a violent Sweat; *oh the best Sign in the World*, quoth the *Dr.* And then a little while after he is at it again, with a *pray how d'ye find your Body?* Alas, says the t'other, I have just now such a terrible Fit of Horror and shaking upon me! *Why this is all as it should be*, says the *Physician*, it shews the mighty Strength of Nature. And then he comes over him a third time with the same Question again; why I am all swell'd, says t'other, as if I had a Dropsy; *best of all*, quoth the *Doctor*, and goes his way. Soon after this, comes one of the sick Man's Friends to him with the same Question, how he felt himself; why truly so well, says he, that I am e'en ready to die, of I know not how many good Signs and Tokens.

The MORAL.

A death-bed Flattery is the worst of Treacheries.

REFLECTION.

THIS gives us to understand the Practice of the World, and that Flattery and Time-serving enters into the most solemn Offices of Mankind. To flatter foolish Men into a hope of Life where there is none at all, is much the same Thing with betraying People into an Opinion, that they are in a virtuous and happy State, when they are over-run with Passion, and drown'd in their Lusts. The one has the same pernicious Effect upon our Minds, that the other has upon our Bodies; for it makes us careless of both. There are certain Decencies of Form and Civility, 'tis true, that purely regard Matters

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of Converſation, and good Manners; and theſe Reſpects ought to be preſerv'd: But Ceremonies of Mode and Complement are mightily out of Seaſon, when Life and Salvation come to be at ſtake.

It falls under the Proſpect of the ſame Topick, to conſider, that Kingdoms and Commonwealths have their Diſtempers, Intermiſſions, and Paroxyſms, as well as natural Bodies. And that a glavering Council is as dangerous on the one hand, as a wheedling Prieſt, or a flattering Phyſician is on the other. There is hardly ſuch another peſt in a Community, as a conſort of Paraſites, that feed Governors with falſe Repreſentations and Reports of Men and of Things. They firſt betray their Maſters to diſhonour and ruin; and then when they find the Veſſel ſinking, ſave themſelves in the Long-boat. *So much the better*, quoth the *Doctor: Ah, ah*, (ſays the *empirical Stateſman) that's as we'd have it.* When at the ſame time the Diſtemper is as mortal to the *Government* on the one hand, as to the *Patient* on the other.

FAB. 96. A Fowler and a Black-Bird.

AS a *Fowler* was bending his Net, a *Black-Bird* call'd to him at a diſtance, and aſk'd him what he was doing. Why, ſays he, I am laying the Foundations of a City; and ſo the *Bird-Man* drew out of Sight. The *Black-Bird* miſtruſting nothing, flew preſently to the Bait in the Net, and was taken; and as the Man came running to lay hold of her; Friend, ſays the poor *Black-Bird*, if this be your way of Building, you'll have but few Inhabitants.

The MORAL.

There is no Sham ſo groſs, but it will paſs upon a weak Man that is pragmatical and inquiſitive.

REFLECTION.

THIS is to intimate, that where Rulers lay Snares, deal falſly, and exerciſe Cruelty, all goes to wrack both publick and private. All Frauds are cover'd and guilded over with ſpecious Pretences, and Men are every jot as eaſily impos'd upon, as Birds, Beaſts or Fiſhes; while the eagerneſs of our Ap-

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Appetites ſuſpends the Exerciſe of our Reaſon. A Treat, a Woman or a Bottle, is the ſame Thing to us, that a Worm, a Gudgeon, a Grain of Corn, or a Piece of Fleſh is to thoſe Animals. We ſnap at the Bait without ever dreaming of the Hook, the Trap, or the Snare that goes along with it. Now what's the Difference betwixt *Æſop*'s Pretext here for the *building* of a City, and the Cheats that we have heard of, for the *ſaving* of a City? The Deſign was Deſtruction in both, and that was the Event on't too. Religion, Liberty, and Property were the Bait: Nay, the very Sound of the Words did the Buſineſs, the common People will chop like Trouts at an artificial Fly, and dare like Larks under the Awe of a painted Hobby. 'Tis with Men juſt as it is with Birds and Fiſhes, there's not a Mortal of us, that will not bite at ſome Bait or other, and we are caught as ſillily too, as the *Bird* was here in the *Net*.

FAB. 97. Mercury and a Traveller.

ONE that was juſt entring upon a long Journey, took up a Fancy of putting a Trick upon *Mercury*. He ſay'd him a ſhort Prayer for the *Bon-Voyage*, with a Promiſe that the God ſhould go half with him in whatever he found. Somebody had loſt a Bag of Dates and Almonds, it ſeems, and it was his Fortune to find it. He fell to work upon 'em immediately, and when he had eaten up the Kernels, and all that was good of them, himſelf, he laid the Stones and the Shells upon an Altar; and deſir'd *Mercury* to take Notice that he had perform'd his Vow. For, ſays he, here are the outſides of the one, and the Inſides of the other, and there's the Moiety I promis'd ye.

The MORAL.

Men talk as if they believed in God, but they live as if they thought there were none; but their very Prayers are Mockeries, and their Vows and Promiſes are no more than Words of Courſe, *which they never intended to make good.*

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REFLECTION.

THIS is to reprehend the falſe and covetous Humour of thoſe that for Money and Profit, will not ſtick at putting Shams even upon God himſelf; prophaning his Altar, and ridiculing his very Omniſcience and Power. Here's the wickedneſs of a Libertine naturally enough ſet forth, only the Puniſhment is wanting that ſhould have compleated the Moral. What Opinion have theſe religious Banterers of the divine Power and Juſtice? Or what have they to ſay for themſelves in this audacious Habit of Mockery and Contempt; but that *they believe in their Hearts that there is no God?* Not but that more or leſs, we are all Jugglers in ſecret betwixt Heaven and our own Souls; only to cover and meditate Abuſes under the Maſque and Pretence of Conſcience and Religion; and make God Almighty privy to a thouſand falſe and cozening Contrivances, that we keep as the greateſt Privacies in the World, from the Knowledge of our Neighbours. Nay, when we are moſt in earneſt, our Vows and Promiſes are more than half broken in the very making them: And if we can but ſecure ourſelves a Retreat, by ſome cleanly Evaſion, Diſtinction, or mental Reſervation, it ſerves our Purpoſe e'en as well as if it were a caſuiſtical Reſolution. In one Word, we find the Moral of *Mercury* and the *Traveller* in the very Secrets of our Hearts, betwixt Heaven and our own Souls.

FAB. 98. A Boy and his Mother.

A *School-Boy* brought his *Mother* a Book that he had ſtollen from one of his Fellows. She was ſo far from correcting him for't, that ſhe rather encourag'd him. As he grew bigger, he would be ſtill keeping his Hand in ure with ſomewhat of greater Value, 'till he came at laſt to be taken in the Matter, and brought to Juſtice for't. His Mother went along with him to the Place of Execution, where he got leave of the Officers, to have a Word or two in private with her. He put his Mouth to her Ear, and under Pretext of a Whiſper, bit it clear off. This impious unnatural Villany turn'd every Body's Heart againſt him more and more. [Well, good People, (ſays the *Boy*) here you

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you ſee me an Example, both upon the Matter of Shame and Puniſhment; and it is this *Mother* of mine that has brought me to't; for if ſhe had but whipt me ſoundly for the Book I ſtole when I was a *Boy*, I ſhould never have come to the Gallows for pilfering now I'm a *Man*.]

The MORAL.

We are either made or marr'd in our Education; and Governments, as well as private Families, are concern'd in the Conſequences of it.

REFLECTION.

WICKED Diſpoſitions ſhould be check'd betimes; for when they come once to Habits, they grow incurable. More People go to the Gibbet for want of timely Inſtruction, Diſcipline and Correction, than upon any incurable Pravity of Nature; and it is mightily the Fault of Parents, Guardians, Tutors and Governours, that ſo many Men miſcarry. They ſuffer 'em at firſt to *run a-head*, and when perverſe Inclinations are advanc'd once into Habits, there's no dealing with 'em. It may ſeem ſomewhat a hard Caſe for the greater Thieves to puniſh the leſs, and to ſee publick Purloiners and Oppreſſors ſit in triumph upon the Lives of the little ones that go to the Gallows: For the Tye of Morality is the ſame upon both, and they ſtand both accountable to the ſame Maſter. But Time, Power, and Corruption give a Reputation to the worſt of Practices, and it is no longer Oppreſſion when it comes gilded with the Name of Authority. This unequal and unreaſonable Judgment of things brings many a great Man to the Stool of Repentance; for when he has ſwallow'd more than he can digeſt, it ſticks upon his Conſcience, and will neither up nor down. Now in the Sight of Heaven, the greater the Temptation, the leſs is the Sin; and yet in the Vogue of the World, it paſſes for an Exploit of Honour for Kings and States to run away with whole Countries that they have no colour or pretence to; when many a poor Devil ſtands condemn'd to a Halter or a Whipping Poſt for the pilfering of a Silver-Spoon perhaps, or the robbing of a Hen-rooſt, tho' the former all this while, has no better Title to what he takes than the latter; and yet to ſee what a deal of fulſome Flattery and Panegyrick we have upon the glorious Atchievements of the one, and only ſome *Smithfield Ballad*

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perchance, or a *Sabbath-breaking Speech* or *Confession*, to embalm the Memory of the other. To be ſhort and plain, the Offence before God is at leaſt as great in a Prince as in a Beggar, and the Morality of a careful Education holds alike in both. 'Twas the *Mother's* ſparing the Rod at firſt, that brought the *Child*, at the long run, to the Halter.

FAB. 99. A Shepherd turn'd Merchant.

A *Countryman* was feeding his Flock by the Sea-ſide, and it was ſo delicate a fine Day, that the Smoothneſs of the Water tempted him to leave his *Shepherd's* Buſineſs and ſet up for a *Merchant*. So that in all haſte he puts off his Stock, buys a Bargain of Figs, gets his Freight aboard, and away preſently to Sea. It happen'd to be very foul Weather; ſo that the Mariners were fain to caſt their whole Lading over-board, to ſave themſelves and the Veſſel. Upon this Miſcarriage, our new *Merchant-Adventurer* betook himſelf to his old Trade again: And it happen'd one Day, as he was tending his *Sheep* upon the very ſame Coaſt, to be juſt ſuch a flattering tempting Sea again as that which betray'd him before: *Yes, yes*, ſays he, *When the Devil's blind: You'd have ſome more Figs with a Vengeance, would ye?*

The MORAL.

Men may be happy in all Eſtates, if they will but ſuit their Minds to their Condition. A Shepherd may be as eaſy in a Cottage as a Prince in a Palace, with a Mind ſuited to his Station; but if they will be launching out into Trade, or Buſineſs that they do not underſtand, they have nothing left them to truſt to when they are once bewilder'd, but the Hope of ſome kind Providence to put them in the right way home again.

REFLECTION.

AFFLICTION makes People honeſt and wiſe. Every Man living has his weak Side, and no Mortal was ever yet ſo much at Eaſe, but his Shoe wrung him ſome where or other, or he fancy'd ſo at leaſt, and then it did ſo. The *Shepherd*

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Shepherd would needs be a *Merchant*; and the *Merchant*, if he had ſucceeded, would ſtill have been hankering after ſomething elſe. His Levity was a Fault, and his Miſcarriage was a Judgment upon him for't. The ſaving of his Perſon after the Loſs of his Goods, was a providential Mercy to him; and the bringing of him home to himſelf again, was to convince him of his Error, and to ſhew him, that he was well at firſt, if he would have kept ſo. He was in a State of Eaſe, Peace, Innocence and Safety: And he that will ſacrifice all thoſe Bleſſings to a reſtleſs Appetite, deſerves to be miſerable. Our *Shepherd*'s Caſe, in ſhort, here, is every Man's Caſe that quits a moral Certainty for an Uncertainty, and leaps from the honeſt Buſineſs he was brought up to, into a Trade he has no Skill in.

FAB. 100. An Old Man and a Lion.

A Perſon of Quality dream'd one Night that he ſaw a *Lion* kill his only Son, who was, it ſeems, a generous Cavalier, and a great Lover of the Chace. This Fancy ran in the Father's Head to that degree, that he built his Son a Houſe of Pleaſure, on purpoſe to keep him out of harm's way; and ſpar'd neither Art nor Coſt to make a delicious Retreat. This Houſe, in ſhort, was to be the young Man's Priſon, and the Father made himſelf his Keeper. There were a world of Paintings every where up and down, and among the reſt, there was the Picture of a *Lion*, which ſtirred the Blood of the young Man for the Dream ſake, and to think that he ſhould now be a Slave for the Fancy of ſuch a Beaſt. In this Indignation he made a blow at the Picture; but ſtriking his Fiſt upon the Point of a Nail in the Wall, his Hand cancerated, he fell into a Fever, and ſoon after died on't: So that all the Father's Precaution could not ſecure the Son from the Fatality of dying by a *Lion*.

The MORAL.

A body may as well lay too little as too much ſtreſs upon a Dream; for ſome Dreams are monitory, as others are only complexional;

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but upon the Main, the leſs we heed them the better; for when that Freak has once taken poſſeſſion of a fantaſtical Head, the Diſtemper is incurable.

REFLECTION.

'TIS to no purpoſe to think of preventing or diverting Fatalities; eſpecially where the Event looks like the Puniſhment of a Superſtition! as it fares with thoſe that govern their Lives by Forebodings and Dreams, or the Signs of ill Luck, as we uſe to ſay; they are ſtill anxious and uneaſy. Hiſtory is full of Examples to illuſtrate the Doctrine of this Fable. The *Father* was to blame for laying ſo much ſtreſs upon a fooliſh *Dream*, and the *Son* was little leſs to blame for being ſo much tranſported at the Impreſſion of that Fancy of the *Father*: But they were both juſtly puniſh'd however, the one for his Paſſion, and the other for his Superſtition.

FAB. 101. *A Fox that loſt his Tail.*

THERE was a *Fox* taken in a Trap, that was glad to compound for his Neck, by leaving his *Tail* behind him. It was ſo uncouth a Sight for a *Fox* to appear without a *Tail*, that the very Thought on't made him e'en weary of his Life; for 'twas a Loſs never to be repair'd: But however for the better Countenance of the Scandal, he got the *Maſter and Wardens of the Foxes Company* to call a *Court of Aſſiſtants*, where he himſelf appeared, and made a learned Diſcourſe upon the Trouble, the Uſeleſſneſs, and the Indecency of *Foxes* wearing *Tails*. He had no ſooner ſaid out his Say, but up riſes a cunning Snap, then at the Board, who deſir'd to be inform'd, whether the worthy Member that mov'd againſt the wearing of *Tails*, gave his Advice for the Advantage of thoſe that *had Tails*, or to palliate the Deformity and Diſgrace of thoſe that had *none*.

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The MORAL.

When a Man has any notable Defect or Infirmity about him, whether by Nature, or by Chance, 'tis the best of his Play to try the Humour, if he can turn it into a Fashion.

REFLECTION.

'TIS the Way of the World to give other People counsel for their own Ends. Paradoxing is of great Use and Service in many Encounters and Accidents that we meet withal in the World; but the Faculty must be so tenderly managed, as not to grate upon the Truth and Reason of things: And it is of great Effect, if it can but give some Colour of Probability to the Matter in question. Nay, there's a Pleasure in the very Trial of Wits: but when this Talent is employed upon the Topick of Convenience and Profit, it is a wonderful Force that it has upon the Affections of the common People. The *Fox* carried it as far as 'twould go; but he had too hard a task on't, to over-rule a Multitude to their own Pain and Loss.

We may improve a Doctrine from this, that every Man has his weak Side either by Mischance or by Nature; and that he makes it his Business to cover it too the best he can. In case of the worst, it is some sort of ease to have Company in our Misfortunes. It puts a Body out of Countenance to be in a Fashion by himself, and therefore the *Fox* did well to try if he could bring his fellow *Foxes* to put themselves into his Mode. When we have carry'd a Point as far as it will go, and can make no more on't, 'tis a Stroke of Art and Philosophy, to look as if we did not so much as wish for a thing that is not to be had. Every Man's present Condition has somewhat to be said for't: If it be uneasy, the Skill will be, either how to mend it, or how to bear it; but then there must be no clashing with the Methods, the Decrees, and the Laws of Nature. A Man that has forfeited his Honour and his Conscience, seems to be much in the Condition of the *Fox* here that had lost his *Tail*, and takes as much Pains too, to persuade all his Companions to follow his Fashion. He lays down his Arguments, and gives his *Reasons*, nay, and he endeavours to prove it by Scripture too, that *Men*, in such a Case, ought to go to *Old Nick* for Company. We are to consider here, that the Devils have their *Traps* as well as the *Woodmen*, and that it is the Case of many a Lawyer and Divine, when they come once to be hamper'd, to rub off as well as they can,

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tho' they leave their *Conſciences* behind them, as the *Fox* did his *Tail*, and then *preach up the bleſſed Doctrine and Convenience of* No Conſciences *as well as* No Tails.

FAB. 102. A Fox and a Bramble.

A *Fox* that was cloſe purſued, took a Hedge, the Buſhes gave way, and in catching hold of a *Bramble* to break his Fall, the Prickles ran into his Feet; upon this, he laid himſelf down, and fell to licking his Paws, with bitter Exclamations againſt the *Bramble*. Good Words, *Reynard*, ſays the *Bramble*, one would have thought you had known better Things, than to expect a Kindneſs from a common Enemy, and to lay hold on that for Relief, that catches at every Thing elſe for Miſchief.

The MORAL.

There are ſome malicious Natures that place all their Delight in doing ill Turns, and that Man is hard put to't, that is firſt brought into a Diſtreſs, and then forc'd to fly to ſuch People for Relief.

REFLECTION.

'TIS great Folly to fly for Protection to People that naturally delight in Miſchief. The *Fox* blames the *Bramble* here, but he may thank himſelf. They that make themſelves the common Enemies of Mankind, by breaking all the Meaſures of good Faith, Truth, and Peace, and by lying in wait for innocent Blood, let them turn their Heads which way they will, they ſhall be ſure of an Enemy in the Face of them: Nay, they meet with their Puniſhment, where they look for Safety; and which Way ſoever they go, Divine Juſtice either meets them, or purſues them. The *Fox*'s charging his Misfortune here upon the *Bramble*, is the very Caſe and Practice of wicked Men, that ſnarl at the Inſtrument, without ſo much as thinking of the Providence. But the *Bramble* did only according to its Nature, and conſequently was not to blame.

FAB.

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FAB. 103. A Fox and a Crocodile.

THERE happen'd a Conteſt betwixt a *Fox* and a *Crocodile*, upon the Point of Blood and Extraction. The *Crocodile* amplify'd wonderfully upon his Family, for the Credit of his Anceſtors. Friend, (ſays the *Fox* ſmiling upon't) there will need no Herald to prove your Gentility; for you carry the Marks of your Original in your very Skin.

The MORAL.

Great Boaſters and Liars have the Fortune ſtill ſome Way or other to diſprove themſelves.

REFLECTION.

THERE are ſome Falſities ſo bold and notorious, that they carry their Contradictions in the very Reaſon and Preſumption of the Matter, without any other Evidence.

FAB. 104. A Fox and Huntſmen.

A *Fox* that had been hard run, begg'd of a Countryman that he ſaw at Work in a Wood, to help him to ſome Hiding-Place. The Man directed him to his Cottage, and thither he went. He was no ſooner got in, but the *Huntſmen* were preſently at the Heels of him, and asked the Cottager if he did not ſee a *Fox* that Way? No truly, ſays he, I ſaw none; but pointed at the ſame time with his Finger to the Place where he lay. The *Huntſmen* did not take the Hint, it ſeems, but the *Fox* ſpy'd him, however, through a Peeping-Hole he had found out to ſee what News: So the *Fox-Hunters* went their Way, and then out-ſteals the *Fox* without one Word ſpeaking. Why how now, ſays the Man, han't you the Manners to take leave of your Hoſt before you go? Yes, yes, ſays the *Fox*, if you had been as honeſt of your Fingers, as you were of your Tongue, I ſhould not have gone without bidding you farewel.

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The MORAL.

A Man may tell a Lye by Signs, as well as in Words at Length, and his Conſcience is as anſwerable for his Fingers as for his Tongue.

REFLECTION.

THERE's no truſting of thoſe that ſay one Thing and do another, eſpecially if they follow fair Words with foul Deeds. Here's a Caſe of Honour and of Conſcience, both in one, upon the Matter of Hoſpitality and of Truſt. The Laws of Hoſpitality are ſacred on the one ſide, and ſo are the Duties we owe to our Country on the other. If we conſider the Truſt, Faith muſt not be broken; if the common Enemy, his Counſel is not to be kept. The *Woodman* did as good as tacitly promiſe the *Fox* a Sanctuary; but not being *Sui Juris*, he promiſed more than he could warrantably perform; for a *ſubſequent Promiſe* to *conceal* the *Fox*, could not diſcharge him of a *prior Obligation* to *deſtroy him*. 'Tis true, it would have been more generous to have don't at firſt, and while he had as yet no Colour of any Tye of Honour upon him to preſerve him. The *Fox* begg'd for Protection, which he had no Reaſon to expect. Firſt, it was upon Force and Neceſſity, not Choice. Secondly, it was at his own Peril, without any Conditions for his own Security. Thirdly, he committed himſelf to the Mercy of a Man that was bound to kill him. Fourthly, The very Addreſs was ſcandalous; for he muſt needs have an ill Opinion of the Countryman, ſo much as to imagine that he could be wrought upon to betray his Country for the ſake of a Beaſt. But let the reſt be as it will, there's no Excuſe for the *Woodman*'s *double dealing*.

FAB. 105. A Man and a wooden God.

A *Man* that had a great Veneration for an *Image* he had in his Houſe, found, that the more he pray'd to't to proſper him in the World, the more he went down the Wind ſtill. This put him into ſuch a Rage, to lie dogging at his Prayers ſo much and ſo long, to ſo little Purpoſe, that at laſt he daſh'd the Head on't to Pieces

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Pieces againſt the Wall; and out comes a conſiderable Quantity of Gold. Why this 'tis, ſays he, to adore a perverſe and inſenſible Deity, that will do more for Blows than Worſhip.

The MORAL.

Moſt People, Clergy as well as Laity, accommodate their Religion to their Profit, and reckon that to be the beſt Church that there's moſt to be got by.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable runs better in the Humour, than it does in the Moral. It lays before us the unprofitable Vanity of falſe Worſhip, and gives us to underſtand, that the more zealous we are in a wrong Way, the worſe. An Idol is an abomination in the Sight both of God, and of good Men; and yet we are ſo to govern ourſelves, even in the Tranſports of that Abhorrence, as ſtill to preſerve a Reverence for Religion itſelf, in the very Indignation we expreſs for the Corruption of it. So that the Licenſe of this Buffoon went a little too far perhaps, for there muſt be no playing with Things ſacred, nor jeſting, as we ſay, with Edge-Tools. We have the Moral of this abandon'd Libertine up and down in the *World* in a thouſand ſeveral Shapes. All People that worſhip for fear, profit, or ſome other by-end, fall more or leſs within the Intendment of this Emblem. It is a kind of a Conditional Devotion for Men to be religious no longer than they can ſave, or get by't. *Put forth thy Hand now* (ſays the Devil to the Almighty in the Caſe of *Job*) *and touch all that he hath, and he will curſe thee to thy Face.* This good Man loſt all, and for an Example of Patience and Reſignation to future Ages. *The Lord gave* (ſays he) *and the Lord hath taken away, bleſſed be the Name of the Lord.* Here was no daſhing of the *two Tables*, one againſt the other, for an *Office*, or *an Egg at Eaſter*, as the Fellow ſerv'd his *Idol* here. The whole Sum of the Moral is, in ſhort, compriz'd in the old Saying, *he that ſerves God for Money, will ſerve the Devil for better Wages.*

FAB.

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FAB. 106. A Dog invited to Supper.

A Gentleman invited a Friend to Supper with him, and the Gentleman's *Dog* was ſo well bred as to invite the Friend's *Dog* to come for Company. The *Dog* came at his Hour, and into the Kitchen he went, to ſee what good Cheer was toward: But as he was there, wagging his Tail, and licking his Lips, at the thought of what a Meal he was like to make on't, the roguy Cook got ſlily behind him, and ſpoil'd the Jeſt. He took him up by the Tail at unawares, and after a Turn or two in the Air, flung him out of the Window. So ſoon as ever the poor Devil had recover'd the ſquelch, away he ſcampers, bawling like mad, with I know not how many prick'ear'd Curs at the Heels of him, to know how he lik'd his Welcome. Why truly, ſays he, they have given me as much drink as my Skin will hold; and it has made me ſo light-headed, I could not find the right Way out of the Houſe again.

The MORAL.

Love me, love my Dog, *ſays the old Proverb*; *and there's ſomewhat of good Manners, as well as of good Nature in't: For there are certain Decencies of Reſpect due to the Servant for the Maſter's ſake.*

REFLECTION.

IT looks well among Friends, when Maſters and Servants are all of a Piece. The *Dog* invites his Gueſt, and the Cook throws him out of the Window, and in ſo doing, the Man ſhew'd himſelf the arranter Cur of the two: For it was againſt Hoſpitality and good Manners ſo to do. There is a Duty of Tenderneſs and good Nature, even towards thoſe Animals: But when it came to the worſt at laſt, the *Dog* had the Wit, we ſee, to make the beſt of a bad Game. Though 'twas an unmannerly, and an ill-natur'd Frolick of the Cook all this while; for the ill Uſage of a Servant is ſome ſort of Affront to his Maſter.

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FAB. 107. An Eagle and a Man.

A *Man* took an *Eagle*, pelted her Wings, and put her among his *Hens*. Somebody came and bought this and presently new feather'd her. She made a Flight at a *Hare*, truss'd it, and brought it to her Benefactor. A *Fox* perceiving this, came and gave a Man a piece of good Counsel. Have a care, says *Reynard*, of putting too much Confidence in this *Eagle*; for she'll go near, one time or other else, to take you for a *Hare*. Upon this Advice the Man plum'd the *Eagle* once again.

The MORAL.

Persons and Humours may be jumbled and disguis'd; but Nature is like Quicksilver, that will never be kill'd.

REFLECTION.

BIRDS of Prey will be Birds of Prey still, at what rate soever you treat 'em. So that there's no trusting of 'em: For when they have no longer a Power to do Mischief, the Will yet remains. Here's a forc'd Moral for a forc'd Fable: For the Fancy of it is against Nature, and the Fiction does not consist with itself. Now to my thinking this Application of it lies the fairer of the two, *i. e.* that the Gratitude of the *Eagle*, in bringing the *Hare* to her Master, may serve to shew us, that the wildest and fiercest of Creatures may be sweetned, and reclaim'd by Benefits.

FAB. 108. A Father and his Sons.

A *Countryman* that liv'd handsomly in the World himself upon his honest Labour and Industry, was desirous his Sons should do so after him; and being now upon his Death-bed: [My dear Children (says he) I reckon myself bound to tell you before I depart, that there is a considerable Treasure hid in my *Vineyard*; wherefore pray be sure to dig, and search narrowly for't when I am gone.] The *Father* dies, and

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and the *Sons* fall immediately to work upon the *Vineyard*. They turn'd it up over and over, and not one penny of Money to be found there, but the Profit of the next Vintage expounded the Riddle.

The MORAL.

Good Counsel is the best Legacy a Father can leave to a Child, and it is still the better, when it is so wrapt up, as to beget a Curiosity as well as an Inclination to follow it.

REFLECTION.

THERE's no Wealth like that which comes by the Blessing of God upon honest Labour and warrantable Industry. Here's an Incitement to an industrious Course of Life, by a Consideration of the Profit, the Innocence and the Virtue of such an Application. There is one great Comfort in Hand, beside the Hope and Assurance of more to come. The very Exercise procures us Health, and consequently all the Pleasures and Satisfactions that attend it. We have the Delight of seeing and reaping the Fruit of our own Labour, and the inward Joy of contemplating the Benediction of another World, that shall be superadded to the Advantages of this. *Æsop* very well understood, that naked Lessons and Precepts, have nothing the Force that Images and Parables have, upon our Minds and Affections: Beside, that the very study to unriddle a Mystery, furnishes the Memory with more Tokens to remember it by. A Tale in Emblem sinks deeper, where the Life and Spirit of it is insinuated by a kind of Byas and Surprize. It was a Touch of Art in the *Father* to cover his meaning in such a manner, as to create a Curiosity, and an earnest Desire in his *Sons* to find it out. And it was also a treble Advantage to them besides; for there was, I say, *Health* in the *Exercise*, *Profit* in the *Discovery*, and the Comfort of a *good Conscience* in discharging the Duty of a *filial Obedience*.

FAB. 109. A Fisherman and his Pipe.

A *Fisherman* that understood *Piping* better than *Netting*, set himself down upon the side of a River, and touch'd his *Flute*, but not a Fish came near him. Upon this, he laid down his *Pipe* and cast his *Net*,

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which brought him a very great Draught. The *Fish* fell a frisking in the Net, and the *Fisherman* observing it; what Sots are these (says he) that would not dance when I play'd to 'em, and will be dancing now without Musick!

The MORAL.

There are certain Rules and Methods for the doing of all Things in this World; and therefore let every Man stick to the Business he understands, and was brought up to, without making one Profession interfere with another.

REFLECTION.

THERE is a proper Time and Season for every Thing; and nothing can be more ridiculous than the doing of Things without a due regard to the Circumstances of Persons, Proportion, Time and Place.

FAB. 110. A Fisherman's good Luck.

A *Fisherman* had been a long while at work without catching any thing, and so in great Trouble and Despair, he resolv'd to take up his Tackle and be gone: But in that very instant a great Fish leapt into the Boat, and by Providence made a tolerable Day on't.

The MORAL.

Patience, Constancy, and Perseverance, is an honest Cause, and Duty can never fail of a happy End, one way or other.

REFLECTION.

THAT which we commonly call *good Fortune*, is properly *Providence*; and when Matters succeed better with us by accident, than we could pretend to, by Skill, we ought to ascribe it to the divine Goodness, as a Blessing upon Industry. It is every Man's Duty to labour in his Calling, and not to despond, for any Miscarriages or Disappointments, that were not in his own Power to prevent. Faith, Hope, and Patience, overcome all Things, and Virtue can never fail of a Reward

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in the Concluſion. What was it but this Conſtancy and Reſignation, that kept the Hearts of the poor Cavaliers from breaking, in the tedious Interval of that bloody Revolution from Forty to ſixty; till at laſt, the baniſh'd, and perſecuted Son of a Royal Martyr, was in God's good Time brought back again and plac'd upon the Throne of his Anceſtors, which crown'd the Sufferings of all his loyal Subjects. The Fiſherman's waiting in his Calling, bids us perſevere in our Duties, and the lucky hit he had in the Concluſion, tells us, that honeſt Endeavours will not fail of a Reward.

FAB. III. Large Promiſes.

THere was a poor ſick Man, that according to the Courſe of the World, when Phyſicians had given him over, betook himſelf to his Prayers, and vow'd a Sacrifice of a thouſand Oxen ready down upon the Nail, to either *Apollo*, or *Æſculapius*, which of the two would deliver him from his Diſeaſe. Ah my dear! (ſays his Wife) Have a care what you promiſe; for where would you have theſe Oxen if you ſhould recover? Sweet heart (ſays he) thou talk'ſt like a Fool: Have the Gods nothing elſe to do, doſt think, than to leave their Buſineſs, and come down to ſue me in an Action of Debt? They reſtor'd him however for that bout, to make Trial of his Honeſty and good Faith. He was no ſooner up, but for want of living Oxen, he made out his number upon Paſte, and offer'd them up in Form upon an Altar. For this Mockery, divine Vengeance purſu'd him, and he had an Apparition came to him in a Dream, that bad him go and ſearch in ſuch a Place near the Coaſt, and he ſhould find a conſiderable Treaſure. Away he went, and as he was looking for the Money fell into the Hands of Pyrates. He begg'd hard for his Liberty, and offer'd a thouſand Talents of Gold for his Ranſome; but they would not truſt him, and ſo he was carried away, and ſold afterwards as a Slave for as many Groats.

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The MORAL.

The Dev'l was ſick, the Dev'l a Monk would be;
The Dev'l was well, the Dev'l a Monk was he.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable applies itſelf to thoſe that promiſe more in their Adverſity than they either intend, or are able to make good in their Proſperity; but they muſt not think to bring themſelves off at laſt with a Conceit; for in the Sight of God, an equivocating juggling Sham, is as much as a groſs downright Lye.

'Tis the Practice of the World for People in Diſtreſs to ſerve God and Man in ſeveral Reſpects, both alike: That is to ſay, when they lie under any heavy Affliction, or propoſe to themſelves any conſiderable Advantage, and find they have need of another's Help; how do they beg, vow, promiſe, ſolicite, ſwear, ſign and ſeal, and yet conſcious to themſelves all this while, that they neither intend, nor are able to make one Article good? Wickedneſs comes on by degrees, as well as Virtue; and ſudden Leaps from one Extream to another are unnatural Motions in the Courſe of our Lives and Humours. Here's firſt a raſh and a knaviſh Promiſe: For the Promiſer knew he was not able to make it good. When he has broken the Ice, he advances from cozening of God, to make ſport with him, and pays him with Paſte for Fleſh: But Vengeance overtook him in the Concluſion, and gave him to underſtand, that *God will not be mocked.* The Moral of the ſick Man, is the Caſe of every Soul of us on the making and the breaking of our Vows.

FAB. 112. Fiſhermen diſappointed.

SOme *Fiſhermen* that had been out a whole Day with a drag-Net, and caught nothing, had a Draught toward the Evening, that came home very heavy, which put 'em in hope of a Sturgeon at leaſt; but upon bringing the Net a-ſhore, it prov'd to be only one great Stone, and a few little Fiſhes. Upon this Diſappointment they were down in the Mouth again; but ſays one of the Company that was a little graver than the reſt,

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you are to consider, my Masters, that Joy and Sorrow are two Sisters that follow one another by Turns.

The MORAL.

All our Purchases in this World are but the catching of a Tartar, *as we say, but it is some Comfort yet to consider, that when Things are at worst they'll mend.*

REFLECTION.

HOPES and Disappointments are the Lot and Entertainment of human Life: The one serves to keep us from Presumption, the other from Despair. This Fable bids us wait the Seasons of Divine Providence, with Patience and Perseverance in the Duties of our Calling, what Difficulties and temporary Discouragements soever we may encounter in the Way: But as we are not to despond on the one Hand, of reaping, in God's good Time, the Fruit of our honest Endeavours; so neither are we, on the other Hand, to lay more Stress upon the Event of Things, at best, than the Matter will bear: That is to say, we are to compute, that upon balancing the Account, the Profit, at last, will hardly countervail the Inconveniencies that go along with it.

The *Fisherman*'s Case in the Fable is many a Man's Case in the World; as with a Wife for the Purpose, with an Office, with an Estate, with a Court-Commission: He's fain to tug hard for't, before he can catch it, and measures the Blessing all the while by the Difficulty of obtaining it. And what's the Purchase at last, when he comes to cast up his Account, but *great Stones* and *little Fishes?* His only Comfort is, *That this World will not last always*; and that good Luck and bad Luck take their Turns.

FAB. 113. Death and an Old Man.

AN *old Man* that had travell'd a great Way under a huge Burden of Sticks, found himself so weary that he cast it down, and call'd upon *Death* to deliver him from a more miserable Life. *Death* came presently at his Call, and asked him his Business. Pray, good Sir, says he, Do me but the Favour to help me up with my Burden again.

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The MORAL.

Men call upon Death, as they do upon the Devil; when he comes they're afraid of him.

REFLECTION.

'TIS Matter of Cuſtom, and in Paſſion rather than in earneſt, that Men in Pain and Miſery are ſo ready to call for *Death:* For when he comes, they wiſh him away again. It may be ſaid to be the Motto of human Nature, rather to ſuffer than to die, though it is good however to be always ready for that which muſt come at laſt. The Doctrine is this, that *Skin, and all that a Man has, will he give for his Life.* We are apt to pick Quarrels with the World for every little Foolery. Every trivial Croſs makes us think we are weary of the World: but our Tongues run quite to another Tune, when we come once to parting with it in earneſt. Then 'tis, *Call the Doctor, Apothecary, Surgeon; purge, flux, launce, burn, ſaw:* I'll endure any thing in this World, if you can but keep Life and Soul together. When it comes to that once, 'tis not help me *off* with my Burden, but help me *up* with it.

FAB. 114. A Doctor and Patient with Sore Eyes.

A *Phyſician* undertakes a Woman, with ſore Eyes, upon the Terms of *No Cure, no Money.* His way was to dawb 'em quite up with Ointments, and while ſhe was in that pickle, to carry off a Spoon or a Porringer, or ſomewhat or other, at the End of his Viſit. The Woman's Eyes mended, and ſtill as ſhe came more and more to her ſelf again, there was every day leſs and leſs left in the Houſe to be ſeen. The *Doctor* came to her at laſt, and told her, Miſtreſs, ſays he, I have diſcharg'd my part, your Eyes are perfectly well again, and pray let me be paid now according to our Agreement. Alas, Sir, ſays ſhe, I'm a great deal worſe than I was the firſt Minute you undertook

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dertook me; for I could ſee Plate, Hangings, Paintings, and other Goods of Value about my Houſe, till you had the ordering of me; but I am now brought to ſuch a paſs, that I can ſee nothing at all.

The MORAL.

There are few good Offices done for other People, which the Benefactor does not hope to be the better himſelf for.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fancy is half Knavery, half Humour, and the Doctor's Part in't is no more than according to the common Practice of the World, in Law, as well as in Phyſick, when People make the Remedy worſe than the Diſeaſe; as when a Man ſpends the Fee-Simple of an Eſtate in a Conteſt for the Title. The Barber that pick'd the Gentleman's Pocket while he was waſhing of his Face, wrote after this Copy. The Moral holds forth this Matter of Advice to us, not to contract any Obligations raſhly; for good Offices in courſe are rather Baits and Snares, than Benefits; and there are ſome certain People, that a ſober Man would not venture the being beholden to. The poor Woman here, had her Jeſt for her Houſhold-Stuff; and the vain Satisfaction of paying her Phyſician with a Conceit for his Money. It minds me of the Orator, that was to teach a young Man Rhetorick, on Condition of double Pay upon the perfecting of him in his Profeſſion, and not a Penny before. The Maſter follow'd his Scholar cloſe, and came to him at laſt for his Money, according to the Bargain; the young Fellow begg'd him over and over to forbear it a-while, but could not prevail. He told him then, that there was nothing due to him; for if Rhetorick be (as you ſay) the Art or Power of Perſuaſion, and if I cannot prevail with you to forbear your Money, I am not Maſter of my Trade yet. This was the Woman's Way of Reaſoning with the Phyſician. The Doctor would have his Money for the curing of her Eyes, and the Woman ſhuffled it off that ſhe was not cur'd, for ſhe could ſee nothing at all, which was one Fallacy upon another.

FAB.

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FAB. 115. A Cat and Mice.

THERE was a Houſe mightily troubled with *Mice*, and a notable *Cat* there was, that time after time had pick'd up ſo many of 'em, that they agreed among themſelves to keep above in the Cieling; for they found that upon the plain Floor there was no Living for 'em. This ſpoil'd *Puſs*'s Sport, unleſs ſhe could find a way to trepan them down again: So ſhe leapt up to a Pin that was driven into the Wall, and there hung like a Pole-Cat in a Warren, to amuſe them. The *Mice* took notice of it, and one wiſer than the reſt ſtretched out his Neck to learn the Truth of the Matter. And ſo ſoon as ever he found how 'twas, Ah, ſays he, you may hang there till your Heart akes; for if you were but a Diſh-Clout, as you are a counterfeiting Devil of a *Cat*, here's not a Creature will come near ye.

The MORAL.

Let no Man lay himſelf at the Mercy of a known Enemy under any Shew or Pretence whatſoever; for he forfeits his Diſcretion, even though he ſhould happen to ſave his Carcaſe and his Fortune.

REFLECTION.

WHAT we cannot compaſs by Force, muſt be brought about by Invention and Addreſs; but then on the other hand, in all Caſes of Hazard, things ſhould be well weigh'd and examin'd before we truſt. This Fable is the Fiction of a Caſe not altogether incredible. 'Tis a common thing for an old Jade to counterfeit lame, for fear of hard riding; for a Duck to run flapping and fluttering away, as if ſhe were maim'd, to carry People from her young: As there's a Story of a *Fox* that was hard hunted, and hung himſelf up by the Teeth in a Warren among the Vermin to put the Dogs to a Loſs. Without any more Words, twenty Inſtances might be given to ſhew how near that which we call Impulſe or Inſtinct, comes to Reaſon; for the *Cat*'s Policy was no other, in truth, than what we call *ſleeping Dog-Sleep:* And there was

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the very ſame Fore-thought and Deſign in't too, which in a Conſtruction of Law and Equity paſſes for *Malice prepenſe.*

FAB. 116. An Ape and a Fox.

UPON the Deceaſe of a *Lion* of late famous Memory, the Beaſts met in Council to chuſe a King. There were ſeveral put up; but one was not of Make for a *King*, another wanted either Brains, or Strength, or Stature, or Humour, or ſomething elſe; but in fine, the *Buffoon-Ape* with his Grimaces and Gamboles carry'd it from the whole Field by I know not how many Voices. The *Fox* (being one of the Pretenders) ſtomach'd it extremely to ſee the Choice go againſt him, and preſently rounds the *New-elect* in the Ear, with a piece of ſecret Service that he could do him. Sir, ſays he, I have diſcover'd ſome hidden Treaſure yonder; but 'tis a Royalty that belongs to your Majeſty, and I have nothing to do with it. So he carry'd the *Ape* to take poſſeſſion: And what ſhould this Treaſure be, but a Bait in a Ditch. The *Ape* lays his Hand upon't, and the Trap ſprings and catches him by the Fingers. *Ah thou perfidious Wretch!* cries the *Ape*. Or thou ſimple Prince, rather, replies the *Fox*. You a Governour of others, with a Vengeance, that han't Wit enough to look to your own Fingers.

The MORAL.

Governours ſhould be Men of Buſineſs, rather than Pleaſure. There's one great Folly in making an ill Choice of a Ruler, and another in the Acceptance of it; for it expoſes Authority to Scorn.

REFLECTION.

RASHNESS, and Want of Conſideration, is ever unfortunate. Men ſhould not take a charge upon them that they are not fit for; as if ſinging, dancing, and ſhewing of Tricks, were Qualifications for a Governour. *Baudoin* ſays, That this Fable

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Fable ſhews not only the Envy and Malignity of the *Fox*; but the Imprudence of the Electors in the Choice of Miniſters and Officers that are not made for Buſineſs. Here's firſt an *Ape* made a King, for ſhewing Tricks, and making Fools Faces: and the *Fox* is then to put a ſlur upon him, in expoſing him for Sport to the Scorn of the People.

Here's an *Ape* choſen *King*, in Succeſſion to a *Lion*; which ſtands for a ſhort and a plain Repreſentation of the beſt and the worſt of Governments under the Dignity of the one, and the Indignity of the other. It ſets forth the Caſe and Unhappineſs of *elective Kingdoms*, where Canvaſſing and Faction has commonly too great a hand in the Election. Nor is there any wonder to ſee Drolls and Tumults advanc'd to Charges of Honour and Profit, where Ignorance and Popularity ſway the Choice: And nothing ſo fit as an *Ape* for the Commiſſion of State, where a Gambole, or a Grimace, paſſes for a qualifying Title to the Exerciſe of Power.

It is no wonder again, where People are ſo miſtaken in the Faculties and Capacities of Government, that they depart alſo from the Veneration that's due to it; and when the main Ends of it ſhall come to be diſappointed. For every *Jack-Pudding*, with *Æſop*'s *Fox* here, will be ridiculing palpable Weakneſſes, and expoſing thoſe (almoſt ſacred) Imperfections and Defects which they ought to cover. What's a Character of Honour upon the Shoulders of a Man that has neither a Soul anſwerable to't, nor a true Senſe of the Dignity, but a Mark ſet up for every common Fool to ſhoot his Bolt at! When *Apes* are in *Power*, there will never want *Foxes* to play upon them.

FAB. 117. A Smith and his Dog.

A *Blackſmith* took notice of a *Cur* he had, that would be perpetually ſleeping, ſo long as his Maſter was at his Hammer; but whenever he went to Dinner, the *Dog* would be ſure to make one. So he aſk'd the *Dog* the Reaſon on't. What's the Meaning of it, ſays he, that ſo long as I'm at the Forge you are ſtill taking your Nap; but ſo ſoon as my Chops begin to walk, yours muſt be walking too for Company? There's a time to ſleep (ſays the *Dog*) and a time to

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wake; and every thing is well done that is done in due ſeaſon.

The MORAL.

All Creatures do naturally look to the main Chance; that is to ſay, the Buſineſs of Food and Propagation.

REFLECTION.

THAT which Men do by Reaſon, Beaſts do by Inſtinct. There's no living without Food and Reſt; and Nature appoints the Seaſon both for the one and for the other. A *Dog* wakes to his Dinner, as a Man that's to travel next Day, does for his Journey and his Buſineſs. He lies down to ſleep with the Hour in his Head, and when the time comes, he needs neither Clock nor Cock to call him. Cuſtom puts Nature into a Method of expecting and attending all the Offices of Life at ſuch and ſuch certain Hours and Seaſons as we are us'd to; and there needed no more than this to make the *Maſter*'s *Dining-time* the *Dog*'s *Waking-time.*

FAB. 118. A Boaſting Mule.

THere was a *Favourite-Mule*, that was high-fed, and in the Pride of Fleſh and Metal, would ſtill be bragging of his Family and his Anceſtors. My Father (ſays he) was a Courſer, and tho' I ſay it, that ſhould not ſay it, I myſelf take after him. He had no ſooner ſpoke the Words, but he was put to the Trial of his Heels, and did not only ſhew himſelf a Jade; but in the very Heat of his Oſtentation, his Father fell a braying, which minded him of his Original, and the whole Field made ſport on't, when they found him to be the Son of an *Aſs.*

The MORAL.

A bragging Fool that's raiſed out of a Dunghil, and ſets up for a Man of Quality, is aſham'd of nothing in this World but of his own Father.

REFLECTION.

THIS touches the Caſe of thoſe mean Upſtarts, that when they come once to be preferred, forget their Fathers, and

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and have not the Wit to conſider how ſoon Fortune may ſet them down again where ſhe took 'em up; but yet at laſt, when they come to be minded of their Original, it makes many a proud Fool ſenſible of a ſcandalous Extraction, that has no Shame at all for a ſcandalous Life.

'Tis hardly ſafe to deſcant upon a *boaſting Mule* in a *Fable*, when there are ſo many of his Brethren in the World that will take it to themſelves. Nay, and over and above the ſelf-conceited Vanity of theſe Brutes, there are none ſo forward neither, to beſpatter Men of Blood and Quality, as thoſe that have moſt Reaſon to be aſhamed of their Deſcent. This Pride of Pedigree is eaſily run down, if there be not Power join'd to the Oſtentation: But where there is Authority given to the Folly, as well as to the Fool, the Indignation that it raiſes, makes the Inſolence inſupportable. Nothing daſh'd the Confidence of the Mule like the braying of the Aſs in the very Interim while he was dilating upon his Genealogy: As who ſhould ſay, *Remember your Father, Sirrah.* This comes to the Caſe of a *Spaniard* that was wonderfully upon the huff about his Extraction, and would needs prove himſelf of ſuch a Family by the ſpelling of his Name: A Cavalier in the Company, with whom he had the Controverſy, very civilly yielded him the Point; for (ſays he) I have examin'd the Records of a certain Houſe of Correction, and I find your Grandfather was whipt there by that Name. We have, in fine, a world of *boaſting Mules* among us, that don't care for being minded of their *braying Fathers:* But 'tis the Fate of theſe vain-glorious Fops to be thus met withal, and your counterfeit Men of Honour ſeldom come off better; wherefore let every Man look well about him before he boaſts of his Pedigree, to make ſure that there be not an *Aſs* in the Family.

FAB. 119. A Dog and a Wolf.

A *Wolf* took a *Dog* napping at his Maſter's Door, and when he was juſt about to worry him, the poor Creature begg'd hard only for a Reprieve. Alas (ſays he) I'm as lean at preſent as Carrion; but we have a Wedding at our Houſe within theſe two or three Days, that will plump me up you ſhall ſee with good Chear. Pray have but Patience 'till then, and

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when I'm in a little better Caſe, I'll throw myſelf in the very Mouth of you. The *Wolf* took his Word, and ſo let him go; but paſſing ſome few Days after by the ſame Houſe again, he ſpy'd the *Dog* in the *Hall*, and bad him remember his Promiſe. Hark ye, my Friend, ſays the *Dog*, whenever you catch me aſleep again on the wrong Side of the Door, never trouble your Head to wait for a Wedding.

The MORAL.

Experience works upon many Brutes more than upon ſome Men. They are not to be gull'd twice with the ſame Trick; and at the worſt, a bad ſhift is better than none.

REFLECTION.

'TIS good to provide againſt all Chances, both ſleeping and waking; for a Man cannot be too circumſpect, upon Condition on the other Hand, that his Caution do not make him over-ſollicitous. Paſt Dangers make us wiſer for the future: As the *Dog*, after he had been ſnapt at the Door, had the Wit to lie in the Hall; which tells us, that a wiſe Body is not to be caught twice by the ſame Snare and Trick. His Promiſe to the *Wolf* was a kind of a *Dog-Caſe of Conſcience*, and the *Wolf* play'd the Fool in taking his Word for that which he was not oblig'd to perform.

FAB. 120. A Lyon and a Bull.

IN the Days of Yore, when *Bulls* liv'd upon *Mutton*, there was a *Lyon* had a Deſign upon a mighty *Bull*, and gave him a very civil Invitation to come and ſup with him; for, ſays he, I have gotten a *Sheep*, and you muſt needs take Part on't. The *Bull* promiſed, and went; but ſo ſoon as ever he ſaw what a clutter there was with huge, over-grown Pots, Pans, and Spits, away he ſcowr'd immediately. The *Lyon* preſently call'd after him, and ask'd him, *whither in ſuch haſte?* Oh, ſays the *Bull*, 'tis high time for me to be jogging, when I ſee ſuch Preparation: For this Pro-

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viſion looks as if you were to have a *Bull* for your Supper, rather than a *Mutton*.

The MORAL.

When a Man has both an Intereſt and an Inclination to betray us, there's no truſting him.

REFLECTION.

THERE's no truſting to the fair Words and Countenances of bloody Men? He's ſure to be ruin'd, that lays himſelf at the Mercy of thoſe that live upon the Spoil. Their very Complements are Snares; as the *Lyon*'s Invitation of the *Bull* to ſup with him, was but the Cover of a Deſign he had to ſup upon the *Bull* himſelf.

FAB. 121. A Lyon in Love.

A *Lyon* was in Love with a Country Laſs, and deſir'd her Father's Conſent to have her in Marriage. The Anſwer he gave was churliſh enough. He'd never agree to't he ſaid, upon any Terms, to marry his Daughter to a Beaſt. The *Lyon* gave him a ſour Look upon't, which brought the Bumkin, upon ſecond Thoughts, to ſtrike up a Bargain with him, upon theſe Conditions: That his Teeth ſhould be drawn, and his Nails pair'd; for thoſe were Things, he ſaid, that the fooliſh Girl was terribly afraid of. The *Lyon* ſends for a Surgeon immediately to do the Work; (as what will not Love make a Body do?) and ſo ſoon as the Operation was over, he goes and challenges the Father upon his Promiſe. The Countryman ſeeing the *Lyon* diſarm'd, pluck'd up a good Heart, and with a ſwinging Cudgel ſo order'd the Matter, that he brake off the Match.

The MORAL.

An extravagant Love, conſults neither Life, Fortune, nor Reputation, but ſacrifices all that can be dear to a Man of Senſe and Honour, to the Tranſports of an inconſiderate Paſſion.

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REFLECTION.

THIS Fable will look well enough in the Moral, how fantaſtical ſoever it may appear at firſt Bluſh, in the Lines and Traces of it. Here's a *Beaſt* in Love with a *Virgin*; which is but a reverſe of the prepoſterous Paſſions we meet with frequently in the World, when reaſonable Creatures of both Sexes fall in Love with thoſe, that in the Alluſion may (almoſt without a Figure) paſs for Beaſts. There's nothing ſo fierce, or ſo ſavage, but Love will ſoften it; nothing ſo generous, but it will debauch it; nothing ſo ſharp-ſighted in other Matters, but it throws a Miſt before the Eyes on't. It puts the Philoſopher beſide his *Latin*; and to ſum up all in a little, where this Paſſion domineers, neither Honour, nor Virtue, is able to ſtand before it. The *Lyon*'s parting with his *Teeth*, and his *Claws*, in a Complement to his new Miſtreſs, is no more than what we ſee every Day exemplify'd in the Caſe of making over Eſtates and Jointures, with the Malice prepenſe all this while of holding their Noſes to the Grindſtone, and with the Girl's Father here, of jilting them at laſt.

FAB. 122. A Lyoneſs and a Fox.

A Numerous Iſſue paſſes in the World for a Bleſſing; and this Conſideration made a *Fox* caſt it in the Teeth of a *Lyoneſs*, that ſhe brought forth but one Whelp at a time. Very right, ſays the other, but then that *one* is a *Lyon*.

The MORAL.

'Tis a common Thing to value Things more by the Number, than by the Excellency of them.

REFLECTION.

THERE are more Fools in the World than wiſe Men, and more Knaves than honeſt Men: So that it is not Number, but Excellency, that inhances the Value of any Thing. The moſt copious Writers are commonly the arranteſt Scribblers; and in ſo much talking, the Tongue is apt to run before the Wit: *In many Words there is Folly, but a Word in Sea-*

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ſon is like Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver: Says the Oracle of Truth itſelf. And we have it from the ſame Authority, that our very *Prayers*, when they are loud and long, are in the Sight of Heaven no better than ſo much babbling; and that they have more in them of Hypocriſy and Oſtentation, than of Affection and Judgment. The great Creator of the Univerſe, whoſe ſingle *FIAT* was ſufficient to have made ten thouſand Worlds in the twinkling of an Eye, allowed himſelf ſix Days yet for the finiſhing of his Purpoſe: Paus'd upon every Day's Work, conſider'd of it, review'd it, and pronounc'd it *good*, and ſo proceeded. Right Reaſon moves, in ſome Proportion, by the ſame Steps and Degrees with this inimitable Examble: It deliberates, projects, executes, weighs and approves. Nature does nothing in a huddle, and human Prudence ſhould govern itſelf by the ſame Meaſures. A Plurality of Voices, 'tis true, carries the Queſtion in all our Debates, but rather as an Expedient for Peace, than an Eviction of the Right; for there are Millions of Errors to one Reaſon, and Truth; and a *Point* is not eaſy to be hit: In a word, the old Saying is a ſhrewd one; that *wiſe Men propoſe, and Fools determine.* Take the World to pieces, and there are a thouſand Sots to one Philoſopher: And as many Swarms of Flies to one Eagle. *Lyons* do not come into the World in *Litters.*

FAB. 123. Two Cocks fighting.

TWO *Cocks* fought a Duel for the Maſtery of a Dunghill. He that was worſted ſlunk away into a Corner, and hid himſelf; t'other takes his Flight up to the Top of the Houſe, and there, with crowing and clapping of his Wings, makes Proclamation of his Victory. An *Eagle* made a ſtoop at him in the middle of his Exaltation, and carry'd him away. By this Accident, the other *Cock* had a good riddance of his Rival; took Poſſeſſion of the Province they contended for, and had all his Miſtreſſes to himſelf again.

The MORAL.

A wiſe and a generous Enemy will make a modeſt Uſe of a Victory; for Fortune is variable.

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REFLECTION.

THIS Combat of *two Cocks* for a *Dunghil*, may be moraliz'd by an Application of it to the Competition of the greateſt Princes, for Empire and Dominion. For what's the World more than a Maſs of Dirt on the one hand, as to the Subject of the Quarrel; and there's the ſame Thirſt of Blood too, betwixt the Combatants, on the other. We have again, the various chance of War exhibited on both ſides; for 'tis with *Kings*, as with theſe *Cocks*. He that's a Victor this Moment, may be a Slave the next: And this Volubility of human Affairs, what is it but either the Sport, or the Judgment of Providence, in the Puniſhment of Arrogance and Oppreſſion! We are given finally to underſtand, that as the Levity of Fortune leaves us nothing to truſt to, or to preſume upon, ſo at the ſame Time there's nothing to deſpair of. The *conquering Cock* was *cut* off in the very *Song* of his *Triumph*: and the *conquer'd* re-inſtated in the Poſſeſſion of his former Pretences.

FAB. 124. A Fawn and a Stag.

A *Fawn* was reaſoning the Matter with a *Stag*, why he ſhould run away from the *Dogs* ſtill; for, ſays he, you are bigger and ſtronger than they. If you have a Mind to ſtand, y'are better arm'd; and then y'are fleeter if you'll run for't. I cannot imagine what ſhould make you ſo fearful of a Company of pitiful Curs. Nay, ſays the *Stag*, 'tis all true that you ſay, and 'tis no more than I ſay to myſelf many *Times*; and yet whatever the Matter is, let me take up what Reſolution I pleaſe, when I hear the *Hounds* once, I cannot but betake myſelf to my Heels.

The MORAL.

'Tis one Thing to know what we ought to do, and another thing to execute it; and to bring up our Practice to our Philoſophy: He that is naturally a Coward, is not to be made Valiant by Counſel.

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REFLECTION.

NATURAL Infirmities are well nigh inſuperable; and Men that are Cowards by Complexion, are hardly ever to be made valiant by Diſcourſe. But they are conſcious yet of the Scandal of that Weakneſs, and may make a ſhift perhaps to reaſon themſelves now and then into a kind of temporary Reſolution, which they have not the Power afterwards to go through with. We find it to be much the ſame Caſe in the Government of our Affections and Appetites, that it is in theſe bodily Frailties of Temperament and Complexion. Providence has arm'd us with Powers and Faculties, ſufficient for the confounding all the Enemies we have to encounter. We have Life and Death before us: That is to ſay, Good and Evil; and we know which is which too: Beſide that it is at our Choice to take or to refuſe. So that we underſtand what we ought to do; but when we come to deliberate, we play booty againſt ourſelves: And while our Judgments and our Conſciences direct us one way, our Corruptions hurry us another. The *Stag*, in fine, is a thorough Emblem of the State and Infirmity of Mankind. We are both of us arm'd and provided, either for the Combat, or for Flight. We ſee the Danger, we ponder upon it, and now and then by Fits, take up ſome faint Reſolutions to outbrave and break thorough it: But in the Concluſion, we ſhrink upon the Trial; We betake ourſelves from our Heads to our Heels; from Reaſon to Fleſh and Blood; from our Strength to our Weakneſſes, and ſuffer under one common Fate.

FAB. 125. Jupiter and a Bee.

A *Bee* made *Jupiter* a Preſent of a Pot of Honey, which was ſo kindly taken, that he bad her aſk what ſhe would, and it ſhould be granted her. The *Bee* deſir'd, that wherever ſhe ſhould ſet her Sting, it might be mortal. *Jupiter* was loath to leave Mankind at the Mercy of a little ſpiteful Inſect, and ſo bad her have a care how ſhe kill'd any body; for what Perſon ſoever ſhe attack'd, if ſhe left her Sting behind her, it ſhould coſt her her Life.

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The MORAL.

Spiteful Prayers are no better than Curſes in a Diſguiſe, and the granting of them turns commonly to the Miſchief of the Petitioner.

REFLECTION.

CRUELTY and Revenge are directly contrary to the very Nature of the divine Goodneſs, and the Miſchief that is deſign'd for other People returns commonly upon the Head of the Author.

How many Men are there in the World, that put up as malicious Prayers in Chriſtian Aſſemblies to the true God, as the *Bee* does to *Jupiter* here in the Fable! And Prayers too againſt their very Patrons and Maſters; their Benefactors, that entertain, feed, and protect them. Will Heaven hear theſe Prayers, ſhall we think, (or Curſes rather) and not puniſh them? This *Bee* did not pray for a Power to kill, without a previous Diſpoſition and Deſign to put that venomous Power in Execution. She had Miſchief in her Heart already, and only wanted ſome deſtructive Faculty, anſwerable to her Will: And ſo pray'd to *Jupiter*, as Men do in many Caſes to the *Jehovah*, for the Bleſſing of an Ability to commit Murder.

FAB. 126. Waſps in a Honey-Pot.

THere was a whole ſwarm of *Waſps* got into a *Honey-Pot*, and there they cloy'd and clamm'd themſelves, till there was no getting out again; which brought them to underſtand in the Concluſion, that they had paid dear for their Sweetmeats.

The MORAL.

Looſe Pleaſures become neceſſary to us by the frequent Uſe of them, and when they come once to be habitual, there's no getting clear again.

REFLECTION.

THESE *Waſps* in a *Honey-Pot*, are ſo many ſenſual Men that are plung'd in their Luſts and Pleaſures; and when they are once glued to them, 'tis a very hard Matter to work themſelves

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ſelves out. We have an Emblem here of thoſe fooliſh voluptuous Men, that ſacrifice the Peace, the Honour, the Comfort, and all other ſubſtantial Satisfactions of Life, to the Temptation of a liquoriſh Palate. And ſo for the Liberties of Wine, Women, feaſting and jolly Company; the Pomp and Splendor of Courts and Parades, &c. It comes all to the ſame Point; for when Men are once dipt; what with the Engagements of Senſe, Cuſtom, Facility; nay, I might have ſaid with the very Shame of departing from what they have given themſelves up to, they go on with *Æſop*'s Flies, till they are ſtifled in their very Pleaſures.

FAB. 127. A Young Man and a Swallow.

A *Prodigal young Fellow* that had ſold his Clothes to his very Shirt, upon the Sight of a *Swallow* that came before her Time, made Account that Summer was now at Hand, and away went that too. There happen'd after this, a Fit of bitter cold Weather, that almoſt ſtarv'd both the *Bird* and the *Spendthrift*. Well (ſays the Fellow to himſelf) this Sot of a *Swallow* has been the Ruin of us both.

The MORAL.

Extraordinary Caſes are excepted out of the general Rules of Life: So that irregular Accidents and Inſtances are not to be drawn into Preſident.

REFLECTION.

EVERY Man ſtands or falls to his own Reaſon; and it is no excuſe to ſay that I was miſled by Example, or Conjecture, when I had the Means before me of informing myſelf better. If this Prodigal had but conſulted the Almanack or his own Experience, it would have ſet him right in the Courſe of the Seaſons; or the old Proverb, methinks, might have ſatisfy'd him, that *one Swallow makes no Summer*, unleſs the Fable perchance ſhould fall out to be the ancienter of the two, and the Occaſion of that Proverb: But there are certain Extravagants among People of all Sizes and Profeſſions, and there muſt be no drawing of general Rules from particular Exceptions.

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FAB. 128. Mercury and a Carpenter.

A *Carpenter* dropt his Ax into a River, and put up a Prayer to *Mercury* to help him to't again. *Mercury* div'd for it, and brought him up a golden one; but that was not it, the Fellow ſaid: And ſo he plung'd a ſecond Time, and fetch'd up another of ſilver. He ſaid that was not it neither. He try'd once again, and then up comes an Ax with a wooden Handle, which the *Carpenter* ſaid, was the very Tool that he had loſt. Well! (ſays *Mercury*) thou art ſo juſt a poor Wretch, that I'll give thee all three now for thy Honeſty. This Story was got into every body's Mouth, and the Rumour being ſpread, it came into a Knave's Head to try the ſame Experiment over again. And ſo away goes he, and down he ſits, ſniv'ling and yelping upon the Bank of a River, that he had dropt his Ax into the Water there. *Mercury* that was at hand, it ſeems, heard his Lamentation, and dipping once again for his Ax, as he had done for the other; up he brings him a golden Ax, and ask's the Fellow if that were it: Yes, yes, ſays he, this is it. O thou impudent Sot, cries *Mercury*; to think of putting Tricks upon him that ſees through the very Heart of thee.

The MORAL.

The great Searcher of our Hearts is not to be impos'd upon, but he will take his own time either to reward or puniſh.

REFLECTION.

HEAVEN hates Diſſemblers and Hypocrites, as it loves Men of Truth and Integrity. He that fancies he can impoſe upon *Jupiter*, takes him for a *Cully*.

Baudoin moralizes the Matter thus; that *Mercury* is call'd upon, and ſent as the Patron of Artizans. The Practice of Truth and Juſtice can never fail of a Reward in the Concluſion; and the bringing in of a God to the Relief of a poor Man, ſhews that it is from Heaven that the Needy are to expect Redreſs.

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Here are two Men at their Prayers; the one a downright plain Dealer, and the other a trimming designing Hypocrite. The former has a Reverence in his Heart for the Power that he invokes; he is not to be corrupted with Gold or Silver. He stands in awe of his Conscience, and makes good his Profession with his Practice; receiving in the End the Blessing of a Reward for his Integrity. The other worships with his Eyes, his Hands, and his Voice; but all this is only to cover the Cheat of a rotten Heart. He acknowledges a Divine Power, but at the same time he makes a mock on't, and provokes it. He stands convinc'd that God knows all the Secrets of his Heart, and yet tells him a lye to his Face. There is no such Mask, in fine, for the greatest of Impieties, as a Veil of Religion. *This praying Carpenter here would have made* Mercury *a Broker to his Knavery:* And we have a world of praying Christians too that write after his Copy.

FAB. 129. A Fox and Grapes.

THERE was a Time when a *Fox* would have ventur'd as far for a Bunch of *Grapes* as for a Shoulder of Mutton; and it was a *Fox* of those Days, and that Palate, that stood gaping under a Vine, and licking his Lips at a most delicious Cluster of Grapes that he had spy'd out there; he fetch'd a hundred and a hundred Leaps at it, till at last, when he was as weary as a Dog, and found that there was no Good to be done; *Hang 'em*, (says he) *they are as sour as Crabs*; and so away he went, turning off the Disappointment with a Jest.

FAB. 130. A Wolf and a Lion.

AS a *Wolf* and a *Lion* were abroad upon Adventure together, Hark (says the *Wolf*) don't you hear the Bleating of Sheep? My Life for yours, Sir, I'll go fetch ye Purchase. Away he goes, and follows his Ear, till he came just under the Sheepfold; but it was so well fortify'd, and the Dogs asleep so near

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it, that back he comes ſneaking to the *Lion* again, and tells him, There are *Sheep* yonder (ſays he) 'tis true, but they are as lean as Carrion, and we had e'en as good let 'em alone till they have more Fleſh on their Backs.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

'Tis Matter of Skill and Addreſs, when a Man cannot honeſtly compaſs what he would be at, to appear eaſy and indifferent upon all Repulſes and Diſappointments.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a Point of good Diſcretion to make a Virtue of Neceſſity, and to content our ſelves without what we cannot get, tho' we have never ſo much a mind to't; for 'tis a Turn of Art to ſeem to deſpiſe what we cannot compaſs, and to put off a Miſcarriage with a Jeſt: Beſide, that it is better to have People think a Man could gain ſuch or ſuch a Point if he would, than that he would, but cannot.

The *Fox*'s Put-off in this Fable is a moſt inſtructive Point of Philoſophy towards the Government of our Lives, provided that his Fooling may be made our Earneſt; as it would be much for our Honour and Quiet ſo to be. No Man ſhall ever be miſerable, if he can but keep clear of the Snare of Hopes and Fears; and *antidote* himſelf againſt the Flatteries of the one, and the Alarms of the other. It is a high Point of a Chriſtian, as well as of Civil Prudence; for a Man to ſay thus to himſelf before-hand of a Thing that he has a mind to, [*If I cannot get it, I ſhall be better without it.*] Or if he can but ſay after the miſſing of it, [*It was better loſt than found.*] Now if we cannot arrive at the pitch of making this Indifference a Virtue indeed, we may, however ſo diſguiſe it yet (tho' in a caſe of Neceſſity) as to make it look like one: Not but that it would be much better if we could attain to the Perfection it ſelf, as well as we may in Appearance cover the Diſgrace.

I knew a fine Lady once, and ſhe was a Woman of Senſe, Quality, and a very generous Mind. She lay under Mortifications in abundance, and yet was never obſerv'd to be peeviſh or angry upon any Provocation whatſoever; and the Reaſon ſhe gave for't was this, [*It will make me look old.*] So that it is not ſo much the want of Ability to maſter our Affections, as

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the want of Reſolution to go thro' with the Experiment. This is a way to keep us firm in all Trials: Or if he, that upon a true Principle lives without any Diſquiet of Thought, may be ſaid to be happy, it improves all our Diſappointments into Providences, when he can let fall the vain Deſire of any thing without feeling the loſs of it. It comes all to a caſe now, upon the force of the Moral, whether we quit, as the *Fox* did the *Grapes*, becauſe he could not come at them; or as the *Wolf* did the *Sheep*, becauſe he durſt not venture upon 'em. But be it either the one or the other, there's a Virtue and a Bleſſing in't, both ways, in getting the better of our Paſſions: which might certainly be done, if we had but half the Tenderneſs for our Minds and Conſciences, that we have for our Carcaſſes and our Fortunes.

FAB. 131. A Boy and a Snake.

A *Boy* was groping for Eels, and laid his hand upon a *Snake*, but the *Snake*, finding it was pure Simplicity, and not Malice, admoniſh'd him of his Miſtake: Keep your ſelf well while you are well, ſays the *Snake*; for if you meddle with me, you'll repent your Bargain.

The MORAL.

'Tis the Intention, morally ſpeaking, that makes the Action good or bad; and even Brutes themſelves, will put a Difference betwixt Harms of Ill-Will and Miſchance.

REFLECTION.

'TIS Wiſdom as well as Juſtice, to diſtinguiſh betwixt Actions of Miſadventure and of Deſign. Every thing has at leaſt two Handles to't, and both Parts ſhould be well examined, before a Man can make either a warrantable Judgment, or a prudent Choice. The *Boy*'s Miſtake here is no more than what we have every day before our Eyes in common Practice; and that which the *Snake* ſays to the *Boy*, every Man's Reaſon ſays to himſelf. What is his taking a *Snake* for an *Eel*, but our taking Vice for Virtue? He did it unwarily: And ſo do we many times too. He took the one for the other, becauſe

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they were so much alike, that at first view he could not distinguish them. And are not Virtue and Vice as like, in several Instances, as one Egg is to another? How shall a Man know, at first Blush, Hypocrisy from Piety; true Charity from Ostentation? or the Devil himself with a Glory about him, from an Angel of Light? Time and Examination may do much, but the *Boy* was groping, and in the dark, and so might well be mistaken. The *Snake* told him of his Error, and the Danger of it, but pass'd it over because there was no *Ill-Will* in't. This is the very Case of our Reason to us, in all our Misdoings. It checks us for what's past; and advises us for the future to have a care of false Appearances: Just as the *Snake* did to the *Child* here.

FAB. 132. A Fowler and a Partridge.

A *Fowler* had taken a *Partridge*, and the Bird offer'd her self to decoy as many of her Companions into the Snare as she could, upon Condition that he would give her Quarter. No, says he, you shall die the rather for that very Reason, because you would be so base as to betray your Friends to save your self.

The MORAL.

Of all scandalous and lewd Offices, that of a Traitor is certainly the basest; for it undermines the very Foundations of Society.

REFLECTION.

TREACHERY is a Sin against common Faith, Honour, and human Society; a Villany, in short, that's never to be approv'd, how convenient soever in some Cases to be made use of. The *Fowler*'s here, was a wise and generous Resolution, upon the *Partridge*'s Proposal; for all Traytors are mercenaries; and whoever betrays one Master for Advantage, will betray another for a better Price. But as all manner of Treachery is abominable in the Sight both of God and Man, and stands reprehended in this Fable; so there are certain Kinds and Degrees of it, that are yet more execrable and odious, one than another. There is first a Treachery by Complexion, which was the *Partridge*'s Case. Her Heart fail'd her,

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her, and she would fain have compounded for her own Life, by the betraying of her Fellows. This was an unhappy Infirmity; but the Weakness all this while, does not excuse the Perfidy, though it may seem in some measure to extenuate the Crime, by the poor Creature's lying under almost an insuperable Frailty. The *Fowler* however made an Example of her for a Terror to others. Now if a Treachery of this Quality be so unpardonable, what shall we say to those *Judases* that dip in the Dish with their Masters, and then for so many Pieces of Silver deliver them up to be crucify'd? What shall we say to those that sell their Country, their Souls and their Religion, for Money, and rate Divinity at so much a Pound? And then to consummate the Wickedness, finish the Work with Malice that they began with Avarice.

FAB. 133. A Hare and a Tortoise.

WHAT a dull heavy Creature (says a *Hare*) is this same *Tortoise!* And yet (says the *Tortoise*) I'll run with you for a Wager. 'Twas *done and done*, and the *Fox*, by Consent, was to be the Judge. They started together, and the *Tortoise* kept jogging on still, till he came to the End of the Course. The *Hare* laid himself down about Midway, and took a Nap; for, says he, I can fetch up the *Tortoise* when I please: But he over-slept himself, it seems, for when he came to wake, though he scudded away as fast as 'twas possible, the *Tortoise* got to the Post before him, and won the Wager.

The MORAL.

Up and be doing, *is an edifying Text; for Action is the Business of Life, and there's no Thought of ever coming to the End of our Journey in time, if we sleep by the way.*

REFLECTION.

UNNECESSARY Delays in all pressing Affairs are but just so much time lost, beside the hazard of intervening Contingencies that may endanger a total Disappointment. Let not the Work of *to Day* be put off till *to Morrow:* For the Fu-

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ture is uncertain; and he, that lies down to ſleep in the middle of Buſineſs that requires Action, does not know whether he ſhall live to wake again: Or with the *Hare* in the Fable here, out-ſleep his Opportunity. A plodding Diligence brings us ſooner to our Journey's End, than a fluttering Way of advancing by Starts and by Stops; for 'tis Perſeverance alone that can carry us thorough-ſtitch.

FAB. 134. Apples and Horſe-Turds.

UPon a very great Fall of Rain, the Current carry'd away a huge Heap of *Apples*, together with a Dunghill that lay in the Water-courſe. They floated a good while together like Brethren and Companions; and as they went thus dancing down in the Stream, the *Horſe-Turds* would be every Foot crying out ſtill, *Alack-a-day! How We Apples ſwim!*

FAB. 135. A Peach, an Apple, and a Blackberry.

THERE happen'd a Controverſy once betwixt a *Peach* and an *Apple*, which was the fairer Fruit of the two. They were ſo loud in their Diſcourſe, that a *Blackberry*, from the next Hedge, over-heard them. Come (ſays the *Blackberry*) we are *all Friends*, and pray let's have no jangling among ourſelves.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

Every Thing would be thought greater in the World than it is; and the Root of it is this, that it firſt thinks itſelf ſo.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a Vanity common in the World, for every pretending Coxcomb to make himſelf one of the Party ſtill with his Betters. They cry [*We*] to every Thing, and make themſelves neceſſary upon all Occaſions, and to all Purpoſes and People; when upon the Truth of the Matter, they are found to be good for juſt nothing at all.

[*We*]

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[*We*] *Apples* cry the *Horſe-Turds*. [We] the King's Officers, cries the Fellow that carries Guts to the Bears. [We] cries the Scum of the Nation to the Bench, to the Court, to the City, to the Church, to Parliaments, and Councils. There's nothing ſo great, but the little People cry [We] to't ſtill. [We'll] do this, and [We'll] do that, and [We'll] undertake for this and t'other. This is in a familiar Way, the common Style of the licentious Multitude, to the Scandal of all honourable Commiſſions, and of thoſe that manage them. And this Humour of [*Weing*] holds as well in Matters of State, and of Underſtanding, as in the Point of Honour and Quality. 'Twas [*We*] in the Perſons of the Fiſh-Wives and the Broom-Men. [*We*] again in the Reſolutions of *Billingſgate*, and *Grub-ſtreet*, that took upon them to preſcribe in Matters of Religion and Government. [We] won't loſe our Religion, was the Cry of every ignorant Atheiſt. [We'll] ſtand up for our Properties was the Beggar's Song that liv'd upon the Alms-Basket. And [We] for our Liberties, cry the Slaves of all Times and Intereſts; nay, and none ſo ſtrait-lac'd as common Cheats upon the Topick of Conſcience. And ſo it was [We] again in the Name of the Multitude, that did every Thing that was thought worth the doing. Now if the Dregs of the People will be opening, and crying [We] to every Thing; the *Mobile* has a wide Mouth, and there's no ſtopping it. But the Arrogance of the Rabble aſſuming at this Rate, is nothing to the Meanneſs of their Superiors, when they ſhall deſcend to keep ſuch Company; or to make Uſe of ſuch Tools or Engines. 'Tis not half ſo bad for the *Apples* to cry [We] *Horſe-Turds*, as it would be for Men of State, and Cabal, to cry [We] *Tinkers* and *Carr-men*. But this is a Suppoſition, not to enter ſo much as into the Thought of any Man of Senſe or Honour. This Fable will alſo bear as edifying and as pertinent a Moral, in the Inverſion, as it does the other Way. *We Rogues* on the *one* Hand, is every Jot as *emphatical*, as *We Princes* on the other.

FAB. 136. A Mole and her Dam.

MOther (ſays a *Mole* to her *Dam*) *here's a ſtrange ſmell methinks*. And then ſhe was at it again, *there's a Mulberry-Tree I perceive*. And ſo a third Time, *what a clattering of Hammers do I hear*. Daughter, ſays the

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old one, you have now quite betray'd yourſelf; for I thought you had wanted only one Senſe, and now I find you want three; for you can neither hear, nor ſmell, any more than you can ſee.

The MORAL.

Men labour under many Imperfections that nobody would take Notice of, if themſelves were not over-ſolicitous to conceal.

REFLECTION.

BOASTERS are naturally Falſifiers, and the People of all others, that put their Shams the worſt together. Their Imperfections would not be half ſo much taken Notice of, if their own Vanity did not make Proclamation of them; as a blind Lady that I knew, was never well, but when ſhe was diſcourſing of Colours. *'Tis a ſtrange Thing, the Impudence of ſome Women!* Was a Word often in the Mouth of a preciſe Dame, who herſelf was as common as the King's Highway. I knew another that was never without Limon-pill in her Mouth, to correct an unſavoury Vapour of her own, and yet would be perpetually inveighing againſt foul Breaths. Now this Way of covering Defects, Scandals or Inconveniences, is the only Way of expoſing them.

FAB. 137. Waſps, Partridges, and a Husbandman.

A Flight of *Waſps*, and a Covey of *Partridges* that were hard put to't for Water, went to a *Farmer*, and begg'd a Soup of him to quench their Thirſt. The *Partridges* offered to dig his Vineyard for't, and the *Waſps* to ſecure him from Thieves. Pray hold your Hand, ſays the good Man; I have Oxen and Dogs that do me theſe Offices already, without ſtanding upon Terms. And therefore it will become me to provide for them in the firſt Place.

The MORAL.

Charity begins at Home, *but the neceſſary Duty of it in one Place does not diſcharge the Chriſtian Exerciſe of it in another.*

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REFLECTION.

CHARITY is a human, as well as a chriſtian Virtue, and there is a Place for it, even upon Brutes, under the Duty of Tenderneſs and good Nature, as well as upon Men; but ſtill with a Diſtinction by Way of Preference, that it is to be employ'd in the firſt Place upon thoſe that have the faireſt Right to't: 'Tis one Thing, I muſt confeſs, to condition for a good Office, and another Thing to do it *gratis*; ſo that the Husbandman took the Propoſal by the right Handle in that Reſpect: But his being provided of Servants already to do his Work, was no Excuſe for his want of Charity to relieve his diſtreſſed Neighbour.

FAB. 138. Jupiter and a Serpent.

Jupiter had Preſents made him upon his *Wedding-Day*, greater or leſs, from all living Creatures. A *Serpent* brought him a *Roſe* in his Mouth for an Offering. The *Thing* was acceptable enough, but not the *Preſenter*; for (ſays *Jupiter*) though Gifts are welcome to me, of themſelves, I muſt not yet receive any from a *Serpent*.

The MORAL.

He that receives a Preſent, contracts an Obligation; which a Body would be aſhamed of in the Caſe of an ill Man; for it looks towards making a Friendſhip with them.

REFLECTION.

A good Man would not willingly lie under any Obligation to a Perſon of a lewd Character and Converſation; for beſide the Danger he incurs, it would not be for his Credit neither, where Preſents are Scandals, and rather Snares than Benefits. 'Tis a kind of Incumbrance upon the Freedom of a generous Mind, to be in Debt to an ill Man, even upon any Score whatſoever, that does but carry the Face of good Will, or Reſpect; for 'tis a Debt that a Man's both aſham'd and weary of, 'till 'tis paid off. He lives uneaſily under the Burden of it, and conſequently it is the Debt of all others that ought firſt to be anſwered. And there's no cancelling the Bonds of Honour and Juſtice. Kindneſſes are to be paid *in ſpecie*

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as well as Money. That is to ſay, there muſt be Affection in the Return, as well as Juſtice. Now as there can be no true Friendſhip betwixt a good Man and a wicked Man, there ſhould be no intercourſe betwixt them that looks like Friendſhip, and therefore the leſs Commerce the better. As *Jupiter*, we ſee, would have nothing to do with the *Serpent*.

FAB. 139. A Flea and a Man.

A Fellow finding ſomewhat prick him, popt his Finger upon the Place, and it prov'd to be a *Flea*. What art thou, ſays he, for an Animal, to ſuck thy Livelihood out of my Carcaſs? Why 'tis the Livelihood (ſays the *Flea*) that Nature has allotted me, and my ſtinging is not mortal neither. Well, ſays the Man, but 'tis troubleſome however: And now I have ye, I'll ſecure ye for ever hurting me again, either little or much.

The MORAL.

Live and let live, *is the Rule of common Juſtice; but if People will be troubleſome on the one hand, the Obligation is diſcharg'd on the other.*

REFLECTION.

IT is as natural for a *Man* to kill a *Flea*, as it is for a *Flea* to bite a *Man*. There's a kind of Self-Preſervation on both Sides, and without any Malice on either Hand. The *Flea* cannot live without *Nouriſhment*, nor the *Man* without *Reſt*. So that here's only a preſent Diſpatch on the one hand, to prevent a lingring Death on the other, (as a reſtleſs Life is in Truth no better.) There are in the World as many Illuſtrations of this Fable, as there are Inſtances of petulant, pragmatical, and impertinent People that break in upon Men of Government and Buſineſs. *Diſtractions* have much in them of *Flea-bitings*; that is to ſay, they keep us waking, and hinder our Repoſe. The *Flea* thought it hard to ſuffer Death for an Importunity: But to a Man that knows how to value his Time and his Quiet, one Importunity upon the Neck of another, is the killing of a Man alive, and the very worſt of Deaths.

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FAB. 140. A Flea and Hercules.

THere was a Fellow, that upon a *Flea-biting* call'd out to *Hercules* for Help. The *Flea* gets away, and the Man expoſtulates upon the Matter. Well, *Hercules*; (ſays he) you that would not take my Part againſt a ſorry *Flea*, will never ſtand by me in a Time of Need, againſt a more powerful Enemy.

The MORAL.

We neglect God in greater Matters, and petition him for Trifles, nay, and take pet at laſt if we cannot have our Askings.

REFLECTION.

'TIS an ill Habit to turn Offices and Duties of Piety into Matters and Words only of Courſe; and to ſquander away our Wiſhes and our Prayers upon paltry Fooleries, when the great Concerns of Life and Death, Heaven and Hell, lie all at ſtake. Who but a Madman, that has ſo many neceſſary and capital Duties of Chriſtianity to think of, would ever have made a Deliverance from a *Flea-biting* a part of his *Litany?* It makes our Devotions ridiculous, to be ſo unfeeling on the one ſide, and ſo over-ſenſible and ſolicitous on the other. By this fooliſh and impertinent Way of our proceeding toward the Almighty, Men ſlide by little and little into ſome ſort of doubt, if not a direct Disbelief and Contempt of his Power. And then with the Country-fellow here, if we cannot obtain every vain Thing we ask, our next Buſineſs is to take pet at the Refuſal, nay, and in Revenge to give over praying for good and all; and ſo to renounce Heaven for a *Flea-biting*.

FAB. 141. A Man and two Wives.

IT was now *Cuckow* Time, and a certain *middle-ag'd Man*, that was half grey, half brown, took a fancy to marry two Wives, of an Age one under another, and happy was the Woman that could pleaſe him beſt. They took mighty Care of him to all manner of Purpoſes,

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poſes, and ſtill as they were combing the good Man's Head, they'd be picking out here and there a Hair to make it all of a Colour. The matronly Wife, ſhe pluck'd out all the *brown* Hairs, and the younger the *white*: So that they left the Man in the Concluſion no better than a *bald Buzzard* betwixt them.

The MORAL.

'Tis a much harder Thing to pleaſe two Wives, than two Maſters; and he's a bold Man that offers at it.

REFLECTION.

MARRIAGES are govern'd, rather by an over-ruling Fatality, than by any Solemnity of Choice and Judgment; though 'tis a hard Matter to find out a Woman, even at the beſt, that's of a juſt ſcantling for her Age, Perſon, Humour, and Fortune to make a Wife of. This Fable preſents us with one ſingle Diſparity, that is of itſelf ſufficient, without a more than ordinary Meaſure of Virtue and Prudence, to make a Man miſerable and ridiculous. I ſpeak of a Diſparity of Years, which in the Moral, takes in all other Diſproportions. The one's too *young*, t'other too *old*; to ſhew us that Marriage is out of Seaſon if it does not hit the very critical Point betwixt them. 'Tis much with Wedlock, as it is with our ſovereign Cordials and Antidotes. There go a thouſand Ingredients to the making of the Compoſition: But then if they be not tim'd, proportion'd, and prepar'd according to Art, 'tis a Clog to us rather than a Relief. So that it would have been well, if Nature had preſcrib'd the *Dos* of Woman's Fleſh, as ſhe has determin'd the *Neceſſity* of it.

FAB. 142. Two Frogs that wanted Water.

UPon the drying of a *Lake*, *two Frogs* were forc'd to quit, and to ſeek for Water elſewhere. As they were upon the Search, they diſcover'd a very deep Well. Come, (ſays one to t'other) let us e'en go down here, without looking any further. You ſay well, ſays her Companion; but what if the Water ſhould fail us here too? How ſhall we get out again?

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The MORAL.

'Tis good Advice to look before we leap.

REFLECTION.

HASTY Reſolutions are ſeldom fortunate, and it is a piece of neceſſary Prudence, for a Man, before he reſolves any thing, to conſider what may be the Conſequences of it.

We are taught by the Providence of theſe *Frogs*, to conſider the End of Things before we reſolve upon the Means; for when the Die is caſt, 'tis too late to wiſh for another Chance. In our Deliberations what to do, we ſhould diſtinguiſh betwixt lawful and unlawful, prudential and fooliſh, a leſs preſent Good, and a Conſequence of greater Evils, that we be not betray'd by the fair Appearance of Things ſpecious; Frauds and Fallacies, glittering Out-ſides, *&c.* into Inconveniencies and Miſtakes.

When a Man wants any thing, let him look for't in Time, and conſider well before-hand what occaſion he has for't, and upon what Terms it is to be had; for there may be ſuch Conditions that a Man would not comply with, even for the ſaving or redeeming of his Life. There are other Caſes where a Man muſt part with more for the getting of a Thing, than that Thing is worth. Some again, where a Body runs the riſque of an abſolute Ruin, for the gaining of a preſent Supply: Wherefore there's no Remedy either way, without a ſtrict Calculation of the Profit or Loſs on both ſides. I want Money, but I will not make myſelf a Slave for't. I want a Friend at Court, but I will not forfeit the Character of a Man of Honour, or the Conſcience of a Chriſtian and an honeſt Man, to purchaſe ſuch a Friend. I am in Priſon, but I will not play the Knave to ſet myſelf at Liberty. Theſe are all neceſſary Deliberations upon the Matter here in Queſtion. Let us ſee how we ſhall get *out* again, ſays the *Frog*, before we go *in*.

FAB. 143. A Dog and a Cock upon a Journey.

A *Dog* and a *Cock* took a Journey together. The *Dog* kennell'd in the Body of a hollow Tree, and the *Cock* rooſted at Night upon the Boughs. The *Cock*

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Cock crow'd about Midnight (at his uſual Hour) which brought a *Fox* that was abroad upon the hunt, immediately to the Tree; and there he ſtood licking of his Lips at the *Cock*, and wheedling him to get him down. He proteſted he never heard ſo angelical a Voice ſince he was born; and what would not he do now, to hug the Creature that had given him ſo admirable a Serenade! Pray, ſays the *Cock*, ſpeak to the Porter below to open the Door, and I'll come down to ye: The *Fox* did as he was directed, and the *Dog* preſently ſeiz'd and worry'd him.

The MORAL.

The main Buſineſs of the World is nothing but ſharping and putting Tricks upon one another by Turns.

REFLECTION.

'TIS good Diſcretion, when a Body has to do with an Adverſary, that is either too crafty, or too ſtrong for him, to turn him off to his Match; but it would be a cleverer way yet, to encounter the Stratagem, and to defeat one ſham with another, as the Simplicity of the *Cock* here was too hard for the Wilineſs of the *Fox*. Experience makes many a wiſe Man of a Fool, and Security makes many a Fool of a wiſe Man. We have an Inſtance of the former in the *Cock*'s over-reaching the *Fox*; and of the other, in the *Fox*'s ſupine Confidence, that made him ſo intent upon his Prey, as to neglect his Safety. Now the *Cock*, that upon long Trial and Obſervation, knew the *Fox* to be a common Enemy of all Poultry; had likewiſe a Dread and Suſpicion of him by Inſtinct, which made him naturally cautious upon the very Principle of Self-preſervation. Whereas the *Fox*, that truſted to his Addreſs and Manage, without ſo much as dreaming of a croſs Bite from ſo ſilly an Animal, fell himſelf into the Pit that he had digged for another. It is much the ſame Caſe in the World, when Providence is pleas'd to confound the falſe, the mighty, and the blood-thirſty, by Judgments of Lice and Frogs: That is to ſay, by the moſt deſpicable of Inſtruments. To put an End to this Moral, it is a wonderful thing how the very Force of Nature will exert itſelf, in the meaneſt and the weakeſt of Creatures, in Caſes of extream Neceſſity and Danger: As it made the *Cock* here too hard for the *Fox*.

FAB.

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FAB. 144. A Bat, Bramble, and Cormorant.

A *Bat*, a *Bramble*, and a *Cormorant*, enter'd into Covenants with Articles, to join Stocks, and Trade in Partnerſhip together. The *Bat*'s Adventure was ready Money that he took up at Intereſt; the *Bramble*'s was in Clothes; and the *Cormorant*'s in Braſs. They put to Sea, and ſo it fell out, that Ship and Goods were both loſt by ſtreſs of Weather: But the three Merchants by Providence got ſafe to Land. Since the time of this Miſcarriage, the *Bat* never ſtirs abroad till *Night*, for fear of his Creditors. The *Bramble* lays hold of all the Cloaths he can come at in hope to light upon his own again: And the *Cormorant* is ſtill ſauntering by the Sea Side, to ſee if he can find any of his Braſs caſt up.

The MORAL.

The Impreſſion of any notable Misfortune will commonly ſtick by a Man as long as he lives.

REFLECTION.

THINGS that a Man has once ſet his Heart upon, will hardly be ever got out of his Head, but every Hint and Occaſion will be putting him in mind of 'em again. Ill Habits are not eaſily cur'd. 'Tis with almoſt all People in Caſes of Fright or Diſtraction of Mind, as it was with our Merchant Adventurers here. The laſt Impreſſion ſticks cloſeſt to us. There was a miſerable Wretch in *Bedlam* that had loſt his Wits upon the firing of a Ship at Sea, and his Head was ſtill running upon Fire and Water; inſomuch that the very Sight of either of them would put him into an outragious Fury. Another that was mad for Love, would be beating his Brains perpetually upon Anagrams and Sonnets. *Oliver's enthuſiaſtick Porter*, was directly *Bible-mad*, and up to the Ears ſtill in the *dark Prophets*, and the *Revelation*. In the Year 1688, when the *original Contracters* were met in Council about ſettling the Government, a very good poor Woman carried her little Trunks and Boxes to *Wild-Houſe* for Protection, for fear of the *Mobile*. The Houſe was rifled, and her Trinkets

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went away with the reſt. Upon this Loſs ſhe fell *idle-headed*; and to this very Day ſhe ſtands like the *Bramble* in the *Fable*, near the Place ſtill (where the innocent Creature lives) catching of People by the Coats, and aſking them about her Trunks and Boxes: *Pray*, ſays ſhe, *when ſhall I have my Things again? My Trunks are not come home yet*, &c. The Doctrine upon the whole is no more than this, that we are not to ſet our Hearts upon the Things of this World, for all Emotions of the Mind have ſomewhat in them of this Freak; and the only Way to be happy and quiet, is to make all Contingencies indifferent to us.

FAB. 145. A Lark in a Net.

A Poor *Lark* enter'd into a miſerable Expoſtulation with a *Bird-Catcher*, that had taken her in his Net, and was juſt about to put her to Death. Alas, (ſays ſhe) What am I to die for now? I am no Thief; I have ſtol'n neither Gold, nor Silver; but for making bold with one pitiful Grain of Corn am I now to ſuffer.

The MORAL.

'Tis to no Purpoſe to ſtand Reaſoning, where the Adverſary is both Party and Judge.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a Folly, ſays the Old Moral, for People to run Great Hazards for ſmall Advantage. And why may it not as well reflect upon the Cruelty of taking away the Life of a poor Innocent Creature for making bold with One miſerable Grain of Corn, when ſhe was Hungry? But this is all Forc'd, and in Truth it is a Dry Fable with Little or Nothing in't.

Or to Turn it another Way yet, here's the Life of a poor Creature in queſtion, and the *Lark* expoſtulates, and pleads *Not Guilty*, but the Belly had no Ears, and the *Bird-Catcher* is ſo intent upon his Intereſt, and Appetite, that he gives no heed at all to the Equity of the Plea, which is but according to the Courſe of the World, when People meaſure right or wrong by the Rule of their own Profit or Loſs. 'Tis Paſſion and Partiality that Govern in all theſe Caſes.

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FAB. 146. A Miſer Burying his Gold.

A *Certain Covetous, Rich Churl* ſold his whole Eſtate, and put it into Money, and then melted down that Money again into one *Maſs*, which he bury'd in the Ground, with his very Heart and Soul in the Pot for Company. He gave it a Viſit every Morning, which it ſeems was taken Notice of, and ſome Body that obſerv'd him, found out his Hoard one Night, and carry'd it away. The next Day he miſs'd it, and ran almoſt out of his Wits for the Loſs of his Gold. Well, (ſays a Neighbour to him) and what's all this Rage for? Why you had no Gold at all, and ſo you loſt none. You did but fancy all this while that you had it, and you may e'en as well fancy again that you have it ſtill. 'Tis but laying a Stone where you laid your Money, and fancying that Stone to be your Treaſure, and there's your Gold again. You did not uſe it when you had it; and you do not want it ſo long as you reſolve not to uſe it.

The MORAL.

Better no Eſtate at all, than the Cares and Vexations that attend the Poſſeſſion of it, without the Uſe on't.

REFLECTION.

WE are never the better for the Poſſeſſion of any thing, barely for the Propriety ſake, but 'tis the Uſe and Application of it towards the Conveniencies of Life, and the Comforts of Human Society, that gives every Thing its Value. The Divine Goodneſs we ſee is perpetually at work; Nature keeps on in her Courſe, and the Heavens ſhed their Influences without Intermiſſion; and what's the Doctrine now of this Great Example, but that the Bleſſings of Providence, which are Common and Diffuſive, ought not to lie Idle; and that whoever Buries his Talent, either of Underſtanding, or of Fortune, breaks a Sacred Truſt, and couzens thoſe that ſtand in need on't. But we have a ſort of ſordid Wretches among us, that had rather caſt their Silver and Gold into the very Mine again from whence it was taken, or leave it at the Mercy of Thieves

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and Common Hazards, than that any Man Living ſhould be the better for't.

FAB. 147. A Stag with One Eye.

A *One-Ey'd Stag* that was afraid of the Huntſmen at Land, kept a Watch that Way with t'other Eye, and fed with his Blind-ſide toward an Arm of the Sea, where he thought there was no Danger. In this Proſpect of Security, he was ſtruck with an Arrow from a Boat, and ſo ended his Days with this Lamentation: Here am I deſtroy'd, ſays he, where I reckon'd my ſelf to be ſafe on the one Hand; and no Evil has befal'n me, where I moſt dreaded it, on the other.

The MORAL.

We are liable to many unlucky Accidents that no Care or Foreſight can prevent: But we are to provide however the beſt we can againſt them, and leave the reſt to Providence.

REFLECTION.

WE are many times Preſerv'd or Deſtroy'd, by thoſe Accidents or Counſels, that in all Probability ſhould have had quite contrary Effects. But it is our Part yet to Act according to Reaſon, and commit our ſelves to Heaven for the reſt. We have our blind Sides in the World, as well as the *Stag* had his by the Sea-ſide, and we have our Enemies too, that are ſtill watching to make Advantage of that Weakneſs. One Man is Tranſported out of his Reaſon, and his Honeſty, by Senſual Pleaſures: Another by Money, perhaps, or by Ambition. Every Man, in ſhort, by Somewhat or other: And it is but ſtriking him in the Right Vein, to do his Bus'neſs. The wiſeſt of Men have their Follies; the Juſteſt, their Iniquities; and the moſt Temperate of Men have now and then by Fits, their Exceſſes. *Achilles* himſelf (after all that his Mother could do for him) was left Vulnerable yet in the Heel, and *Paris*'s Arrow found him Out there. We are taught further alſo to look to our ſelves on the *Blind Side*, as the Part that lies moſt expos'd to an Attack. And finally; That it is not in the Power of Human Wiſdom to ſecure us againſt Plots and Practices upon Human

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Human Frailty: Nay, and when we have done our Beſt to prevent Miſchief, the very Precaution it ſelf ſerves many times to contribute to our Ruin. The *Stag* did all that was to be done here; but the Ways and Workings of Providence are unſearchable, and it is not in the Power of Human Prudence to obviate all the Accidents of Human Life.

FAB. 148. A Stag and a Lyon.

A *Stag* that was cloſe purſu'd by the Huntſmen, fled for Safety into a *Lyon's Den*; and as he was juſt expiring under the Paw of the *Lyon:* Miſerable Creature that I am, ſays he, to fly for Protection from Men, to the moſt Unmerciful of Beaſts.

The MORAL.

There are harder and gentler Ways even of Ruin it ſelf; as 'tis common we ſee for Men under a capital Sentence to petition even for the Change of the Death.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a common Caſe for People to be reduc'd to this Miſerable Choice; That is to ſay, by what Hand or Means they'll rather periſh; under the Certainty of an inevitable Deſtruction one Way or other. The Ancients have moraliz'd it this Way. But it ſeems to Me (under favour) that the *Stag*'s was a forc'd Put; and a Chance rather than a Choice, he did not fly from the Huntſmen to the *Lyon* for Protection; but it ſo fell out, that while he fled to avoid a leſs Danger, he ran into a greater: We find this to be the Caſe of many Men, as well as Beaſts, that are forc'd to fly for Refuge, to Murderers and Oppreſſors, inſtead of Patrons and Protectors.

FAB. 149. A Goat and a Vine.

A *Goat* that was hard preſs'd by the Huntſmen, took Sanctuary in a *Vineyard*, and there he lay cloſe, under the Covert of a *Vine*. So ſoon as he thought the Danger was over, he fell preſently to Browzing upon the Leaves; and whether it was the

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Rustling, or the Motion of the Boughs, that gave the Huntsmen an Occasion for a stricter Search, is uncertain: But a Search there was, and in the End he was discover'd and shot. He dy'd, in fine, with this Conviction upon him, that his Punishment was just, for offering Violence to his Protector.

The MORAL.

Ingratitude perverts all the Measures of Religion and Society, by making it dangerous to be charitable and good-natur'd.

REFLECTION.

INGRATITUDE is abhorr'd both by God and Man, and there is a certain Vengeance attends those that repay Evil for Good, and seek the Ruin of their Protectors. This Fable exposes the Baseness of that horrid Vice, and it preaches Thankfulness and Justice. The Obligations of Hospitality and Protection are so sacred, that nothing can absolve us from the Discharge of those Duties. 'Tis true, that this particular Instance holds better in the Morality of the Application, than it does in the Reason of the Thing: For the Question is not what the Beast does in his Kind; but what ought to be done, with a Respect to such a Benefit receiv'd. If a Man should launch into the History and Practice of Human Nature, we should find nothing more common there, than one Rebellion started upon the pardoning of another; and the very Minions of Princes link'd in Conspiracies against their Master. But those Things ever were, and ever will be, so long as Men are Men, and carry their Corruptions about them. There will be *Goats*, in fine, and there will be *Vines*, to answer this Moral, *in Sæcula Sæculorum.*

FAB. 150. An Ass, a Lion, and a Cock.

AS a *Cock* and an *Ass* were feeding together, up comes a *Lion* open-mouth'd toward the *Ass*: The *Cock* presently cries out; away scours the *Lion*, and the *Ass* after him: Now 'twas the Crowing of the *Cock* that frighted the *Lion*, not the braying of the *Ass*, as that stupid Animal vainly fancy'd to himself; for so soon

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soon as ever they were gotten out of the Hearing of the *Cock*, the *Lion* turn'd short upon him, and tore him to pieces, with these Words in his Mouth: Let never any Creature hereafter that has not the Courage of a *Hare*, provoke a *Lion*.

The MORAL.

The Force of unaccountable Aversions, is insuperable. The Fool that is wise and brave only in his own Conceit, runs on without Fear or Wit; but Noise does no Business.

REFLECTION.

MANY a bragging Coxcomb is ruin'd by a Mistake of Fear in an Enemy, and a Fancy of Courage in himself. *Baudoin* remarks upon the *Lion*'s Aversion to the *Cock*, that there's nothing so great but it has its Failings, and so makes the Pursuit of the *Lion* to be a particular Mark of the *Ass*'s Weakness. *Meslier* will have the Fear to be counterfeited, with a Design to surprize the Pursuer; but this Fable seems still to look another Way.

It may appear a very extravagant, surprizing Encounter, that *Æsop* has exhibited to us in this Fable. Here's a *Lion* running away from a *Cock*, and an *Ass* pursuing a *Lion:* That is to say, here are two of the most unlikely Things in Nature brought together, in the Semblance of Fear in the one, and of Resolution in the other: But the Moral is never the worse yet for the seeming Disproportions of the Figure; and the Characters in the Fiction, are well enough suited to the Truth and Life of the Case. The Flight of the *Lion* must be imputed here to the natural Aversion he has to the crowing of a *Cock*. This is the Tradition; but it shall break no Squares whether it be so or not: For the Philosophy holds good in other Instances no less wonderful, whether it be true or false in this. How many insuperable Disagreements do we meet with, in the Business of Meats, Drinks, and Medicines; in Plants, Minerals, and living Creatures: Now these Impulses are no more to be controll'd, than the primary and the unchangeable Powers and Laws of Nature: And these Instincts, after all, are no more to be reason'd upon, than they are to be resisted; and therefore it is that we call them *occult Qualities*; which is all one with saying that we do not understand how they work, or what they are. Now 'tis one Thing to submit to an *absolute Force*, another thing to fly, and yield to a *Natural*

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tural Infirmity. So that 'tis no Departure from the Dignity of a *Lion* to fly, when Nature drives him: Neither is it all to the *Aſs*'s Reputation, to purſue, when Vanity, Folly and Raſhneſs tranſport him.

The *Aſs*, we ſee, lies under many Miſtakes here, and the more, and the groſſer they are, the more ſuitable ſtill to his Character. How many ſuch *Aſſes* are there in the World, that huff, look big, ſtare, dreſs, cock, ſwagger, at the ſame noiſy, bluſt'ring Rate, and nothing more familiar than for a whiffling Fop, that has not ſo much as one Grain of the Senſe, or Soul of a Man of Honour in him, to play the Part of a *Hero*. Nay, there are *Fanfarons* in the Trials of Wit too, as well as in Feats of Arms, and none ſo forward to engage in Argument, or Diſcourſe, as thoſe that are leaſt able to go through with it. In one Word for all, the whole Race of bawling, fluttering Noddies, by what Name or Title ſoever dignify'd or diſtinguiſh'd, are a *Kin* to the *Aſs* in this Fable.

FAB. 151. A Gardiner and his Dog.

A *Gardiner*'s *Dog* dropt into a Well, and his Maſter let himſelf down to help him out again. He reach'd forth his Hand to take hold of the *Dog*, and the *Cur* ſnapt him by the Fingers: For he thought it was only to duck him deeper. The *Maſter* went his Way upon't, and e'en left him as he found him. Nay (ſays he) I'm well enough ſerv'd, to take ſo much Pains for the Saving of One that is reſolv'd to make away himſelf.

The MORAL.

Obligations and Benefits are caſt away upon two Sorts of People; thoſe that do not underſtand them, and thoſe that are not ſenſible of them.

REFLECTION.

THERE's no faſtening an Obligation upon thoſe that have neither Juſtice, Gratitude, nor good Faith; and it is the ſame Caſe, in Effect, with thoſe that do not underſtand when they are

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are well us'd: From whence we may infer this Doctrine, that Fools and Knaves are not Company for honeſt Men. The courſe and violent Part of the common People have much in them of this Cur's Humour. They plunge themſelves into Difficulties by miſtaking their Way, and then fly in the Face of thoſe that would ſet them right again. In this Oppoſition to Duty and Diſcretion, they purſue their Errors, 'till in the end, they are left to the Fate of their own Madneſs and Folly; and conſequently periſh without any Hope, or Means of Pity or Redreſs. The *Gard'ner* would have ſav'd his *Dog* from *drowning*, and the *Cur* bit his *Maſter* by the *Fingers* for his Pains.

FAB. 152. A Sow and a Dog.

THERE paſs'd ſome hard Words betwixt a *Sow* and a *Dog*, and the *Sow* ſwore by *Venus*, that ſhe'd tear his Guts out, if he did not mend his Manners. Ay, ſays the *Dog*, you do well to call upon her for your Patroneſs, that will not ſo much as endure any Creature about her that eats *Swine's Fleſh*. Well (ſays the *Sow*) and that's a Token of her Love, to hate any Thing that hurts me; but for *Dog's Fleſh*, 'tis good neither Dead, nor Living.

The MORAL.

Where the Matter in Controverſy will not bear an Argument, 'tis a Turn of Art to bring it off with a Paradox.

REFLECTION.

'TIS an ordinary Thing for People to boaſt of an Intereſt where they have none; and then when they are detected, 'tis a Stroak of Art to divert the Reproach, by improving a ſpiteful Word, or Thing, to a Body's own Advantage. This Way of Dialogue, is a kind of *Tick-Tack*; where the One's Buſ'neſs is to keep from making a Blot, and the Other's to hit it when 'tis made. It is a happy Preſence of Mind, to anticipate another Man's Thought, by conſidering well before-hand what Conſtruction or Alluſion his own Words will bear; for otherwiſe, the Caſting out an inconſiderate Hint, is but the Setting of a Trap to catch himſelf. As the *Sow*'s appealing to *Venus*

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here, was as good an Anſwer thrown into the very Mouth of the *Dog*, which ſhe might eaſily have foreſeen would be turn'd back upon her in the Bitterneſs of a Reproach: For the Reply lay ſo Open, the Other could not well miſs it: But when all is done, both Parties are to keep themſelves upon their Guard; or if either of 'em has overſhot himſelf, it is ſome ſort of Reputation ſtill, to make the beſt of a bad Game; as the *Sow* turn'd off the Scandal here with a Jeſt.

FAB. 153. A Sow and a Bitch.

A *Sow* and a *Bitch* had a Diſpute once, which was the Fruitfuller of the Two. The *Sow* yielded it at laſt to the *Bitch*; but you are to take Notice at the ſame time, ſays ſhe, that your Puppies are All Blind.

The MORAL.

The Queſtion among all Sorts of Competitors is not who does the moſt but who does beſt.

REFLECTION.

WE are not to put an Eſtimate upon Things by the Quantity, or the Number of them, but by their Quality and Virtue: Taking for granted, that *Æſop*'s Bitch was fruitfuller than our Sows. See the Moral of *A Lyoneſs and a Fox*, Fab. 283.

FAB. 154. A Snake and a Crab.

THere was a Familiarity contracted betwixt a *Snake* and a *Crab*. The *Crab* was a plain dealing Creature, that adviſed his Companion to give over ſhuffling and doubling, and to practice Good Faith. The *Snake* went on in his old Way: So that the *Crab* finding that he would not mend his Manners, ſet upon him in his Sleep, and ſtrangled him; and then looking upon him as he lay Dead at his Length: This had never befallen ye, ſays he, if you had but liv'd as ſtraight as you dy'd.

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The MORAL.

There's nothing more agreeable in Converſation, than a frank, open way of dealing, and a ſimplicity of Manners.

REFLECTION.

GOOD Counſel is loſt upon an habitual Hardneſs of ill Nature: And in that Caſe it muſt be a Diamond that cuts a Diamond; for one Fraud is beſt undermined and diſappointed by another. This Fable is a Figure upon a Figure, in oppoſing the Straitneſs of the Body of the *Snake* after he was dead, to the Crookedneſs of his Manners when he was living. But the Licenſe of *Mythology* will bear out the Hardneſs of the Alluſion.

FAB. 155. A Shepherd and a Wolf's Whelp.

A *Shepherd* took a ſucking Whelp of a *Wolf*, and train'd it up with his *Dogs*. This *Whelp* fed with 'em, grew up with 'em, and whenſoever they went out upon the Chace of a *Wolf*, the *Whelp* would be ſure to make one. It fell out ſometimes that the *Wolf* 'ſcap'd, and the *Dogs* were forced to go Home again: But this *Domeſtick Wolf* would be ſtill hunting on, 'till he came up to his *Brethren*, where he took part of the Prey with them; and ſo back again to his Maſter. It happen'd now and then, that the *Wolves abroad* were pretty quiet for a Fit, that this *Whelp* of a *Wolf* was forc'd to make bold ever and anon with a Sheep in private by the Bye; but in the Concluſion, the *Shepherd* came to find out the Roguery, and hang'd him up for his Pains.

The MORAL.

Falſe Men are no more to be reclaim'd than Wolves, and the Leven of the Predeceſſors ſoures the Blood, in the very Veins of the whole Family.

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REFLECTION.

ILL Diſpoſitions may be ſuppreſs'd, or diſſembled, for a while, but Nature is very hardly to be alter'd, either by Counſel, or by Education. It may do well enough, for Curioſity and Experiment, to try how far ill-natur'd Men and other Creatures, may be wrought upon by fair Uſage, and good Breeding; but the Inclination and Cruelty of the *Dam* will never out of the *Whelp*. It may ſuſpend peradventure, or intermit, for want of Occaſion to ſhew itſelf: But Nature is like *Mercury*, there's no killing it quite. The *Wolf* in the *Houſe* has a Kindneſs ſtill for the *Wolves* in the *Woods*, and continues in the Intereſt of the ſame common Enemy. *Cat will to Kind*, as they ſay, and wicked Men will be true to their Principles, how falſe ſoever to their Maſters.

We may read in the Moral of this Fable, the common Practice of the World, and a Doctrine that we find every Day verified, as well in Men, as in Beaſts; for there are *Wolf-Whelps* in *Palaces*, and *Governments*, as well as in *Cottages*, and *Foreſts*. Do we not find in Hiſtory and Experience, Inſtances in abundance, even of publick Miniſters themſelves, that tho' taken up out of the very Herds of the common Enemy; admitted into ſpecial Truſt; fed by the Hand, and treated with the Grace and Character of particular Favourites, have their Hearts in the *Woods*, yet all this while among their Fellows? So that there's no reclaiming of them. They go out, however, as there is Occaſion, and hunt and growle for Company; but at the ſame time, they give the Sign out of their Maſter's Hand, hold Intelligence with the Enemy; and make Uſe of their Power and Credit to worry honeſter Men than themſelves. It wants nothing after this, but that they may live to have their Due; and with the *Dog* here in the Fable, go to Heaven in a String according to the true Intent of the Allegory.

FAB. 156. A Lion, Fox, and a Wolf.

THE King of Beaſts was now grown old, and ſickly, and all his Subjects of the Foreſt, (ſaving only the *Fox*) were to pay their Duties to him. The *Wolf* and the *Fox*, like a Couple of ſly Knaves, were ſtill putting Tricks one upon another, and the

Wolf

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Wolf took this Occaſion to do the *Fox* a good Office: I can aſſure your Majeſty, ſays the *Wolf*, that 'tis nothing but Pride and Inſolence that keeps the *Fox* from ſhewing himſelf at Court as well as his Companions. Now the *Fox* had the good Luck to be within Hearing, and ſo preſented himſelf before the *Lion*, and finding him extreamly enrag'd, begs his Majeſty's Patience, and a little Time only for his Defence. Sir (ſays he) I muſt preſume to value myſelf upon my Reſpect and Loyalty to your Majeſty, equal at leaſt to any of your other Subjects; and I will be bold to ſay, that put them all together, they have not taken half the Pains for your Majeſty's Service now upon this very Occaſion, that I have done. I have been hunting up and down far and near, ſince your unhappy Indiſpoſition, to find out a Remedy for ye, which with much ado I have now compaſs'd at laſt, and it is that which I promis'd my ſelf will prove an infallible Cure. Tell me immediately (ſays the *Lion*) what it is then: Nothing in the World, ſays the *Fox*, but to flay a *Wolf* alive, and wrap your Body up in the warm Skin. The *Wolf* was by all this while; and the *Fox* in a ſnearing way adviſed him for the future, not to irritate a Prince againſt his Subjects, but rather to ſweeten him with Peaceable and Healing Councels.

The MORAL.

The Bus'neſs of a Pickthank is the baſeſt of Offices, but yet diverting enough ſometimes, when one Raſcal happens to be encounter'd with another.

REFLECTION.

THERE's nothing more common in the World than theſe *Wolfiſh Back-Friends*, in all our Pretenſions; whether it be in Law, in Government, or in a Hundred other ſorts of Claim and Competition; eſpecially for the running down of a Man that's declining in his Credit already. Calumny is baſe at beſt; though pleaſant enough ſometimes, where it falls out, that one Raſcal is countermining another. But let the Reproach be never ſo true, it can hardly be honeſt, where the Office

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Office is done in Hugger-Mugger; and where the Intention is not guided by a Conſcience of the Duty. It is a way to confound the Good and the Bad, where Knaves have Credit enough to be believ'd, to the Wrong of honeſt Men, and the Innocent left without means of Defence.

He that would live clear of the Envy and Hatred of potent Calumniators; muſt lay his Finger upon his Mouth, and keep his Hand out of the Ink-Pot; for to do a good Office upon the Point of Opinion, Intelligence, Brains, or Conſcience, where this *Wolviſh* Humour prevails, is little better than a *Scandalum Magnatum*, or a Libel upon his Superiors: But where it happens that there's a *Fox* and a *Wolf* in the Caſe; and one Sharper to encounter another, the Scene is diverting enough.

FAB. 157. A Wife and a Drunken Husband.

A Woman that lay under the Mortification of a *Fuddling Husband*, took him once when he was dead drunk; and had his Body laid in a Charnel-Houſe. By the time ſhe thought he might be come to himſelf again, away goes ſhe, and knoks at the Door. Who's there? (ſays the *Toper*) One, ſays the Woman, that brings Meat for the Dead. Friend, ſays he, bring me Drink rather, I wonder any Body that knows me, ſhould bring me one without t'other. Nay then, ſays ſhe, the Humour I perceiue has taken Poſſeſſion of him; he has gotten a Habit, and his Caſe is deſperate.

The MORAL.

Invcterate ill Habits become another Nature to us, and we may almoſt as well be taken to Pieces, and new put together again, as mended.

REFLECTION.

THE Intent of this Fable is to work a Reformation of Manners, by ſhewing that evil Habits are very hard to be cur'd; for they take Root by Degrees, 'till they come in the End to be paſt both Remedy and Shame. Habitual Debauches make Exceſs of Drink as neceſſary to a Man as common Air, eſpecially when his Mind comes to be wholly taken up with the

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the Contemplation of his Vice. There are thoſe that can never ſleep without their Load, nor enjoy one eaſie Thought, 'till they have laid all their Cares to reſt with a Bottle. 'Tis much the ſame Thing with other Senſual Pleaſures, where Mens Bodies and Minds are given up to the Entertainment of them. But the Extravagance is never ſo deſperate, as when the Underſtanding is taken up with the Study and Meditation of thoſe Pleaſures, which the Body is no longer in Condition to practiſe, and that's the moſt deplorate, hopeleſs, and incurable State of an evil Diſpoſition; when Drink upon Drink is made uſe of for a Remedy.

FAB. 158. A Swan and a Gooſe.

THE Maſter of a Houſe brought up a *Swan* and a *Gooſe* both together; the one for his Ear, the other for his Belly. He gave Orders for the *Gooſe* to be taken up and dreſs'd for Dinner. But the Place was ſo dark, that the Cook took one for t'other. This Miſtake had coſt the *Swan* her Life, if ſhe had not ſung in that very Inſtant, and diſcover'd herſelf; by which Means ſhe both ſav'd her Life and expreſs'd her Nature.

The MORAL.

A Man cannot be too careful of what he does, where the Life of any Creature is in Queſtion.

REFLECTION.

THERE's a Providence attends Innocency and Virtue, the Power of Muſick apart. 'Tis a Rule that goes a great way in the Government of a Sober Man's Life, not to put any thing to Hazard that may be ſecur'd by Induſtry, Conſideration, or Circumſpection. And this Caution reaches to a Thouſand Caſes in the Ordinary Courſe of Life. Men ſhould *Look before they Leap*; Deliberate before they reſolve; try, weigh, examine, and bethink themſelves well of the Matter before they execute. We fall into ſome Inconveniences of pure Lazineſs, and for want of taking Pains to inform ourſelves better: Into others, out of Raſhneſs: By doing Things in a Hurry, and *Hand over Head* at a Venture.

Now

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Now there's no Excuſe for a Blunder upon any of theſe Topicks, where there was both Time and Means to prevent it. What are we the better for the Faculty of Reaſon, without the Exerciſe of it? If the Cook would but have been at the Trouble of carrying a Candle with him, he would have been in no Danger of taking a *Swan* for a *Gooſe*.

FAB. 159. The Waſhing of a Blackmoze.

A Man gave Money for a *Black*, upon an Opinion that his Swarthy Colour was rather Sluttery than Nature; and the Fault of his laſt Maſter in a Great Meaſure, that he kept him no Cleaner: He took him Home with him, and try'd all manner of Waſhes to bring him to a better Complexion; but there was no Good to be done upon him; beſides, that the very Tampering caſt him into a Diſeaſe.

FAB. 160. A Raven and a Swan.

A *Raven* had a great Mind to be as *White* as a *Swan*, and fancy'd to himſelf that the *Swan*'s Beauty proceeded in a high Degree, from his often *Waſhing* and *Dyet*. The *Raven*, upon this, quitted his former Courſe of Life and Food, and betook himſelf to the *Lakes* and *Rivers*: But as the Water did him no good at all for his Complexion, ſo the Experiment Coſt him his Life too for want of Suſtenance.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

Natural Inclinations may be Moulded and Wrought upon by Good Councel and Diſcipline; but there are certain Specifick Properties and Impreſſions, that are never to be Alter'd or Defac'd.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a Vain Thing to Attempt the Forcing of Nature: For *What's Bred in the Bone will never out of the Fleſh*: And

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there can be no Thought of Altering the Qualities, the Colour, or the Condition of Life, that Providence has Allotted us.

'Tis *Labour in Vain*, to all manner of Purpoſes to Endeavour the Mending of any of the Works of Nature; for ſhe never did Any thing Amiſs. And then 'tis as great a Madneſs to Attempt any Alteration upon them, becauſe *What Nature does, God does*; whoſe Decrees are unchangeable, and all his Works are Perfection in the Kind; but next to the Force of Natural Impreſſions, we may reckon That of Cuſtoms and Habits.

FAB. 161. A Swallow and a Crow.

UPon a Diſpute betwixt a *Swallow* and a *Crow*, which was the greater Beauty of the Two: Yours, ſays the *Crow*, is only a Spring-Beauty, but mine laſts all the Year round.

The MORAL.

Of two Things equally Good, that's the Beſt that laſts longeſt.

REFLECTION.

THE Greateſt of Temporal Bleſſings, are Health, and Long Life, and the moſt Durable of Good Things muſt Conſequently be the Beſt. The Queſtion here betwixt the *Crow* and the *Swallow*, has ſomewhat in it of the Caſe betwixt Virtue and Senſual Pleaſures, as (for the Purpoſe) of Youth, Wine, Women, and all other Entertainments whatſoever, that may ſerve to Gratify a Carnal Appetite. Here's Temporary Oppos'd to Eternal: Joys that ſhall endure for Ever, Freſh, and in Vigour; to ſatisfactions that are attended with Safety and Surfeits, and flatten in the very Taſting.

FAB. 162. A Nightingale and a Bat.

AS a *Nightingale* was ſinging in a Cage at a Window, up comes a *Bat* to her, and aſks her why ſhe did not ſing in the Day, as well as in the Night. Why (ſays the *Nightingale*) I was catch'd Singing in the Day

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Day, and so I took it for a Warning: You should have thought of this then, says T'other, before you was Taken; for as the Case stands now, Y'are in no Danger to be Snapt Singing again.

The MORAL.

A wrong Reason for the doing of a Thing, is worse than no Reason at all.

REFLECTION.

THERE's no recalling of what's gone and past; so that After-Wit comes too late when the Mischief is done. That is to say, it comes too late for that Bout. But it is not amiss, however, for a Man that has gone astray, to call to Mind where he went out of his Way, and to look back Step by Step into all his Miscarriages and Mistakes. The Glass of Life is behind us, and we must look into what's past, if we would take a View of what's to come. A Fault committed, or a Misfortune incurr'd, cannot be recall'd 'tis true; but yet the Meditating upon one false Step may help to prevent another. Wherefore 'tis good, upon the Point of common Prudence, to be thoughtful, provided we be not more Sollicitous than the Thing is worth, and that we make a right Use of those Reflections; that is to say, an Use of Repentance, where we did morally amiss; an Use of rectifying our Judgments, where we did foolishly; and an use of Caution in both Cases, never to do the same Thing over again. This is no more than what in Conscience, Equity and Reason we are bound to do. But we must have a care all this while, not to run into false Consequences for want of laying Things and Things together, and to sham Fallacies upon the World for Current Reason, as the *Nightingale* was taken singing in the *Day* when she was at *Liberty*. And what's this to her Resolution of signing only in the *Night*, now she's in the *Cage?*

FAB. 163. A Boy and Cockles.

SOme People were roasting of *Cockles*, and they hiss'd in the Fire. Well (says a blockheaded Boy) these are villanous Creatures sure, to sing when their Houses are a-fire over their Heads.

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The MORAL.

Nothing can be well that's out of Season.

REFLECTION.

THERE's a Time for Jeſt, and a Time for Earneſt, and it is a dangerous Miſtake, not to diſtinguiſh the one from the other. The Fool's Conceit here, had both Clownery, and ill Nature in't, for there's nothing more brutal or barbarous, than the Humour of inſulting over the miſerable; nothing more contrary to Humanity, and common Senſe, than this ſcandalous Way of grinning and jeering out of Seaſon. But a Childiſh Conceit does well enough out of the Mouth of a Fooliſh Boy; for it is but congruous, that ſilly People ſhould be pleas'd with ſilly Words and Things.

FAB. 164. Two Travellers and a Bag of Money.

AS two Travellers were upon the Way together, one of 'em ſtoops, and takes up ſomething. Look ye here (ſays he) I have found a *Bag of Money*: No, ſays t'other, When two Friends are together, You muſt not ſay [*I*] *have found it*, but [*We*] *have found it*. The Word was no ſooner out, but immediately comes a *Hue and Cry* after a Gang of Thieves that had taken a Purſe upon the Road. Lord! Brother (ſays he that had the *Bag*) We ſhall be utterly undone. Oh Phy, ſays t'other, You muſt not ſay [*We ſhall be undone*, but [*I*] *ſhall be undone*; for if I'm to have no Part in the Finding, ſure I'll never go Halves in the Hanging.

The MORAL.

They that will enter into Leagues and Partnerſhips muſt take the Good and the Bad, one with another.

REFLECTION.

THE Doctrine of this Fable, is according to Reaſon, and Nature. People that are not allow'd to be Sharers with their

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Companions in good Fortune, will hardly ever agree to be Sharers in bad. An open, and an honeſt Candor of Mind carries a Body ſafe and dry through all Ways and Weathers: Whereas in ſhifting and ſhuffling a Man puts himſelf off his Guard; and the ſame Rule that ſerves him at one time, will not ſerve him at another; Men are willing enough to have Partners in Loſs, but not in Profit; and 'tis not the Traveller alone that cries [*I*] *have found a Purſe of Gold*, and then changes his Note upon *Hue and Cry*, and ſays [*We*] *ſhall be hang'd for't*; but 'tis the Courſe of all People of *Intrigue*, to give every thing two Faces, and to deal with the World, as the Spark did with the Oracle. The Bird ſhall be dead or living, which himſelf pleaſes.

To improve the Moral yet a little farther, we have a thouſand Diſappointments in the ordinary Courſe of Life, to anſwer this in the Fable. Many a Man finds this Purſe of Gold in a Miſtreſs, in a Bottle, in an Office, and in all other the vain Satisfactions of this World: And what's the End on't at laſt, but when he has compaſs'd his Longing, gratify'd his Appetite, or, as he fancies, made his Fortune perhaps: He grows preſently ſick of his Purchaſe; his *Conſcience* is the *Hue* and *Cry* that purſues him, and when he reckons upon it that he has gotten a *Booty*, he has only caught a *Tartar*? The *Bag of Money* burnt the poor Fellow's Fingers in the very taking of it up.

FAB. 165. Two Neighbour-Frogs.

THere were *Two Neighbour-Frogs*; one of them liv'd in a Pond, and the other in the Highway hard-by. The *Pond-Frog* finding the Water begin to fail upon the Road, would fain have gotten *t'other Frog* over to her in the Pool; where ſhe might have been ſafe; but ſhe was wonted to the Place, ſhe ſaid, and would not remove. And what was the End on't now, but the Wheel of a Cart drove over a while after, and cruſh'd her to Pieces?

The MORAL.

Some People are ſo liſtleſs and ſlothful, that they'll rather lie ſtill and die in a Ditch, than ſtir one Finger to help themſelves out on't.

RE-

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REFLECTION.

CUSTOM is another Nature, and what betwixt Obſtinacy and Sloth, let it be never ſo ill, and inconvenient, People are very hard yet to quit it. He that does nothing at all, does worſe than he, that upon the account of human Frailty, does amiſs; for nothing can be more contrary to God himſelf, who is a pure Act, than the Sleeping and Drowſing away of our Life and Reaſon, that was given us for ſo many better Purpoſes. The *Frog* in the Highway here, is the Lively Figure of ſuch a Man; for a Life of Sloth is the Life of a Log, rather than the Life of a reaſonable Creature. 'Tis as much as a Body can well do, even with the uttermoſt of his Prudence and Induſtry, to rub through the Difficulties of the World, though he ſhould keep himſelf perpetually a doing. There is not perchance a more inſupportable Miſery in Nature, than it would be, to put the Body into a Frame, that ſhould keep it always in the ſame Poſture. What can be ſaid worſe of Slothfulneſs now, when the very Vice is equal to the moſt exquiſite of Torments? It is odious to God and Man, uſeleſs to the World, irkſom to itſelf, miſerable in all Eſtates, and utterly incapable either of taſting, or enjoying any thing of Comfort. The *Frog* was uſed to the Place, ſhe ſaid, and rather than ſtir to help herſelf, there ſhe lay till her Guts were daſh'd out.

FAB. 166. A Bee-Maſter.

THere came a Thief into a *Bee-Garden* in the abſence of the Maſter, and robb'd the Hives. The *Owner* diſcover'd it upon his Return, and ſtood pauſing a while to bethink himſelf how this ſhould come to paſs. The *Bees* in this *Interim* came laden home out of the Fields from feeding, and miſſing their Combs, they fell powdering down in Swarms upon their *Maſter*. Well (ſays he) you are a Company of ſenſeleſs and ungrateful Wretches, to let a Stranger go away quietly that has rifled ye, and to bend all your Spite againſt your Maſter, that is at this Inſtant beating his Brains how he may repair and preſerve ye.

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The MORAL.

'Tis the Courſe of the World for People to take their Friends for their Foes, and to uſe them accordingly.

REFLECTION.

THE Miſtake of a Friend for an Enemy, or of an Enemy for a Friend, is one of the moſt pernicious Errors of a raſh Man's Life; for there's Judgment, good Nature, Generoſity, Juſtice, common Prudence, and all at ſtake. Nothing can be more diſobliging to a Friend on the one hand, or more ruinous to my ſelf on the other. Charity however bids me hope and think the beſt, provided at the ſame time, that I ſecure the main Chance. Now this Caution holds as well in *Politicks*, as in *Morals*; and in publick Caſes as well as in private; for there is nothing more frequent, than for People to take their Oppreſſors for their Protectors, and their Protectors for their Oppreſſors; as the *Bees* here ſpar'd the *Thief*, and fell foul upon their *Keeper*. This is the very Humour of the *Mobile*, when they miſtake the Man.

FAB. 167. A Kingsfiſher.

THE *Kingsfiſher* is a ſolitary Bird, that wonts commonly by the Water-ſide, and neſtles in hollow Banks, to be out of reach of the Fowlers. One of theſe Birds happen'd to be foraging abroad for her Young Ones, and in this *Interim* comes a raging Torrent, that waſhes away Neſt, Birds and all. Upon her Return, finding how 'twas with her, ſhe brake out into this Exclamation: Unhappy Creature that I am! to fly from the bare Apprehenſion of one Enemy, into the Mouth of another.

The MORAL.

'Tis many a wiſe Man's hap, while he is providing againſt one Danger, to fall into another: And for his very Providence to turn his Deſtruction.

REFLECTION.

MANY People apprehend Danger where there's none, and fancy themſelves to be out of Danger where there's moſt of

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of all. As the Fellow gave God Thanks at Sea when the Ship ſtruck upon a Sand, for bringing him into ſhallow Water again, where he could feel the Bottom. This is to mind us, that there is no State of Life ſo ſecure, as not to lie open to a thouſand Difficulties and Dangers; and that it is not poſſible for the Wit of Man to provide againſt all Contingencies. There's no Fence againſt Inundations, Earth-quakes, Hurricans, peſtilential Vapours, and the like; and therefore it is our Part, and Duty, to hope and endeavour the beſt, and at the ſame Time to provide for the worſt that can befal us. That which cannot be helpt, muſt be born.

FAB. 168. Fiſhing in Troubled Waters.

A *Fiſherman* had order'd his Net for a Draught, and ſtill as he was gathering it up, he daſh'd the Water, to fright the Fiſh into the Bag. Some of the Neighbourhood that look'd on, told him he did ill to muddle the Water ſo, and ſpoil their Drink. Well (ſays he) but I muſt either ſpoil your Drink, or have nothing to eat myſelf.

The MORAL.

There's no engaging the Mobile in a Sedition, 'till their Heads are ſo muddled firſt with Frights and Viſions, that they can neither ſee, hear, nor underſtand.

REFLECTION.

THIS Allegory is frequently applied to thoſe that make Advantage to themſelves by embroiling the Publick; and *ſet their Country a Fire for the roaſting their own Eggs.* 'Tis the only Trade that many People have to live by, and the moſt profitable Trade too, when the Occaſion lies fair for their Purpoſe. 'Tis with the common People in this Caſe, juſt as 'tis with Fiſhes: Trouble the Waters, ſo that they cannot ſee their Way before them, and you have 'em ſure in the Bag before they know where they are.

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FAB. 169. An Ape and a Dolphin.

PEople were us'd in the Days of old, to carry gameſome *Puppies* and *Apes* with 'em to Sea, to paſs away the Time withal. Now there was one of theſe *Apes*, it ſeems, aboard a Veſſel that was caſt away in a very great Storm. As the Men were padling for their Lives, and an *Ape* for Company, a certain *Dolphin* that took him for a Man, got him upon his Back, and was making towards Land with him. He had him into a ſafe Road call'd the *Pyræus*, and took Occaſion to ask the *Ape* whether he was an *Athenian* or not? He told him yes, and of a very ancient Family there. Why then (ſays the *Dolphin*) you know *Pyræus*: Oh! exceedingly well, ſays t'other (taking it for the Name of a Man.) Why *Pyræus* is my very particular good Friend. The *Dolphin* upon this, had ſuch an Indignation for the Impudence of the *Buffoon-Ape*, that he gave him the Slip from between his Legs, and there was an end of my very good Friend, the *Athenian*.

The MORAL.

Bragging, lying, and pretending, has coſt many a Man his Life and Eſtate.

REFLECTION.

THIS is the Humour of a great many *Travelling Men*, as well as *Travelling Apes*: Men that will be talking of Places that they never ſaw, and of Perſons that they never heard of. Their whole Converſation is made up of Counſels and Intrigues, Reaſons of State, Embaſſies and Negotiations, that they never were ſkill'd in at all. Neither Men, Books or Sciences come amiſs to 'em: And after all this extravagant Buſtle, a gay Coat and a Grimace is the Upſhot of what they can pretend to. Theſe *Phantoms* however are ſometime taken for Men, and born up by the well-meaning ignorant common People, as the *Ape* was here by the *Dolphin*, 'till in the Concluſion their Sillineſs lays them open, their Supporters give them the Slip, and down they drop and vaniſh. How many of theſe empty chattering Fops have we daily put upon us, for Men of Senſe

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Senſe and Bus'neſs; that with *Balzack's Prime Miniſter*, ſhall ſpend ye eight and forty Hours together poring over a Map, to look for *Ariſtocracy* and *Democracy*, inſtead of *Croatia* and *Dalmatia*, and take the Name of a Country for a Form of Government? Without any more ado, we have *Apes* in *Hiſtory*, as well as in *Fiction*, and not a Ruſh matter whether they go on Four Legs, or on Two.

FAB. 170. Mercury and a Statuary.

MERCURY had a great Mind once to learn what Credit he had in the World, and he knew no better Way, than to put on the Shape of a Man, and take Occaſion to diſcourſe the Matter as by the Bye, with a *Statuary*: So away he went to the Houſe of a great Maſter, where, among other curious Figures, he ſaw ſeveral excellent Pieces of the Gods. The firſt he cheapen'd was a *Jupiter*, which would have come at a very eaſy Rate. Well (ſays *Mercury*) and what's the Price of that *Juno* there? The *Carver* ſet that a little higher. The next Figure was a *Mercury*, with his Rod and his Wings, and all the Enſigns of his Commiſſion. Why this is as it ſhould be, ſays he to himſelf: For here am I in the Quality of *Jupiter's* Meſſenger, and the Patron of Artizans, with all my Trade about me: And now will this Fellow ask me fifteen Times as much for this as he did for t'other: And ſo he put it to him, what he valued that Piece at: Why truly, ſays the *Statuary*, you ſeem to be a civil Gentleman, give me but my Price for the other two, and you ſhall e'en have that into the Bargain.

The MORAL.

This is to put the Vanity of thoſe Men out of Countenance, that by ſetting two high a Value upon themſelves, appear by ſo much the more deſpicable to others.

REFLECTION.

'TIS an old Saying, That *Liſtners never hear well of themſelves*; and *Mercury's* Curioſity ſped accordingly in this Fable.

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All vain Men that affect popularity, are apt to fancy, that other People have the ſame Opinion of them, that they have of themſelves; but nothing goes nearer the Heart of 'em, than to meet with Contempt, inſtead of Applauſe, Eſteem, and Reputation. They muſter up all their Commiſſions and Charters; as *Mercury* values himſelf here, upon the Relation he had to *Jupiter*; whoſe *Pimp* he is, and that's his Bus'neſs. He gives to underſtand alſo what a Friend the *Artizans* had at Court, and all too little to gain him the Reſpect, but ſo much as of a common Meſſenger.

FAB. 171. Mercury and Tireſias.

Mercury had a great Mind to try if *Tireſias* was ſo famous a *Diviner* as the World took him for, or not. So he went and ſtole *Tireſias*'s Oxen; and order'd the Matter to be in the Company of *Tireſias*, as upon Buſineſs by the Bye, when the News ſhould be brought him of the Loſs of his Oxen. *Mercury* went to *Tireſias* in the Shape of a Man; and the Tidings came as *Mercury* had contrived it: Upon this, he took *Mercury* up to a high Tower, hard by, and bad him look well about him, and tell him what Birds he ſaw. Why, ſays *Mercury*, I ſee an *Eagle* upon Wing there, that takes her Courſe from the Right Hand to the Left. That *Eagle* (ſays *Tireſias*) is nothing to our Purpoſe; wherefore pray look again once. *Mercury* ſtood gazing a-while, and then told *Tireſias* of a Crow he had diſcover'd upon a Tree, that was one while looking up into the Air, and another while down towards Ground: That's enough (ſays *Tireſias*) for this Motion of the Crow, is as much as to ſay, I do appeal to Heaven, and to Earth, that the Man that is now with *Tireſias*, can help him to his Oxen again if he pleaſes.

The MORAL.

This Fable is of a general Application to all bold and crafty Thieves and Impoſtors. It ſerves alſo to ſet forth the Vanity of Wizards, Fortune-Tellers, and the like.

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REFLECTION.

KNAVES ſet up theſe Jugglers, and Fools maintain them. There muſt be Forms however, Characters, and hard Words, crabbed Looks, and canting Calculations, for the Colour of the Pretence; but People ſhould have a Care yet, not to take a Confederacy for a Science.

FAB. 172. A Hound and a Maſtiff.

THere was a Man had *two Dogs*; one for the *Chaſe*, t'other to look to the *Houſe*; and whatever the *Hound* took Abroad, the *Houſe-Dog* had his Part on't at Home. T'other grumbled at it, that when he took all the Pains the *Maſtiff* ſhould reap the Fruit of his Labours. Well, ſays the *Houſe-Dog*, That's none of my Fault, but my Maſter's, that has not train'd me up to work for myſelf, but to eat what others have provided for me.

The MORAL.

Fathers and Maſters have a great deal to anſwer for, if their Children and Servants do not do as they ſhould do.

REFLECTION.

MORE People are loſt for want of good Education and Inſtitution, than for want of honeſt and honourable Inclinations; and theſe are Miſcarriages that Parents and Tutors are in a great Meaſure to anſwer for. We are here given to underſtand, that there are Offices of Truſt alſo, as well as Offices of Labour, and the one as neceſſary to the common Good as the other. The *Maſtiff* maintains the *Hound*, as well as the *Hound* the *Maſtiff*; and if the one did not keep the Houſe from being robb'd, the other would have nothing to eat in't at all. So that this Fable, upon the whole Matter, will ſerve for a political Reading to Princes and Governors, as well as to Maſters of private Families, upon the reciprocal Uſe, Benefit, and Neceſſity of Induſtry and Protection betwixt Rulers and Subjects, for the Preſervation of a *Commonwealth*: The one ſupplies us with what we want, and the other ſupports us in the Defence of what we get, and neither would ſignify any Thing to us without the other.

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FAB. 173. An Unhappy Match.

THere was a Man, a long Time ago, that had got a *Shrew* to his *Wife*, and there could be no Quiet in the Houſe for her. The *Husband* was willing however to make the beſt of a bad Game, and ſo for Experiment ſake, he ſent her away for a-while to her Father's. When he came a little after to take her Home again, Prithee Sweet-heart (ſays he) How go Matters in the Houſe where thou haſt been? In troth, ſays ſhe, they go I know not how: But there's none of the Family, you muſt know, can endure me: No, not ſo much as the very Hinds and Ploughmen; I could read it in the Faces of them. Ah Wife! ſays the Husband, If People that riſe early and come Home late, and are all Day out of your Sight, cannot be quiet for you, what a Caſe is your poor Husband in, that muſt ſpend his whole Life in your Company?

The MORAL.

When Man and Wife cannot agree, Prudence will oblige the one, and Modeſty the other, to put all their little Controverſies into their Pockets, and make the beſt of a bad Game.

REFLECTION.

THERE are more Ways to come to a right Underſtanding of Things, than by Queſtion and Anſwer. There are certain contentious Humours that are never to be pleaſed, and he that troubles his Head becauſe he cannot pleaſe them, is worſe than a Mad-man. Nay, it falls out many Times, that the very Deſire and Endeavour to do it, makes it more impoſſible, eſpecially where People are imperious and inſulting, as well as peeviſh. Now in the Caſe of this Fable, it may be a Queſtion whether the *Wife* or the *Woman* was the more freakiſh of the two: For ſhe was ſtill the ſame uneaſy Fop wherever ſhe was; but the poor Man however had enough on't, in both Capacities: That is to ſay, as a common Incumbrance, and as a particular Clog.

The Moral is a Piece of good Counſel to all Men that labour under that unhappy Circumſtance. Firſt, in Prudence, to try what Help for't: And then in Caſe of the laſt Neceſ-

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ſity, to come to ſome peremptory Reſolution to deliver themſelves.

FAB. 174. A Wolf and a Kid.

A *Wolf* ſpy'd out a ſtraggling *Kid*, and purſu'd him. The *Kid* found that the *Wolf* was too nimble for him, and ſo turn'd and told him: I perceive I am to be eaten, and I would die as pleaſantly as I could: Wherefore, pray give be but one Touch of your Pipe before I go to Pot. The *Wolf* play'd, and the *Kid* danc'd, and the Noiſe of the *Pipe* brought the *Dogs* in upon him. Well (ſays the *Wolf*) this 'tis when People will be meddling out of their Profeſſion. My Bus'neſs was to play the *Butcher*, not the *Piper*.

The MORAL.

When a crafty Knave is infatuated, any ſilly Wretch may put Tricks upon him.

REFLECTION.

LET every Man ſtick to his own Part, without taking another Man's Trade out of his Hand. This is the old Moral, but we may read upon't another way too. 'Tis a very unequal encounter, when Malice, Craft, and Power are united againſt the Weak, and the Innocent: Saving where Providence interpoſes to the Relief of the one, and to the Infatuation of the other: As the *Wolf* here, that had a *Plot* upon the *Kid*, was confounded by a *Counter-Plot* of the *Kid*'s upon the *Wolf*: And ſuch a *Counter-Plot* it was too, as the *Wolf* with all his Sagacity, was not able to ſmell out. Wherefore let no Man preſume too much upon his own Strength, either of Body or of Mind; but conſider within himſelf, that Heaven takes Part with the Oppreſſed; and that Tyrants themſelves are upon their Behaviour to a Superior Power.

FAB.

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FAB. 175. A Fox and a Crab.

A *Fox* that was ſharp-ſet, ſurpriz'd a *Crab*, as he lay out of the Sea upon the Sands, and carried him away. The *Crab*, when he found that he was to be eaten, Well (ſays he) this comes of meddling where we have nothing to do; for my Bus'neſs lay at Sea, not upon the Land.

The MORAL.

No Body pities a Man for any Misfortune that befalls him, in Matters out of his Way, Bus'neſs, or Calling.

REFLECTION.

EVERY Man has his Poſt aſſign'd him, and in that Station he is well, if he can but think himſelf ſo; and he that cannot keep himſelf well, when he is well, may thank himſelf: But Men of Curioſity and Levity can never be at reſt; for let their preſent State be what it will, it never pleaſes them. They have a ſickly Uneaſineſs upon them, which way ſoever they lie, or in what Condition ſoever they are; no Place, no Poſture, no State, either of Life or of Fortune agrees with 'em, but they run on ſhifting, and changing, from one Error, and from one Qualm, to another; hankering after Novelties, and trying new Experiments. We are naturally given to be peeping into forbidden Secrets, and groping in the Dark after we know not what. We never think of the main Bus'neſs of Life, 'till a vain Repentance minds us of it at the wrong End on't; and then, with the *Crab* in the Fable, we find that we have been doing of one thing all this while, when we ſhould have been doing another; and abandon'd the Station that God and Nature allotted us, to our irreparable Ruin.

FAB. 176. A Muſician.

A Man that had a very coarſe Voice, but an excellent *Muſick-Room*, would be ſtill practiſing in that Chamber, for the Advantage of the *Echo*. He took ſuch a Conceit upon't, that he muſt needs be ſhew-

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ing his Parts upon a Publick Theatre, where he perform'd ſo very ill, that the Auditory hiſs'd him off the Stage, and threw Stones at him.

The MORAL.

A Man may like himſelf very well in his own Glaſs, and yet the World not fall in love with him in Publick. But the Truth on't is, we are partial in our own Caſe, and there's no reading of ourſelves but with other Men's Eyes.

REFLECTION.

THERE's a great Difference betwixt an Orator in the Schools, and a Man of Bus'neſs upon a Stage of Action. Many a Man that paſſes for a Philoſopher in private, behaves himſelf moſt ridiculouſly in publick; as what's more uncouth (with Reſpect be it ſpoken) than a Pedant out of his Element? There are flattering Chambers, as well as flattering Glaſſes, and the one helps out a bad Voice, as the other countenances an ill-favour'd Face; that is to ſay, the one drowns the Harſhneſs of the Pipe, as the other covers, or diſguiſes the coarſneſs of the Complexion. But Men muſt not think to walk upon theſe Stilts, if they come to ſet up in Publick once; the one, for an *Italian Capon*, the other, for an *Engliſh Beauty:* Wherefore it will become all People to weigh and meaſure themſelves, before they venture upon any Undertaking that may bring their Lives, Honour, or Fortune in Queſtion. Some *Songſters* can no more ſing in any Chamber but their own, than ſome *Clerks* can read in any Book but their own; put them out of their Road once, and they are meer *Cat-Pipes* and *Dunces.*

FAB. 177. Thieves that ſtole a Cock.

A Band of *Thieves* brake into a Houſe once, and found nothing in't to carry away, but one poor *Cock.* The *Cock* ſaid as much for himſelf as a *Cock* could ſay; but inſiſted chiefly upon the Services of his calling People up to their Work, when 'twas time to riſe. Sirrah (ſays one of the *Thieves*) you had better have let that Argument alone; for your waking the Family

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Family ſpoils our Trade, and we are to be hang'd forſooth for your Bawling.

The MORAL.

That which is one Body's Meat, is another Body's Poiſon; as the truſſing up of Thieves is the Security of honeſt Men. One fooliſh Word is enough to ſpoil a good Cauſe, and 'tis many a Man's Fortune to cut his own Throat with his own Argument.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a hard matter for a Man that argues againſt the Truth, and the Reaſon of a Thing; to conſiſt with himſelf; for having no Rule to walk by, 'tis forty to one but ſome time or other he will loſe his Way; eſpecially when he is to accommodate his Story to the various Circumſtances of Times, Perſons, and Occaſions. But it is one Thing to forget Matter of Fact, and another Thing to blunder upon the Reaſon of it. It is however, well worthy of a ſober Man's Care, not to let any thing fall that may be turn'd upon him out of his own Mouth. This Preſence of Mind, 'tis true, is not every Body's Talent; neither does this Conſideration enter into every Body's Thought; but it were better if it were ſo, and ſo it ought to be.

FAB. 178. A Crow and a Raven.

YOur *Raven* has a Reputation in the World for a Bird of *Omen*, and a kind of ſmall *Prophet*. A *Crow* that had obſerv'd the *Raven*'s Manner and Way of delivering his Predictions, ſets up for a *Foreboder* too; and ſo gets upon a Tree, and there ſtands nodding and Croaking, juſt over the Heads of ſome People that were paſſing by. They were a little ſurpriz'd at firſt; but ſo ſoon as they ſaw how 'twas. Come, my Maſters (ſays one of the Company) let's e'en go forward, for this is but the Chattering of a fooliſh *Crow*, and it ſignifies nothing.

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The MORAL.

How are ſuperſtitious Men hagg'd out of their Wits and Senſes, with the Fancy of Omens, Forebodings, Old Wives Tales and Viſions; and upon a final Examination of the Matter, nothing at all in the Bottom on't.

REFLECTION.

THE Affectation of Powers and Faculties, that are above us, is not only vain and unprofitable, but Ridiculous; for the Matter, upon Examination, will not abide the Teſt. *Your Empyricks, Piſs-pot Prophets, Fortune-Tellers*, and *Buſſoon-Pretenders*, to *State* and *Government*, fall under the Laſh of this Moral. And ſo do all your little Smatterers in Arts and Sciences of what Kind or Quality ſoever: But there goes more to the making of a Prophet, than *nodding* or *croaking*. 'Tis not the *Gown* and the *Cap* that makes the *Doctor*; neither is it the ſupercilious Gravity of Countenances and Forms that preſently dubbs any Man a Philoſopher. Not but that a Fool may put himſelf in the Garb, and ſo far imitate the Mien, and Motions of a wiſe Man, as at firſt Bluſh to put a Body to a Stand what to make of him: But upon further Conſideration, the Original is as eaſily known from the Copy, as the *Aſs* in his *borrow'd Skin* was from the *Lyon*: Or I might have ſaid, as the *Crow* here from the *Raven*: Their Ears and their Tongues betray them.

FAB. 179. A Crow and a Dog.

A *Crow* invited a *Dog* to join in Sacrifice to *Minerva*. That will be to no Purpoſe (ſays the *Dog*) for the Goddeſs has ſuch an Averſion to ye, that you are particularly excluded out of all Auguries. Ay, ſays the *Crow*, but I'll ſacrifice the rather to her for that, to try If I can make her my Friend.

The MORAL.

We find it in the Practice of the World, that Men take up Religion more for Fear, Reputation, and Intereſt, than for true Affection.

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REFLECTION.

THIS Pagan Fable will bear a Chriſtian Moral; for more People worſhip for Fear, and for Intereſt, than for Love and Devotion. As the *Indians* do the *Devils*, that they may not hurt 'em. It teaches us farther, that we are not to take pet, or deſpond, under any Croſs or Calamity that the Almighty is pleas'd to lay upon us. The Judgments of Heaven are juſt, let them fall never ſo heavy, they are yet leſs than we deſerve. The Devil himſelf, when he was let looſe upon *Job*, could not tranſport that Patient, Good Man beyond his Temper, or make him quit his hold. Reſignation and Perſeverance are all that a Man has to truſt to in this Extremity. There's no Good to be done by ſtruggling, nor any way left us to make our Peace with, but to try by Faith, Prayer, and a new Life, if we can make our offended Maſter once again our Friend. So that upon the Upſhot, Afflictions are but the Methods of a merciful Providence, to force us upon the only Means of ſetting Matters Right, betwixt divine Juſtice and human Frailty.

FAB. 180. A Raven and a Snake.

AS a *Snake* lay lazing at his Length, in the Gleam of the Sun, a *Raven* took him up, and flew away with him. The *Snake* kept a Twiſting and a Turning, 'till he bit the *Raven*, and made him curſe himſelf for being ſuch a Fool, as to meddle with a Purchaſe that coſt him his Life.

The MORAL.

Nature has made all the Neceſſaries of Life, ſafe and eaſy to us, but if we will be hankering after Things that we neither want nor underſtand, we muſt take our Fortune, even if Death it ſelf ſhould happen to be in the Caſe.

REFLECTION.

IF Men would but ballance the Good and the Evil of Things, the Profit and the Loſs, they would not venture Soul, Body, and Reputation, for a little dirty Intereſt. 'Tis much the ſame Thing betwixt us, and our ſenſual Acquiſitions, that it is betwixt the *Raven* and the *Snake* here. Men of eager Appetites chop at what comes next, and the Purchaſe ſeldom fails of

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of a Sting in the Tail on't. Nor is it to be expected, that Paſſion without Reaſon ſhould ſucceed better. Our Senſes are Sharp-ſet upon all fleſhly Pleaſures, and if they be but fair to the Eye, reliſhing to the Palate, harmonious to the Ear, gentle to the Touch, and fragrant to the Smell, 'tis all we look for, and all we care for. 'Tis true, all this while, that our very Nature requires a Doſe of theſe Enjoyments; nay, and that Providence itſelf does not only allow, but preſcribe it, for the common Comfort and Benefit of human Society, and of Mankind; for Life would be no longer Life without it. But the Crime and the Danger lies in the Exceſs, and in the immoderate Love and Uſe of them. Was not the Apple in *Paradiſe* fair to the Eye, and grateful to the Taſte, and yet there was Death in't? What were the Poets *Sirens*, but Figures of our *Seducers*, that charm us by the Ear, and tempt us to *leap over-board?* That is to ſay, by debauching us into falſe Doctrines and Opinions, which do but anſwer, on the one ſide, the Moral of the *Songs* on the other. And ſo for the Touch, and the Smell, the Former, 'tis true, has made more Havock in the World, but yet a Man may be poyſon'd with a Perfume, as well as with a nauſeous Potion. To conclude, we have *Snakes* in our *Beds*, in our *Cups*, in our *Diſhes*, and whoever dips too deep, will find *Death in the Pot.*

FAB. 181. A Daw and Pigeons.

A *Daw* took a particular Notice of the *Pigeons* in ſuch a certain Dove-houſe, that they were well fed and provided for: So he went and painted himſelf of a Dove-colour, and took his Commons with the *Pigeons.* So long as he kept his own Counſel, he paſs'd for a Bird of the ſame Feather; but it was his Hap once at unawares, to cry [KAW] upon which Diſcovery they beat him out of the Houſe, and when he came to his old Companions again, they'd have none of him neither; ſo that he loſt himſelf both Ways by this Diſguiſe.

The MORAL.

He that trims betwixt two Intereſts, loſes himſelf with both, when he comes to be detected, for being true to neither.

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REFLECTION.

THIS is to caution us againſt all ſuperfluous and dangerous Deſires. Our own Lot is beſt, and by aiming at what we have not, and what is impoſſible to be had, we loſe what we have already. No Man goes out of himſelf but to his Loſs. Imitation is ſervile, let it be where, how, and what it will. Nature points out to us which way every Man's Talent, and Genius lies; and he that keeps to his own Province, or Biaſs, ſpeeds beſt. The Painting of the *Daw* like a *Pigeon*, did not make him one, neither can any Man do himſelf Right in another Body's Shape: Beſides, that when he is once out, 'tis hard to find his Way Home again. The Hypocrite is never ſo far from being a good Chriſtian, as when he looks likeſt one. 'Tis much a Caſe with a Faction in a Government, and a Daw in a Pigeon-houſe. There's a Fraud driven on, and they aſſimilate themſelves, as much as may be, to the Intereſt they propoſe to be the better for. They put on all Appearances in Matter of Opinion, Practice, and Pretence, ſuitable to the Humour they are to join withal: But ſtill ſome unlucky Accident or other happens to diſcover them in the End, and then, when they would go off again, the People of their own Plume and Colour beat 'em away, and refuſe to entertain them. This is no more than what we find to be true in all Turns of State. Double-Dealers may paſs Muſter for a while, but all Parties waſh their Hands of them in the Concluſion.

FAB. 182. A Daw with a String at's Foot.

A Country Fellow took a *Daw*, and ty'd a String to his Leg, and ſo gave him to a little Boy to play withal. The *Daw* did not much like his Companion, and upon the firſt Opportunity gave him the Slip, and away into the Woods again, where he was ſhackled and ſtarv'd. When he came to die, he reflected upon the Folly of expoſing his Life in the Woods, rather than live in an eaſy Servitude among Men.

The MORAL.

'Tis Fancy, not the Reaſon of Things, that makes Life ſo uneaſie to us as we find it. 'Tis not the Place, nor the Condition; but the Mind alone that can make any Body miſerable or happy.

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REFLECTION.

MEN that are impatient under imaginary Afflictions, change commonly for worſe, as the *Daw* did here in the Fable, that threw himſelf into a ſtarving Neceſſity, rather than he would ſubmit to the tolerable Inconvenience of an eaſie Reſtraint. This was a *Republican Daw*, that *Gravel* for Liberty, not underſtanding that he that lives under the Bondage of Laws, is in a State of Freedom: And that Popular Liberty, when it paſſes thoſe Bounds, is the moſt ſcandalous Sort of Slavery. Nothing would ſerve him, but he muſt be at his own Diſpoſal, and ſo away he goes, carries his String along with him, and ſhackles himſelf. This is juſt the Humour and the Fate of froward Subjects. They fancy themſelves uneaſie under the Errors of a male Adminiſtration of Government, when their Quarrel ſtrikes, in truth, at the very Root and Conditions of Government it ſelf. It is as impoſſible for a Government to be without Faults; as for a Man to be ſo. But Faults or no Faults, it comes yet much to a Caſe; for where they cannot find 'em, they can create them; and there goes no more to't neither, than the calling of neceſſary Juſtice by the Name of Oppreſſion. And what's the End on't more than this now? *They run away from their Maſters into the Woods, and there, with Æſop's Daw, they either ſtarve, or hang themſelves.*

FAB. 183. Jupiter and Fraud.

Jupiter appointed *Mercury* to make him a Compoſition of Fraud and Hypocriſy, and to give every Artificer his Doſe on't. The Medicine was prepar'd according to the Bill, and the Proportions duly obſerv'd, and divided: Only there was a great deal too much of it made, and the Overplus remain'd ſtill in the Mortar. Upon examining the whole Account, there was a Miſtake, it ſeems, in the Reck'ning; for the *Taylors* were forgotten in the Catalogue: So that *Mercury* for Brevity ſake, gave the *Taylors* the whole Quantity that was left; and from hence comes the old Saying; *There's Knavery in all Trades, but moſt in Taylors.*

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The MORAL.

It is in ſome ſort natural to be a Knave. We are made ſo, in the very Compoſition of our Fleſh and Blood; only Fraud is called Wit in one Caſe, good Husbandry in another, &c. while 'tis the whole Buſineſs of the World for one Man to Couzen another.

REFLECTION.

LYING and Couzening is a general Practice in the World, tho' it appears in ſome Men, and in ſome Trades, more than in other. *Æſop* is ſtill introducing ſome or other of the Gods, to countenance the Corruptions of Fleſh and Blood: And ſince Cuſtom and Intereſt will have it ſo, that all Tradeſmen muſt uſe Fraud, more or leſs, even in their own Defence, the Practice being in ſome ſort ſo neceſſary, 'tis not amiſs to bring in *Jupiter* to juſtify it. But why is this falſe and double Dealing apply'd to Tradeſmen only, when it is common to Mankind? And why, among them, to *Taylors* above the reſt? when all the Bus'neſs that paſſes in this World betwixt Man and Man is manag'd by Colluſion and Deceit, in as high a Meaſure: So that the Compoſition might have been as well prepar'd for Human Nature. Are we not falſe in our pretended Civilities, formal Complements and Reſpects; in our Confidences, and in our Profeſſions? Are we not falſe in promiſing, and breaking? Is not he that robs me of my good Name, a more abominable Cheat than he that couzens me of a Yard of Damaſk? Is not he that betrays me in his Arms, a more deteſtable Wretch, than he that contents himſelf in the Way of his Trade to pick my Pocket? Without any more Words, we are all Jugglers in ſome Kind, or in ſome Degree or other. But there's this to be ſaid for't yet, that we play foul by Conſent. We couzen in our Words, and in our Actions; only we are agreed upon't, that ſuch and ſuch Forms of Civility, like ſome adulterate Coins, ſhall paſs current for ſo much. A faſhionable Impoſture, or Hypocriſy, ſhall be call'd good Manners, and ſo we make a ſhift in ſome ſort to legitimate the Abuſe. In *Jupiter*'s appointing theſe Frauds, we read the Power of Human Frailty, that diſpoſes us to entertain them: For we are alſe enough by Nature, without any need of Preſcription.

FAB.

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FAB. 184. Jupiter and Modesty.

MAN was made in such a Hurry (according to the Old Fable) that *Jupiter* had forgotten to put *Modesty* into the Composition, among his other Affections; and finding that there was no way of introducing it afterwards, Man by Man, he proposed the turning of it loose among the Multitude: *Modesty* took her self at first to be a little hardly dealt withal, but in the end, came over to agree to't, upon Condition that *Carnal Love* might not be suffer'd to come into the same Company; for where-ever that comes, says she, I'm gone.

The MORAL.

Sensual Love knows neither Bars nor Bounds. We are all naturally impudent; only by Custom, and Fig-leaves, we have been taught to disguise the Matter, and look demurely; and that's it which we call Modesty.

REFLECTION.

THE extravagant Heats and Transports of Lovers, and Voluptuaries, take away all Shame. This Fable hints to us the wild Extravagances of an unbridled Appetite, and that till that Devil be laid, there can be no Thought of lodging *Carnal Love* and *Modesty* under the same Roof. *Jupiter*'s forgetting *Modesty* in the Composition of Man, intimates the Difficulty of admitting it, till Flesh and Blood has done the friendly Office towards the Peopling of the World; for there's hardly any Place for Counsel, till these Heats are in some measure taken off; and it is no wonder, that when Love comes to be without Reason, it should be without *Modesty* too; for when 'tis once past *Government*, it is consequently past *Shame*. When our Corruptions, in fine, are strong, and our Understandings weak, we are apter to hearken to the Motions of the Blood, and to the vain Imaginations of a depraved Affection, than to the dry Doctrines and Precepts of Authority and Virtue.

This Difficulty of keeping young and hot Blood in Order, does mightily enforce the Necessity of an early Care for the Training up of Children, and giving them a Tincture, before it be too late, of those Doctriues and Principles, by which

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they are afterward to govern the whole Frame of their Lives. For in their tender Years they are more ſuſceptible of profitable and virtuous Impreſſions, than afterwards, when they come to be ſollicited by the Impulſe of common and vulgar Inclinations. They ſhould, in truth, be kept out of Diſtance, of either ſeeing or hearing ill Examples; eſpecially in an Age that is govern'd more by Precedent than by Reaſon.

FAB. 185. Jupiter's Wedding.

WHen the Toy had once taken *Jupiter* in the Head to enter into a State of Matrimony, he reſolv'd, for the Honour of his celeſtial Lady, that the whole World ſhould keep a *Feſtival* upon the Day of his Marriage, and ſo invited all living Creatures, *Tag*, *Rag*, and *Bob-tail*, to the Solemnity of the Wedding. They all came in very good Time, ſaving only the *Tortoiſe*. *Jupiter* told him 'twas ill done to make the Company Stay, and ask'd him, Why ſo late? Why truly, ſays the *Tortoiſe*, I was at Home, at my own Houſe, my dearly beloved Houſe, and [*Home is Home let it be never ſo homely.*] *Jupiter* took it very ill at his Hands, that he ſhould think himſelf better in a Ditch, than in a Palace, and ſo he paſs'd this Judgment upon him; that ſince he would not be perſuaded to come out of his Houſe upon that Occaſion, he ſhould never ſtir abroad again from that Day forward, without his Houſe upon his Head.

The MORAL.

There's a Retreat of Sloth and Affection, as well as of Choice and Virtue: and a Beggar may be as proud, and as Happy too in a Cottage, as a Prince in a Palace.

REFLECTION.

WE are to learn from hence (ſays the *old Moral*) that there's no trifling, dallying, or delaying with Men in Power: And that Contentment in a mean Condition at Home, is beyond all the luxurious Treats in the World, abroad, with Pomp and Envy. The Danger of trifling with great Men does not come up, methinks, to the full Force and Intent of

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of this Fable, which ſeems rather to ſet forth the Miſtakes of impotent Greatneſs, in misjudging the Teſt and Standard of human Happineſs. What's a voluptuous Dinner, and the frothy Vanity of Diſcourſe that commonly attends theſe pompous Entertainments? What is it but a Mortification, to a Man of Senſe and Virtue, to ſpend his time among People that take Good for Evil, and puniſh where they ſhould reward, and reward where they ſhould puniſh? The *Tortoiſe* was forbidden the Court; that is to ſay, he was baniſh'd from the Sight of vain, wicked, and unprofitable Examples. *Jupiter* gave the *Tortoiſe* the Honour of an Invitation, but that Honour was yet to the poor *Tortoiſe*'s Loſs; for he that's tranſported out of his Nature, and out of his Element, let the Change be what it will, is a Loſer by the Bargain. A plain, and a homely Home, with Competency and Content, is beyond all the Palaces under the Heavens; the Pomp, the Plenty, and the Pleaſures of them over and above. To ſay nothing of the Surfeits that are gotten by Exceſſes of eating and drinking; the reſtleſs Nights, factious Emulations, Feuds, and Diſguſts that attend them: Beſides the Slavery of being ty'd up to other Peoples Hours, Meals, and Faſhions. He that has no Ambition, is happy in a Cell, or in a Cottage; whereas the ambitious Man is, miſerable, even upon a Throne. He that thinks he has not enough, wants, and he that wants is a Beggar.

The *Tortoiſe* came late, for he came unwillingly, which is the Caſe of many a worthy Man that ſacrifices his Peace to Formalities of Complement and good Manners. *Jupiter* took Snuff at the Contempt, and puniſh'd him for't. And what was the Puniſhment? He ſent him Home again. That is to ſay, he remanded him to his Lot, and to his Choice. Such, in ſhort, is the Felicity of a moderate, and a ſteady Mind, that all Comforts are wrapt up in't; for Providence turns the very Puniſhment of a good Man, into an Equivalence to a Reward, by improving that to his Advantage, which was intended for his Ruin; and making the *Tortoiſe*'s Baniſhment a Bleſſing to him.

FAB. 186. A Wolf and a Sheep.

A *Wolf* that lay licking of his Wounds, and extremely faint and ill upon the Biting of a Dog, call'd out to a *Sheep* that was paſſing by. Hark ye Friend (ſays he) if thou wouldſt but help me to a Scup

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of Water out of that ſame Brook there, I could make a Shift to get myſelf ſomewhat to eat. Yes, ſays the *Sheep*, I make no doubt on't; but when I bring ye Drink, my Carcaſe ſhall ſerve ye for Meat to't.

The MORAL.

It is a Charitable and Chriſtian Office to relieve the Poor and the Diſtreſſed; but this Duty does not extend to ſturdy Beggars, that while they are receiving Alms with one Hand, are ready to beat out a Man's Brains with the other.

REFLECTION.

THAT *Sheep* has a bleſſed Time on't that runs on a *Wolf's* Errand: But *Æſop's Sheep* have more Wit, I perceive, than many of our Domeſtick Innocents. 'Tis a Court Maſter-Piece, to draw Cheſnuts out of the Fire with other Peoples Fingers; and to complement a Man into a Poſt of Honour, a Purpoſe to have him knock'd o'th' Head in't: Now the *Sheep's* Caſe in the Fable, is but an every Day's Caſe in the World; when People are divided betwixt Charity and Diſcretion, how far to go, and where to ſtop. In Offices of this doubtful Quality, we have only this general Rule to walk by, that when we have to do with known *Wolves*, we know likewiſe that they are not to be confided in. But this *Wolf*, (I muſt confeſs) with a *Lamb-skin* over his Shoulders, might have paſt Muſter for a *Goſpeller in Sheep's cloathing*; which would have made it a more dangerous Impoſture. We are to gather from hence, that there's no truſting to the fair Words and Appearances of a falſe and malicious Enemy; for their very Kindneſſes are no better than Snares. *Treachery* is a kind of *Lay Hypocriſy*, and they are equally odious both to God and Man, over and above the corrupting of our Manners; the hardening of our Hearts; the diſſolving of all the Bonds of Faith, Confidence, and Society, and the extinguiſhing of good Nature itſelf: And all this in our own Defence too.

FAB. 187. Hares, Foxes, and Eagles.

THere goes an old Story of a bloody War betwixt the *Hares* and the *Eagles*; and the *Hares* would fain have drawn the *Foxes* into their Alliance; but very frankly and civilly they gave them this Anſwer, That they

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they would ſerve them with all their Hearts, if they did not perfectly underſtand both the *Hares* themſelves, and the *Enemy* they were to cope withal.

The MORAL.

There's no entring into any League, without well examining the Faith and Strength of the Parties to't.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a Folly, to the higheſt Degree, for Men to run the Riſque of their Lives and Fortunes, by entering into Leagues with the weak, againſt an Adverſary that is manifeſtly too ſtrong for them both. 'Tis hazardous to contract unequal Friendſhips and Alliances, and there's an Inequality of Diſpoſition and Humour, as well as of Power. The falſe are as dangerous as the fearful: Only with this Difference, that the one will not do a Man hurt, and the other can do him no good. The end of Leagues is common Aſſiſtance and Defence; and he that joins Intereſt with thoſe that cannot help him, ſtands as ſingle as he did before; which deſtroys the End of a common Union; for where there's no Hope of a Reciprocal Aid, there can be no Reaſon for the mutual Obligation; and it is the ſame Thing in Buſ'neſs, Counſel, and Commerce, that it is in Arms and Force. The Caſe of the *Hares* and *Foxes* in a Confederacy againſt the *Eagles*, is a common Caſe betwixt Kingdoms and Common-wealths.

FAB. 188. An Ant formerly a Man.

THE *Ant*, or *Piſmire*, was formerly a *Husband-man*, that ſecretly filch'd away his Neighbour's Goods and Corn, and ſtor'd all up in his own Barn. He drew a general Curſe upon his Head for't, and *Jupiter* as a Puniſhment, and for the Credit of Mankind, turn'd him into a *Piſmire*; but this Change of Shape wrought no Alteration, either of Mind, or of Manners; for he keeps the ſame Humour and Nature to this very Day.

The MORAL.

That which ſome call good Husbandry, Induſtry and Providence, others call Raking, Avarice, and Oppreſſion: So that the Virtue and

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and the Vice, in many Cases, are hardly distinguishable but by the Name.

REFLECTION.

WHEN vicious Inclinations are brought once, by Custom and Practice, to be habitual, the Evil is Desperate, for Nature will be still true to herself, through all Forms and Disguises. And *Custom* is a *second Nature*. By the Poetical Fictions of Men turn'd into the Shape of Beasts and Insects, we are given to understand that they do effectually make themselves so, when they degenerate from the Dignity of their Kind: So that the *Metamorphosis* is in their Manners, not in their Figure. When a reasonable Soul descends to keep Company in the Dirt with *Ants* and *Beetles*, and to abandon the whole Man to the Sensuality of brutal Satisfactions, he forfeits his Peerage, and the very Privilege of his Character and Creation; for he's no longer a *Man*, that gives himself wholly up to the Works of a *Beast*. Only one Word more now, upon the Judgment that befel the *Husbandmen*, which bids us have a Care of Avarice, Rapine and Oppression; for the Curse of Heaven attends them.

FAB. 189. Travellers by the Sea-side.

A Company of People that were walking upon the Shore, saw somewhat come hulling toward them a great Way off at Sea. They took it at first for a Ship, and as it came nearer, for a Boat only; but it prov'd at last to be no more than a Float of Weeds and Rushes: Whereupon they made this Reflection within themselves, *We have been waiting here for a mighty Bus'ness, that comes at last to be just nothing.*

The MORAL.

We fancy Things to be Greater or Less at a Distance, according to our Interest or Inclination to have them either the One or the Other.

REFLECTION.

THE Doctrine of this Fable is held forth to us in a thousand Cases of Curiosity, Novelty, &c. We make a wonderful Matter,

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Matter of Things at a diſtance, that ſignify little or nothing at all, nearer hand. And we are as much impos'd upon in the Proſpect of our Hopes and Fears: The Dangers and the Bleſſings that we either dread, or propoſe to ourſelves, look a great deal Bigger afar off, than in effect they are. And what's the Myſtery of all this now, but that we judge of things by falſe Images and Appearances, without entring into the true State and Reaſon of them? So that at this Rate, we divide our Lives betwixt flattering Alluſions and reſtleſs Apprehenſions; never at Eaſe, either on the one ſide, or on the other. The Miſchief is, that we are over ſollicitous about Matters that are out of our Power, and Star-gazing after Futurities; when, in truth, our Bus'neſs lies juſt under our Noſes; that is to ſay, in the Attending, and Improving of preſent Opportunities. In few Words, a wiſe Man counts his very Minutes; he lets no Time ſlip him; for Time is Life: which he makes long, by the good Husbandry of a right Uſe and Application of it, from one Moment to another. This is not yet to exclude the Providence of tracing Premiſſes into Conſequences, or Cauſes into their Effects, but to caution us not to look at the wrong End of the Glaſs; and ſo invert the Proſpect. We ſee things at hand, as they really are, but at a diſtance, only as they ſeem to be: Patience and Conſideration will ſet us right in our Judgments and in our Meaſures. It is much thereabouts with the common People too, in the Matter of remote Grievances. They repreſent, and fancy to themſelves, Hell, Slavery, and Damnation at a Diſtance, in many a Caſe, which at hand ſignifies not ſo much as a Flea-biting.

FAB. 190. A Wild Aſs and a Tame.

AS a *Tame Aſs* was airing himſelf in a pleaſant Meadow, with a Coat and Carcaſe in very good Plight, up comes a *Wild* one to him from the next Wood, with this ſhort Greeting. *Brother* (ſays he) *I envy your Happineſs*; and ſo he left him: It was his Hap ſome ſhort time after this Encounter, to ſee his *Tame Brother* groaning under an unmerciful Pack, and a Fellow at his Heels goading him forward. He rounds him in the Ear upon't, and whiſpers him. *My Friend* (ſays

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(ſays he) *your Condition is not, I perceive, what I took it to be, for a Body may buy Gold too dear: And I am not for purchaſing good Looks and Provender at this Rate.*

The MORAL.

Betwixt Envy and Ingratitude, we make ourſelves twice miſerable; out of an Opinion, firſt, that our Neighbour has too much; and ſecondly, that we ourſelves have too little.

REFLECTION.

THIS is to caution us againſt running the Riſque of Diſappointments that are greater than the preſent Inconveniencies; and where the Miſery and Hazard does more than countervail the Benefit.

In the Fable of the *Horſe and the Aſs* (*Numb.* 38.) the *Aſs* finds himſelf miſtaken in his Opinion, both of the Foundation of Happineſs, and of the Stability of it. His Miſtake in this, looks another way; for he took his Brother to be happy when he was not ſo; even according to his own Standard: But we are too apt to think other People more happy, and ourſelves leſs, than in Truth they, or we are: Which ſavours of a Malevolence on the one Hand, and an Ingratitude on the other. Nay, it falls out many times, that the Envious Perſons are rather to be Envy'd of the two. What had the *Wild Aſs* here to complain of, or the *Tame* one to be envy'd for? The former was but in the Plight that *Wild Aſſes* uſually are; and in Truth ought to be. When they are in the Woods they are at Home, and a Foreſt-Life, to them, is but according to Nature. As to the State and Rudeneſs of his Body, 'tis but anſwerable to the Condition of his Lot. The *Tame Aſs*, 'tis true, was better fed, but then he was harder wrought, and in the carrying of Packs, he did but ſerve Mankind in the Trade that Providence had aſſign'd him; for he was made for Burdens. 'Tis a fine Thing to be fat and ſmooth; but 'tis a finer Thing to live at Liberty and Eaſe.

To ſpeak properly, and to the Point, there's no ſuch thing as Happineſs or Miſery in this World (commonly ſo reputed) but by Compariſon; neither is there any Man ſo miſerable, as not to be happy, or ſo happy, as not to be miſerable, in ſome reſpect or other: Only we are apt to envy our Neighbours the Poſſeſſion of thoſe Advantages that we want, without ever giving Thanks for the Bleſſings that they want, and we ourſelves enjoy. Now this Mixture in the Diſtributions

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tions of Providence, duly consider'd, serves to make us easy, as well as necessary one to another; and so to unite us in a Consistence both of Friendship, and of Civil Convenience: For it is no less requisite to maintain a Truck in the Matter of moral Offices, and natural Faculties, than in the common Business of Negotiation and Commerce; and human Society can no more subsist without the one, than without the other. One Man furnishes Brains, another Money, a third Power, Credit, Mediation, Intelligence, Advice, Labour, Industry: (to say nothing of a Thousand other Instances reducible to this Head) so that the Rule of Communication holds as well betwixt Man and Man, as betwixt Country and Country; what one has not, another has, and there is not that Man living, but in some Case or other, stands in need of his Neighbour. Take away this Correspondence, and the very Frame of all political Bodies drops to Pieces. Every thing is best, in fine, as God has made it, and where God has plac'd it. The *Tame Ass* wrought hard for his *fine Coat*, and the *Wild* one *fared hard*, to ballance the Comfort of his *Freedom*.

FAB. 191. Asses to Jupiter.

THE *Asses* found themselves once so intolerably oppressed with cruel Masters and heavy Burdens, that they sent their Ambassadors to *Jupiter*, with a Petition for Redress. *Jupiter* found the Request unreasonable, and so gave them this Answer, That Human Society could not be preserv'd without carrying Burdens some way or other: So that if they would but join, and piss up a River, that the Burdens which they now carried by Land might be carried by Water, they should be eas'd of that Grievance. This set them all a pissing immediately, and the Humour is kept up to this very Day, that whenever *one Ass* pisses, the rest piss for Company.

The MORAL.

'Tis the uttermost degree of Madness and Folly, to Appeal from Providence and Nature.

RE-

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REFLECTION.

THE Decrees and Appointments of Heaven are unchangeable, and there's no contending. How many Popular Counterparts of the *Asses Petition* to *Jupiter* for Redress of Grievances, have we liv'd to see within our own Memory, and all, for Things, not only unreasonable, but utterly impossible. We read however in the Answer, the Quality and the Reproach of the Prayer, which is granted upon Conditions as impracticable, as the Thing desir'd is ridiculous.

The *Asses* are here complaining (after the way of the *Mobile*) for being put to the very Use and Business they were made for; as if it were Cruelty and Oppression to employ the necessary Means, which God and Nature has given us, for the attaining of necessary Ends. If we confound Higher and Lower, the World is a *Chaos* again, and a Level. Is not a Labourer as much a Tool of Providence as the Master-Builder? Are not the meanest Artificers of the same Institution with Ministers of Counsel and State? The Head can no more be without the Body, than the Body without the Head; and neither of them without Hands and Feet to defend, and provide, both for the one, and for the other. Government can no more subsist without Subjection, than the Multitude can agree without Government: And the Duty of Obeying is no less of Divine Appointment, than the Authority of Commanding.

Here's a *Petition* to *Jupiter*, in Truth, against himself; and in the Moral, a Complaint to God again Providence; as if the Harmony of Nature, and of the World, the Order of Men, Things, and Business, were to be enbroil'd, dissolv'd, or alter'd, for the Sake of so many *Asses*. What would become of the Universe if there were not Servants as well as Masters? Beasts to draw, and carry Burdens, as well as Burdens to be drawn and carry'd? If there were not Instruments for Drudgery, as well as Offices of Drudgery: If there were not People to receive and execute Orders, as well as others to give and authorize them? The Demand, in fine, is unnatural, and consequently both weak and wicked; and it is likewise as vain, and unreasonable, to ask a Thing that is wholly Impossible. But 'tis the *Petition* of an *Ass* at last, which keeps up the Congruity of the Moral to the Fable.

The Ground of the Request, is the Fiction of a Complaint, by reason of intolerable Burdens. Now we have Grievances to the Life, as well as in Fancy; and *Asses* in *Flesh and Blood* too

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too, and in *Practice* as well as in *Emblem*. We have *Herds* in *Society*, as well as in the *Fields*, and in the *Forests*; and we have *English* too, as well as *Arcadian Grievances*. What! (cries the Multitude) are not our Bodies of the same Clay, and our Souls of the same Divine Inspiration with our Masters? Under these Amusements, the common People put up so many Appeals to Heaven, from the Powers and Commands of their lawful Superiors, under the Obloquy of Oppressors; and what better Answer can be return'd to all their clamorous Importunities, than this of *Jupiter?* Which most emphatically sets forth the Necessity of discharging the *Asses* Part; and the Vanity of proposing to have it done any other way. As who should say, the Bus'ness of Human Nature must be done. Lay your Heads together, and if you can find any way for the doing it, without one sort of People under another, you shall have your Asking. But for a Conclusion, He that's born to work, is out of his Place and Element when he's idle.

FAB. 192. An Ass and the Frogs.

AN *Ass* sunk down into a Bog among a Shoal of *Frogs*, with a Burden of Wood upon his Back, and there he lay, sighing and groaning, as if his Heart would break: Hark ye Friend (says one of the *Frogs* to him, if you make such a Bus'ness of a *Quagmire*, when you are but just fall'n into't, what would you do I wonder, if you had been here as long as we have been?

The MORAL.

Custom makes Things familiar and easy to us; but every thing is best yet in its own Element.

REFLECTION.

NATURE has assign'd every Creature its proper Place and Station: And an *Ass* in a *Bog* is out of his Element, and out of his Province. The Fable itself has not much in't; but it may serve to teach us in the Moral, that it is a high Point of Honour, and Christianity, to bear Misfortunes, with Resolution and Constancy of Mind: And that Steddiness is a Point of Prudence, as well as of Courage; for People are the lighter and the easier for't. But it was an *Ass*, we see, that *complain'd*, and

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and (if a Body may play the Fool with him) he was but an *Aſs* for *complaining:* Firſt, of what he could not help; and Secondly, to be never the better for't. 'Tis with a Man in a Jayl, much at the Rate as it was with this *Aſs* in the *Bog*. He's ſullen and out of humour at his firſt coming in; the Priſoners gather about him, and there he tells 'em his Caſe over and over I warrant ye. Some make Sport with him; others pity him, and this is the Trade they drive for the firſt four or five Days perhaps; but ſo ſoon as the Qualm is over, the Man comes to himſelf again; makes merry with his Companions, and ſince he cannot be in his own Houſe, he reckons himſelf as good as at Home in the very Priſon. 'Tis the ſame Thing with a *Bird* in a *Cage*; when ſhe has flutter'd her ſelf a weary, ſhe ſits down and ſings. This 'tis to be wonted to a Thing. And were it not a Scandal now, if Philoſophy ſhould not do as much with us as Cuſtom, without leaving it to Neceſſity to do the Office of Virtue. It might be added to this Moral, that what's Natural to one, may be grievous to another. The *Frogs* would have been as much at a Loſs in the *Stable*, as the *Aſs* was in the *Bog*.

FAB. 193. A Gall'd Aſs and Raven.

AS an *Aſs* with a *gall'd Back* was feeding in a Meadow, a *Raven* pitch'd upon him, and there ſate, jobbing of the Sore. The *Aſs* fell a friſking and braying upon't; which ſet a Groom, that ſaw it at a Diſtance, a laughing at it. Well! (ſays a *Wolf* that was paſſing by) to ſee the injuſtice of the World now! A poor *Wolf* in that *Raven*'s Place, would have been perſecuted, and hunted to Death preſently; and 'tis made only a laughing Matter, for a *Raven* to do the ſame Thing that would have coſt a *Wolf* his Life.

The MORAL.

One Man may better ſteal a Horſe, than another look over the Hedge.

REFLECTION.

THE ſame Thing in one Perſon or Reſpect, is not always the ſame Thing in another: The Groom's grinning at the

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Gambols of the *Aſs*, tells us that there are many Caſes that make People laugh without pleaſing them, as when the Surprize, or Caprice of ſome Fantaſtical Accident happens to ſtrike the Fancy: Nay, a Body cannot forbear laughing ſometimes, when he is yet heartily ſorry for the thing he laughs at; which is in Truth, but an extravagant Motion, that never comes near the Heart; wherefore the *Wolf* was out in his Philoſophy, when he call'd it a *Laughing-Matter*; beſides, that he ſhould have diſtinguiſh'd upon the Diſproportion betwixt the worrying of a *Wolf*, and the pecking of a *Raven*; That is to ſay, betwixt a certain Death on the one Hand, and only a vexatious Importunity on the other. The *Raven* underſtood what ſort of Spark he had to do withal, and the ſilly *Aſs* ſtood preaching to himſelf upon the Text of *No Remedy but Patience.*

FAB. 194. A Lyon, Aſs, and Fox.

AS an *Aſs* and a *Fox* were together upon the Ramble, a *Lyon* meets him by the Way. The *Fox's* Heart went *Pit-a-Pat*; but however, to make the beſt of a bad Game, he ſets a good Face on't, and up he goes to the *Lyon*; Sir, ſays he, I am come to offer your Majeſty a piece of Service, and I'll caſt my ſelf upon your Honour for my own Security. If you have a Mind to my Companion the *Aſs* here, 'tis but a Word ſpeaking, and you ſhall have him immediately. Let it be done then, ſays the *Lyon*. So the *Fox* trepann'd the *Aſs* into the Toyl, and the *Lyon*, when he found he had him ſure, began with the *Fox* himſelf, and after that, for his ſecond Courſe, made up his Meal with the other.

The MORAL.

We love the Treaſon, but we hate the Traytor.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable adviſes every Man in Prudence to be ſure of knowing his Company before he embark with them in any great Matter; though he that betrays his Companion, has the Fortune commonly to be betrayed himſelf.

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Here's the Folly of the *Ass* in Trusting the *Fox* that he knew to be a treacherous Companion; and here's the Knavery of the *Fox* in Betraying the *Ass*, which was but according to his Nature. Now this does not hinder yet, but that the *Lyon* forfeited a Point of Honour in the worrying of him: And this Fiction throughout is but the Emblem of Things that are familiar to us in the World. The *Lyon* might have been allow'd an Aversion to the *Fox* as a perfidious Creature, but the devouring of him upon these Terms, was another Treachery in himself. There may be this said at last for the Congruity of the Fancy, that a just and generous *Lyon* would not have sunk so low as to hold any Communication with a *Fox*, much less to concert with him in his false Dealing. But this *Lyon* was meant for the Figure of a wicked Governor, conferring upon Frauds with wicked Ministers. Now if he had spar'd the *Ass*, for his Simplicity, and pinch'd the *Fox* for his Perfidy, the Proceeding might have had some Semblance of a generous Equity: But an honourable Mind will scorn to make advantage of a treacherous Instrument; That is to say, by assenting to the Treachery: So that the Moral seems to carry more Force with this Bias. Upon the whole Matter, here's the silly *Ass* pays dear for the Credulity and Folly of keeping ill Company. The *Fox* is met withal in his own Way, for breaking the Faith of Society; but still there wants some Judgment methinks, to attend the *Lion*; for he that encourages one Treason, does not only practise, but promote another; and lays the Foundation of a Doctrine, that will come home to himself in the Conclusion. When a *Prince* fails in Point of *Honour* and *Common Justice*, 'tis enough to stagger his *People* in their *Faith* and *Allegiance*. But the *Lion* here in the *Fable* came off better than our *Political Lions* usually do in the *World*.

FAB. 195. A Hen and a Swallow.

THere was a foolish *Hen* that sat brooding upon a Nest of *Snake's Eggs*. A *Swallow* that observ'd it, went and told her the Danger on't, Little do you think, says she, what you at this Instant are adoing, and that you are just now hatching your own Destruction; for this good Office will be your Ruin.

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The MORAL.

'Tis the hard Fortune of many a good natur'd Man to breed up a Bird to pick out his own Eyes, *in deſpite of all Cautions to the contrary.*

REFLECTION.

THIS is the Caſe of many People in the World, that ſpend their Time in good Offices for others, to the utter Ruin of themſelves: And there's no better to be expected from a wicked Age, and an ill-natur'd People. They that want Foreſight, ſhould do well to hearken to good Counſel. He that thinks to oblige hard-hearted People by an officious Tenderneſs, and to fare the better himſelf for putting it into their Power to hurt him, will find only ſo much Time, Pains, and Good-will, utterly caſt away, at the Foot of his Account. 'Tis good however to hope, and to preſume the beſt, provided a Man be prepar'd for the worſt. The Miſtake lies in this, that the Charity begins abroad that ought to begin at home. They that cannot ſee into the End of Things, may well be at a loſs in the Reaſon of them; and a well-meaning Piety is the Deſtruction of many an honeſt Man, that ſits innocently brooding upon the political Projects of other People, though with the Heart all the while, of a Patriot, and a true Friend to the Publick. Tell him the Conſequences of Matters, and that he is now hatching of *Serpents*, not of *Chickens:* A miſguided Zeal makes him deaf and blind to the true State and Iſſue of Things. He ſits his Time out, and what's the End on't, but the Plot naturally diſcloſes it ſelf in a common Ruin? It is a great Infelicity to make a wrong Choice of a Friend: But when Men are advertis'd of the Danger before-hand, it is as great a Fault, if they will take no Warning. The *Hen* was told on't, but the *Swallow* had the Fate, as well as the Gift of *Caſſandra:* To ſpeak Truth, and not to be believ'd: Which had been the Misfortune of many an honeſt Man in all Times, and particularly in the very Age we live in.

FAB. 196. A Pigeon and a Picture.

A *Pigeon* ſaw the *Picture* of a *Glaſs* with Water in't, and taking it to be Water indeed, flew raſhly and eagerly up to't for a Soup to quench her Thirſt.

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She broke her Feathers againſt the Frame of the *Picture*, and falling to the Ground upon't, was taken up by the By-Standers.

The MORAL.

Raſh Men do many Things in Haſte that they repent of at leiſure.

REFLECTION.

'TIS not good to be over fierce upon any Thing, for fear of miſtaking or miſunderſtanding the Matter in queſtion. Moderation is a high Point of Wiſdom, and Temerity on the other Hand, is ever dangerous: For Men are ſubject to be couzen'd with outward Appearances, and ſo take the vain Images, and Shadows of Things, for the Subſtance. All violent Paſſions have ſomewhat in them of the Raſhneſs of this *Pigeon*; and if that Raſhneſs be not as fatal in the one Caſe, as this was in the other, 'tis a Deliverance that we are more indebted for, either to the ſpecial Grace of an over-ruling *Providence*, or to the Mediation of that which we call *Chance*, than to any Thing of our own Government and Direction. One Man may have the Advantage of another in the Benefit of a Preſence of Mind, which may ſerve in a great Meaſure, to fortify us againſt Surprizes and Difficulties not to be foreſeen: But a ſound Judgment is the Reſult of ſecond Thoughts, upon due Time and Conſideration, which Way to bring Matters to a fair Iſſue. This precipitate Temper is little better than a phyſical Madneſs; for there is ſomewhat of an Alienation in't, when People proceed, not only without, but contrary to Reaſon. How many Inſtances do we ſee daily, of People that are hurry'd on, without either Fear or Wit, by Love, Hatred, Envy, Ambition, Revenge, *&c.* to their own Ruin? Which comes to the very Caſe of the *Pigeon's* breaking her Wing againſt the *Picture*, and the Miſcarriage is every Jot as ridiculous.

FAB. 197. A Pigeon and a Crow.

A *Pigeon* that was brought up in a Dove-Houſe, was bragging to a *Crow* how fruitful ſhe was. Never value your ſelf, ſays the *Crow*, upon that Vanity; for the more Children the more Sorrow.

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The MORAL.

Many Children are a great Bleſſing; but a few good Ones are a greater; All Hazards conſider'd.

REFLECTION.

THE Care, Charge, and Hazard of a Brood of many Children, in the Education and Proof of them, does in a great Meaſure countervail the Bleſſing; eſpecially where they are gotten in a State of Slavery. Sorrow and Vexation is entail'd upon the whole Race of Mankind. We are begotten to't; we are born to't; and as it has deſcended to us, ſo it is by us to be handed down to thoſe that come after us. The Streſs of the Fable lies upon the Hazard of having a numerous Stock of Children, which muſt of neceſſity, whether they live or die, furniſh Matter of great Anxiety to the Parents. The Loſs of them is grievous to us. The Miſcarriage of them, by falling into lewd and vicious Courſes, is much worſe: And one ſuch Diſappointment is ſufficient to blaſt the Comfort of all the reſt. Nay, the very Poſſibility, or rather the Likelyhood and Odds, that ſome out of ſuch a Number will prove ungracious and rebellious, makes our Beds uneaſy to us; fills our Heads and our Hearts with carking Thoughts, and keeps us in Anxiety Night and Day for fear they ſhould be ſo, and prove like Vipers, to eat out the Belly of their own Mothers.

FAB. 198. A Woman and her Two Daughters.

A *Woman* that had *Two Daughters*, bury'd one of them, and Mourners were provided to attend the Funeral. The *Surviving Daughter* wonder'd to ſee Strangers ſo much concern'd at the Loſs of her Siſter, and her neareſt Relations ſo little. Pray Mother, ſays ſhe, what's the Reaſon of this? Oh, ſays the *Mother*, We that are a-Kin to her, are never the better for crying, but the Strangers have Money for't.

The MORAL.

Mourners are as mercenary as common Proſtitutes; They are at his Service, that bids moſt for them.

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REFLECTION.

FUNERAL Tears are only Civilities of Courſe, but there muſt be Wringing of Hands yet, and Ejaculations, ſome where or other; and where the Relations are not in Humour for't, 'tis the Faſhion to provide Mercenaries to do the Office. The Moral of this will reach to all the pompous Solemnities of our mourning Proceſſions, which, upon the Whole, amount to no more than Dreſs and Pageantry, to make the Show look diſmal, and ſo many ſoure Faces that are hir'd to adorn the *Hypocriſy*. This was the Widow's Caſe, that cry'd her ſelf half Mad and Blind with a Thouſand paſſionate Interjections, for the Loſs of her Dear Husband. [*Never ſo Dear, ſo Dear a Man!*] This Woman, I ſay, (when ſhe had done all this, and renounced the World, the Fleſh, and the Devil, with as much Solemnity as ever ſhe did in her Baptiſm) was at the Long-laſt prevail'd upon to hear the Will read: But when ſhe found in the Concluſion, that the *Dear Man* ſhe ſo often call'd upon, had left her nothing that he could keep from her, but her Wedding-Ring and her Apron-ſtrings, up ſhe ſtarted, wip'd her Eyes, rais'd her Voice, [*And is this all with a Pox?*] ſhe cry'd; and with thoſe Words in her Mouth, ſhe came to herſelf again. Now this Widow, in the pure Strength of Fleſh and Blood, cry'd as arrantly for *Money*, as the Mercenaries in the Fable.

FAB. 199. A Shepherd and his Sheep.

IN old Time, when *Sheep* fed like *Hogs* upon Acorns, a Shepherd drove his Flock into a little Oak-Wood, ſpread his Coat under a Tree, and up he went to ſhake 'em down ſome Maſt. The *Sheep* were ſo keen upon the Acorns, that they gobbled up now and then a Piece of the Coat along with them. When the Shepherd took Notice of it, what a Company of ungrateful Wretches are you, ſays he, that cloath all other People that have no Relation to you, and yet ſtrip your Maſter, that gives ye both Food and Protection?

The MORAL.

The Belly has no Ears; *and a ravenous Appetite guttles up whatever is before it, without any Regard either to Things or Perſons.*

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REFLECTION.

'TIS a Freak mightily in Fashion among the People to affect a Singularity in their Lives and Manners, and to live in a direct Opposition to the ordinary Rules of Prudence and good Nature, as in returning Evil for Good for the Purpose; Nay, and in some Cases, Good for Evil too; where 'tis done more to be seen of Men than for God's sake, and where the Vanity of doing it destroys the Merit of the Virtue. The Fable will also bear this Moral, That eager Appetites have not a right Taste of Things; for the *Coat* goes down as well as the *Acorns*: But the main Stress falls upon those that *rob Peter*, as we say, to *pay Paul*, and take the Bread out of their Masters Mouths to give it to Strangers. And the Kindness of the Master is yet a further Aggravation of the Crime. We have abundance of Cases in Practice, as well as in Story, that strike upon this Topick. Have we never read of a sacrilegious Convocation of *Divines*, that at the same time that they liv'd upon the Altar betray'd it; and while they robb'd God himself of his due, divided the Spoils of the Church among the Rabble? Have we never heard of Men that gobbled the Privileges and Revenues of the Crown, and then squandred them away in Donatives upon the common People? Or, what shall we say of the scoffing Atheist, that turns all the Powers and Faculties of his Soul, as much as in him lies, to the Reproach of his Maker, and yet at the same time too, as pleasant Company to the World, as the Wit of a Libertine can make him? What is all this now but a Sheep stripping his Master, and cloathing Strangers?

FAB. 200. Jupiter and a Herds-man.

A *Herds-man* that had lost a Calf out of his Grounds, sent up and down after it; and when he could get no Tidings on't, he betook himself at last to his Prayers, according to the Custom of the World, when People are brought to a Forc'd-Put. Great *Jupiter* (says he) Do but shew me the *Thief* that stole my *Calf*, and I'll give thee a *Kid* for a Sacrifice. The Word was no sooner pass'd, but the *Thief* appeared; which was indeed a *Lion*. This Discovery put him to his Prayers once again.

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I have not forgotten my Vow, says he, but now thou hast brought me to the *Thief*, I'll make that *Kid* a *Bull*, if thou'lt but set me quit of him again.

The MORAL.

We cannot be too careful and considerate what Vows and Promises we make; for the very granting of our Prayers turns many Times to our utter Ruin.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable condemns all rash Vows and Promises, and the Unsteadiness of those Men who are first Mad to have a Thing, and as soon weary of it. Men should consider well beforehand what they promise, what they vow; nay, and what they wish for, lest they should be taken at their Words, and afterward repent. We make it half our Bus'ness to learn our Gain, and compass those Things, which when we come to understand, and to have in our Possession, we give the whole Earth to be rid of again: wherefore he that moderates his Desires without laying any Stress upon Things curious or uncertain; and resigns himself in all Events to the good Pleasure of Providence, succeeds best in the Government of his Fortune, Life, and Manners. The Herds-man was in a State of Freedom, we see, 'till he made himself a voluntary Slave, by entring into a dangerous and unnecessary Vow; which he could neither contract without Folly, nor keep without Loss and Shame; for Heaven is neither to be wheedled, nor brib'd. Men should pray, as not to repent of their Prayers, and turn the most Christian and Necessary Offices of our Lives into a Sin. We must not pray in one Breath to find a *Thief*, and in the next to get shut of him.

FAB. 201. A Gnat challenges a Lion.

AS a *Lion* was blustering in the Forest, up comes a *Gnat* to his very Beard, and enters into an Expostulation with him upon the Points of Honour and Courage. What do I value your Teeth or your Claws, says the *Gnat*, that are but the Arms of every Bedlam Slut? As to the Matter of Resolution; I defy ye to put that Point immediately to an Issue. So the Trumpet sounded

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ſounded, and the Combatants enter'd the Liſts. The *Gnat* charg'd into the Noſtrils of the *Lion*, and there twing'd him, 'till he made him tear himſelf with his own Paws, and in the Concluſion he maſter'd the *Lion*. Upon this, a Retreat was ſounded, and the *Gnat* flew his Way: But by Ill-hap afterward, in his Flight, he ſtruck into a Cobweb, where the *Victor* fell a Prey to a *Spider*. The Diſgrace went to the Heart of him, after he had got the better of a *Lion*, to be worſted by an *Inſect*.

The MORAL.

'Tis in the Power of Fortune to humble the Pride of the Mighty, even by the moſt deſpicable Means, and to make a Gnat *triumph over a* Lion; *Wherefore let no Creature, how great or how little ſoever, preſume on the one Side, or deſpair on the other.*

REFLECTION.

THERE is nothing either ſo Great, or ſo Little, as not to be liable to the Viciſſitudes of Fortune, whether for Good or for Evil. A miſerable *Fly* is ſufficient, we ſee, to take down the Stomach of a *Lion*; and then to correct the inſulting Vanity of that *Fly*, it falls the next Moment into the Toyl of a *Spider*. 'Tis highly improvident not to obviate ſmall Things; and as ridiculous to be baffled by them; and it is not the Force neither, but the Importunity that is ſo vexatious and troubleſome to us. The very teazing of the *Lion* gall'd him more than an Arrow at his Heart would have done. The Doctrine is this, that no Man is to preſume upon his Power and Greatneſs, when every pitiful Inſect may find out a Way to diſcompoſe him. But that pitiful Inſect again is not to value himſelf upon his Victory neither; for the *Gnat* that had the better of the *Lion*, in the very next Breath, was worſted by a *Spider*.

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THE FABLES OF BARLANDUS, &c.

FAB. 202. A Lion and a Frog.

A *Lion* that was ranging about for his Prey, made a Stop all on a Sudden at a hideous yelling Noiſe he heard, which not a little ſtartled him. The Surprize put him at firſt into a ſhaking Fit; but as he was looking about and preparing for the Encounter of ſome terrible Monſter, what ſhould he ſee but a pitiful *Frog* come crawling out from the Side of a Pond. And is this all? (ſays the *Lion*) and ſo betwixt Shame and Indignation, he put forth his Paw, and paſh'd out the Guts on't.

The MORAL.

There's no reſiſting of Firſt Motions; *but upon ſecond Thoughts we come immediately to our ſelves again.*

REFLECTION.

THE Surprize of the *Lion* is to teach us, that no Man living can be ſo preſent to himſelf, as not to be put beſide his ordinary Temper upon ſome Accidents or Occaſions; but then his Philoſophy brings him to a right Underſtanding of Things, and his Reſolution carries him through all Difficulties. It is another *Emphatical* Branch of this Emblem, that as the *Lion* himſelf was not Thorough-proof againſt this fantaſtical *Alarm*; ſo it was but a poor wretched *Frog* all this while, that diſcompoſed him, to ſhew the vain Opinion and falſe Images of Things,

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Things, and how apt we are to be tranſported with thoſe Fooleries, which, if we did but underſtand, we ſhould deſpiſe. Wherefore 'tis the Part of a brave, and a wiſe Man to weigh and examine Matters, without delivering up himſelf to the Illuſion of idle Fears, and pannick Terrors. It was, in truth, below the Dignity of a *Lion* to kill the poor Creature, but this however may be ſaid in Plea for't, that he was aſham'd to leave behind him a Witneſs of his Weakneſs.

FAB. 203. An Ant and a Pigeon.

AN *Ant* dropt, unluckily, into the Water as ſhe was drinking at the Side of a *Brook:* A *Wood-Pigeon* took Pity of her, and threw her a little Bough to lay hold on. The *Ant* ſav'd herſelf by that Bough, and in that very Inſtant, ſpies a Fellow with a Bird-ing-Piece, making a Shoot at the *Pigeon.* Upon this Diſcovery, ſhe preſently runs up to him and ſtings him. The *Fowler* ſtarts, and breaks his Aim, and away flies the *Pigeon.*

The MORAL.

All Creatures have a Senſe of good Offices, and Providence itſelf takes care, where other Means fail, that they may not paſs unrewarded.

REFLECTION.

THE Practice of requiting good Offices is a great Encouragement to the doing of them; and in truth, without Gratitude there would be little good Nature; for there is not one good Man in the World that has not need of another. This Fable of the *Ant* is not altogether a Fiction, for we have many Inſtances of the Force of Kindneſs, even upon Animals and Inſects: To paſs over the Tradition of *Andronicus*'s *Lion*, the Gratitude of *Elephants*, *Dogs* and *Horſes*, is too notorious to be deny'd. Are not *Hawks* brought to the Hand, and to the Lure? And in like manner, are not *Lions*, *Tygres*, *Bears*, *Wolves*, *Foxes*, and other Beaſts of Prey reclaim'd by good Uſage? Nay, I have ſeen a tame Spider, and 'tis a common Thing to have a *Lizard* come to Hand. Man only is the Creature, that to his Shame no Benefits can oblige, no, nor ſecure,

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cure, even from ſeeking the Ruin of his Benefactor: So that This *Piſmire* ſets us a Leſſon here in her Thankfulneſs to her Preſerver.

FAB. 204. A Peacock and a Pye.

IN the Days of Old, the Birds liv'd at random in a lawleſs State of *Anarchy*; but in Time they began to be weary on't, and mov'd for the ſetting up of a King. The *Peacock* valu'd himſelf upon his gay Feathers, and put in for the Office: The Pretenders were heard, the Queſtion debated; and the Choice fell upon the Poll to King *Peacock*: The Vote was no ſooner paſs'd, but up ſtands a *Pye* with a Speech in his Mouth to this Effect: *May it pleaſe your Majeſty*, ſays he, *We ſhould be glad to know, in Caſe the* Eagle *ſhould fall upon us in your Reign, as ſhe has formerly done, how will you be able to defend us?*

The MORAL.

In the Buſ'neſs of either erecting or changing a Government, it ought to be very well conſider'd beforehand, what may be the Conſequences, in caſe of ſuch a Form, *or ſuch a Perſon.*

REFLECTION.

KINGS are not to be choſen for the Beauty or Gracefulneſs of their Perſons, but for the Reputation they have in the World, and the Endowments of their Minds. This Fable ſhews likewiſe the Neceſſity of Civil Order, and the Danger of Popular Elections, where a factious Majority commonly governs the Choice. Take the Plurality of the World, and they are neither wiſe, nor good; and if they be left to themſelves, they will undoubtedly chuſe ſuch as they themſelves are. 'Tis the Miſery of *Elective Governments*, that there will be eternally Corruption and Partiality in the Choice; for there's a kind of a Tacit Covenant in the Caſe, that the King of their own making ſhall make his Makers Princes too: So that they work for themſelves all this while, not for the Publick: But the *Pye*'s Queſtion ſtopt all their Mouths, and it was wiſely let fall too without a Reply, to intimate that it was unanſwerable.

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FAB. 205. An Impertinent Dr. and his Patient.

A *Phyſician* was told one Morning that a certain *Patient* of his was dead. Why then *the Lord's Will be done*, ſays he: We are all Mortal: But if this Man would have forborn Wines, and us'd Clyſters, I'd have warranted his Life this Bout for God-a-Mercy. Well, ſays one, but why did not you rather give him this Advice when it might have done him good, than ſtand talking of it to no manner of Purpoſe now the Man is dead.

The MORAL.

'Tis to no Purpoſe to think of recalling Yeſterday; *and* when the Steed is ſtol'n of ſhutting the Stable Door.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable recommends to us the doing of every thing in its due Seaſon, for either too ſoon or too late ſignifies nothing. It is but *making Almanacks for the laſt Year*, to ſtand talking what might have been done; when the Time of doing it is paſt. When a Battle is loſt, this or that, we ſay, might have prevented it. When a Tumult is improv'd into a Rebellion, and a Government overturn'd by't, 'tis juſt to as much purpoſe to ſay, this or that might have ſav'd all: As for our *Doctor*, here to ſay, when his *Patient* was Dead; that it was for want of going ſuch or ſuch a way to work. We have abundance of theſe wiſe Men in the World that are ſtill looking backward without ſeeing one Inch of the way before them. Not but that the Experience of Things paſt, may be very inſtructive to us toward the making of a right Judgment upon Things to come, but in ſuch a Caſe as this, it is wholly vain and unprofitable, to all manner of Intents. 'Tis the Buſ'neſs of a ſubſtantial, and a well-grounded Wiſdom, to be ſtill looking forward, from the firſt Indiſpoſitions, into the Growth, and Progreſs of the Diſeaſe. It traces the Advance of Dangers Step by Step, and ſhews us the Riſe and Gradations of the Evil; and gives us Light, either toward the preventing, or the ſuppreſſing of it. We have in ſuch an Inſtance as this, the means before us, of a true, and an uſeful Perception of Things, whereas Judgments that are made on the wrong ſide

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The MORAL.

A Man that is ever ſhifting and changing, is not, in Truth, ſo weary of his Condition, as of himſelf; and he that ſtill carries about him the Plague of a reſtleſs Mind, can never be pleaſed.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a high Point of Prudence for any Man to be Content with his Lot. For 'tis Forty to One that he that changes his Condition, out of a preſent Impatience and Diſſatisfaction, when he has try'd a new One, wiſhes for his old one again; and briefly the more we ſhift the Worſe commonly we are. This ariſes from the Inconſtancy of our Minds, and one Prayer does but make Way for another. Thoſe People, in fine, that are deſtin'd to Drudgery, may well change their Maſters, but never their Condition.

He that finds himſelf in any Diſtreſs, either of Carcaſe, or of Fortune, ſhould do well to deliberate upon the Matter, before he prays for, or reſolves upon a Change. As for Example now, What is it that troubles me? Is there any Help for't, or no? What do I want? Is it Matter of Neceſſity, or Superfluity? Where am I to look for't? How ſhall I come at it? *&c.*

Now all our Grievances are either of Body or of Mind, or (in Complication) of both, and either the Remedy is in our own Power, or it is not. There are ſome Things that we cannot do for our ſelves, without the Help of others: There are ſome Things again, that other People cannot do for us, nor are they any Way elſe to be done but by our ſelves. In the one Caſe we are to ſeek abroad for Relief, and in the other, Whoever conſults his Reaſon, and his Duty, will find a certain Cure at Home: So that it goes a great Way in the Philoſophy of human Life, to underſtand the juſt Meaſures of what we are able to do, and what we are oblig'd to do, in Diſtinction from the Contrary; for otherwiſe we ſhall ſpend our Days with *Æſop*'s Aſs, in hunting after Happineſs where it is not to be found, without ever looking for't where it is. 'Tis allow'd us, to be ſenſible of broken Limbs, and diſeaſed Bodies: And common Prudence ſends us to Surgeons and Phyſicians, to piece, and patch them up again. But in theſe Caſes, we examine the Why, the What, and the How of Things, and propoſe Means accommodate to the End. 'Tis natural to be mov'd with Pain, and as natural to ſeek Relief; and it is well

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well done at laſt, to do that which Nature bids us do: But for imaginary Evils, every Man may be his own Doctor. They are bred in our Affections, and we may eaſe our ſelves. If the Queſtion had been a Spavin, or Gall'd Back, and the *Aſs* had petition'd to *Jupiter* for another *Farrier*, it might have been a very reaſonable Requeſt. Now if he had but pitch'd upon ſuch or ſuch a particular Maſter, it might have done well enough too: But to grow weary of one Maſter, or of one Condition, and then to be preſently wiſhing in general Terms for another; This is only an inconſiderate Ejaculation thrown off at random, without either Aim or Reaſon. Upon the whole Matter, it is but laying our own Faults at the Door of Nature and Providence, while we impute the Infirmities of our Minds to the Hardſhip of our Lot.

To proceed according to the Diſtribution of my Matter; 'tis much with us in this Caſe, as it was with the Man that fell from his Horſe and could not get up again. He was ſure he was hurt, he ſaid, but could not tell where. That is to ſay, *Firſt*, Our Grievances are fantaſtical where they are not corporal. *2dly*, It is another Error in us, that in all our Fantaſtical Diſappointments, we have Recourſe to Fantaſtical Remedies. *3dly*, Providence has allotted every Man a Competency for his State and Buſineſs. All beyond it is ſuperfluous, and there will be grumbling without End, if we come to reckon upon't, that we want This or That, becauſe we have it not, inſtead of acknowledging that we have This or That, and that we want Nothing. Theſe Things duly weigh'd, what can be more Providential than the Bleſſing of having an *Antidote* within our ſelves againſt all the Strokes of Fortune? That is to ſay, in the worſt of Extremities, we have yet the Comfort left us of Conſtancy, Patience, and Reſignation.

'Tis not for a Wiſe and Honeſt Man, to ſtand Expoſtulating with the Nature of Things. As for Inſtance, Why ſhould not I be This or That, or be ſo or ſo, as well as He or T'other? But I ſhould rather ſay to my ſelf after this manner: Am not I the Creature of an Almighty Power; and is it not the ſame Power and Wiſdom that Made and Order'd the World, that has aſſign'd me this Place, Rank, or Station, in't? This Body, this Soul, this every Thing? What I am I muſt be, and there's no contending with Invincible Neceſſity; No diſputing with an Incomprehenſible Wiſdom: To ſay Nothing of the Impiety of Appealing from an Inexplicable Goodneſs. If I can mend my Condition by any warrantable Induſtry and Virtue, the Way is fair and open; and that's a Pri-

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vilege that every reaſonable Creature has in his Commiſſion; but without fixing upon ſome certain Scope, and preſcribing juſt and honourable Ways to't, there's nothing to be done. 'Tis a wicked Thing to repine; and 'tis as bootleſs, and uneaſy too; for one reſtleſs Thought begets, and puniſhes another. We are not ſo miſerable in our own Wants, as in what others enjoy: And then our Levity is as great a Plague to us as our Envy, ſo that we need nothing more than we have but Thankfulneſs and Submiſſion, to make us happy. It was not the Ground of the *Aſs*'s Complaint, that it was worſe with *Him* than with *other Aſſes*, but becauſe he was an *Aſs*: And he was not ſo ſick of his *Maſter*, as of his *Work*. His Fortune was well enough for ſuch an Animal, ſo long as he kept himſelf within his proper Sphere and Buſineſs; but if the Stones in the Wall will be taking upon them to reproach the Builder; and if nothing will pleaſe People unleſs they be greater than Nature ever intended them; what can they expect, but the *Aſs*'s Round of vexatious Changes and Experiments; and at laſt, when they have made themſelves weary and ridiculous, e'en glad to ſet up their Reſt upon the very Spot where they ſtarted.

FAB. 209. A Woman and her Maids.

IT was the Way of a *Good Houſewifely Old Woman*, to call up her *Maids* every Morning juſt at the *Cock-Crowing*. The *Wenches* were loth to riſe ſo ſoon, and ſo they laid their Heads together, and kill'd the Poor *Cock*: For, ſay they, if it were not for his waking our *Dame*, ſhe would not wake *us*: But when the Good Woman's Clock was gone, ſhe'd miſtake the Hour many times, and call em up at Midnight: So that inſtead of mending the Matter, they found themſelves in a worſe Condition now than before.

The MORAL.

One Error makes way for another. Firſt, we complain of ſmall things: Then we ſhift, and inſtead of mending the Matter, we find it worſe, 'till it comes at laſt to the Tinker's Work of Stopping one Hole, and making Ten.

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REFLECTION.

'TIS a common Thing for People that are uneasy, to fly to Remedies that are worse than the Disease; wherefore Men should deliberate before they resolve; and say to themselves, this we suffer at present, and this or that we propose to get by such and such a Change; and so set the One against the Other. The *Wenches* were call'd up too early, they thought, and so for fear of having too little Sleep, they ran the Risque of having no Sleep at all. And it fares much at the same Rate in Publick Grievances that it does in Private; when rather than bear the Importunity of a Flea-biting, we are apt to run our selves Hand over Head into a Bed of Scorpions; which is such another kind of an Expedient, as if a Body should beat out his Brains to cure the Head-Ach. Flesh and Blood is naturally impatient of Restraint; beside the Itch and Curiosity that we have to be prying and searching into forbidden Secrets; and to see (as one says) *What Good is in Evil.* 'Tis natural to us to be weary of what we have, and still to be hankering after something or other that we have not: And so our Levity pushes us on from one vain Desire to another, in a regular Vicissitude, and Succession of Cravings and Satiety. We want (as I say) what we have not, and grow sick on't when we have it. Now the wise Man clears the whole Matter to us in pronouncing *All Things under the Sun* (that is to say, the Pomp, the Pleasures, and the Enjoyments of this World) to be *Vanity of Vanities*, and *All, Vanity.* The Truth of it is, we govern our Lives by Fancy, rather than by Judgment. We mistake the Reasons of Things, and impute the Issue of them to wrong Causes. So that the Lesson given us here, is preceptive to us not to do any thing but upon due Consideration. The *Wenches* kill'd the *Cock* for calling them up so soon, whereas the Crowing of the *Cock* was the Cause, in Truth, that they were call'd up no sooner.

FAB. 210. A Lion and a Goat.

A *Lion* spy'd a *Goat* upon the Crag of a high Rock, and so call'd out to him after this manner: Hadst not thou better come down now, says the *Lion*, into this delicate fine Meadow? Well, says the *Goat*, and so perhaps I would, if it were not for the *Lion* that's

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there before me: But I'm for a Life of Safety, rather than for a Life of Pleasure. Your Pretence is the Filling of my Belly with good Grass; but your Business is the Cramming of your own Guts with good *Goats-Flesh*: So that 'tis for your own Sake, not Mine, that you'd have me come down.

The MORAL.

There's no Trusting to the Formal Civilities and Invitations of an Enemy, and his Reasonings are but Snares when he pretends to advise us for our Good.

REFLECTION.

HE that advises another to his own Advantage, may be very reasonably suspected to give Counsel for his own Ends. It may so fall out, 'tis true, as to be profitable for both; but all Circumstances should be well examin'd in such a Case, before we Trust. This is the Song of your Men of Prey, as well as of your Beasts of Prey, when they set up for the Good of the *Goats* and *Common People*. How many fine Things have we had told us in the Memory of Man, upon the Subject of our *Liberties*, *Properties*, and *Religion*, and the delivering us from the *Fears* and *Jealousies* of *Idolatry*, and *Arbitrary Power*? And what was the Fruit of all this in the End, but Vision and Romance on the promising Hand, and an *Exchange of Imaginary Chains, for real Locks and Bolts*, on the other? But *Æsop*'s Beasts *saw further into a Mill-Stone* than our *Mobile*; And that the *Lion*'s Invitation of the *Goat* from the *Rocks* into the *Fool*'s *Paradise* of a delicate sweet Meadow, signify'd no more, in plain *English*, than *Come down that I may Eat ye.*

FAB. 211. A Vulture's Invitation.

THE *Vulture* took up a Fit of a very good Humour once, and invited the whole Nation of the Birds to make merry with him, upon the Anniversary of his Birth-Day. The Company came; the *Vulture* shuts the Doors upon them, and Devours his Guests instead of Treating Them.

The MORAL.

There's no Meddling with any Man that has neither Faith, Honour nor Good Nature in him.

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REFLECTION.

'TIS dangerous Truſting to ſpecious Pretexts of Civility and Kindneſs, where People are not well aſſur'd of the Faith and good Nature of thoſe they have to do withal; in which Caſe, the Butchery, and the Breach of Hoſpitality repreſented in this Fable, under a Maſque of Friendſhip, was no more than what might reaſonably enough be expected under ſuch Circumſtances. There are Men of Prey as well as Beaſts and Birds of Prey, and for thoſe that live upon, and delight in Blood, there's no Truſting of them: For let them pretend what they will, they govern themſelves, and take their Meaſures according to their Intereſts and Appetites. 'Tis a hard Caſe yet, for Men to be forc'd upon Ill Nature, in their own Defence, and to ſuſpect the good Faith of thoſe, that give us all the Proteſtations and Aſſurance of Friendſhip and Fair-Dealing that one Man can give another. Nay, the very Suſpicion is an Affront, and almoſt ſufficient to authorize ſome ſort of Revenge. He that violates the neceſſary Truſt and Confidence that one Man ought to repoſe in another, does what in him lies, to diſſolve the very Bond of Human Society; for there's no Treachery ſo cloſe, ſo ſure, and ſo pernicious, as that which works under a Veil of Kindneſs. We ſet Toyls, Nets, Gins, Snares, and Traps for Beaſts and Birds 'tis true; and we bait Hooks for Fiſhes; but all this is done in their own Haunts, and Walks, and without any Seal of Faith and Confidence in the Matter: But to break the Laws of Hoſpitality and Tenderneſs; To betray our Gueſts under our own Roofs, and to murder them at our own Tables; this is a Practice only for *Men* and *Vultures* to be guilty of.

FAB. 212. Buſtards and Cranes.

SOme Sportſmen that were abroad upon Game, ſpy'd a Company of *Buſtards* and *Cranes* a Feeding together, and ſo made in upon 'em as faſt as their Horſes could carry them. The *Cranes* that were light, took Wing immediately, and ſaved themſelves, but the *Buſtards* were Taken; for they were Fat, and Heavy, and could not Shift ſo well as the Other.

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The MORAL.

Light of Body and Light of Purſe, comes much to a Caſe in troubleſome Times; only the one ſaves himſelf by his Activity, and the other 'ſcapes becauſe he is not worth the Taking.

REFLECTION.

CAMERARIUS makes this to be an Emblem of the taking of a Town, where the Poor 'ſcape better than the Rich; for the one is let go, and the other is plunder'd and coop'd up. But with Favour of the Moraliſts, it was not at the Fowler's Choice, which to take, and which to let go; for the *Cranes* were too Nimble, and got away in ſpite of him: ſo that this Fancy ſeems rather to point at the Advantages that ſome have over others, to make better Shift in the World than their Fellows, by a Felicity of Make and Conſtitution, whether of Body or of Mind: Provided always, that they play fair, and manage all thoſe Faculties with a ſtrict Regard to common Honeſty and Juſtice.

FAB. 213. Jupiter and an Ape.

Jupiter took a Fancy once to ſummon all the Birds and Beaſts under the Canopy of Heaven to appear before him with their Brats, and their little Ones, to ſee which of 'em had the prettieſt Children: And who but the *Ape* to put herſelf foremoſt, with a Brace of her *Cubs* in her Arms, for the greateſt Beauties in the Company.

FAB. 214. An Eagle and an Owl.

A Certain *Eagle* that had a mind to be well ſerv'd, took up a Reſolution of preferring thoſe that ſhe found moſt agreeable, for Perſon and Addreſs; and ſo there paſt an Order of Council for all Her Majeſty's Subjects to bring their Children to Court. They came accordingly, and every one in their Turn was for advancing their own: 'Till at laſt the *Owl* fell a mopping, and twinkling, and told Her Majeſty, that if a gra-

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a gracious Mien and Countenance might entitle any of her Subjects to a Preference, she doubted not but her Brood would be look'd upon in the first Place; for they were as like the Mother as if they had been spit out of her Mouth, Upon this the Board fell all into a Fit of Laughing, and call'd another Cause.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

No Body ever saw an ill-favour'd Fool in the World yet, Man or Woman, that had not a good Opinion of his own Wit and Beauty.

REFLECTION.

SELF-LOVE is the Root of all the Vanities that are struck at in these Two Fables, and it is so natural an Infirmity, that it makes us partial even to those that come of us, as well as ourselves: And then it is so nicely divided betwixt Piety, Pride and Weakness, that in many Cases 'tis a hard Matter to distinguish the One from the Other. 'Tis a Frailty for a Man to think better of his Children than they deserve: But then there is an Impulse of Tenderness, and of Duty, that goes along with it, and there must be some Sort of an Esteem in the Case too, for the setting of that In-bred Affection at Work. The Difficulty lies in the moderating of the Matter, and in getting the true *Medium* betwixt being wanting to our own Flesh and Blood, once removed, and assuming too much to ourselves. Let the Attachment be what it will, we must not suffer our Judgments to be either perverted, blinded or corrupted, by any Partiality of Prepossessions whatsoever.

The Moral here before us, extends to the Fruits and Productions of the Brain, as well as of the Body; and to Deformities in the Matter, as well of Understanding, as of Shape. We are taught here principally Two Things: First, how ridiculous it is for a Man to dote upon *Fops* and *Buffoons*, though never so much the Issue of his own Head and Loins; and yet, Secondly, How prone we are to indulge our own Errors, Follies, and Miscarriages in Thought, Word, and Deed. The World has Abundance of these *Apes* and *Owls* in't: So that whoever does but look about him, will find so many living Illustrations of this Emblem, that more Words upon the Subject would be needless.

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THE FABLES OF ANIANUS, &c.

Flavius Avianus

Fab. 215. An Oak and a Willow.

THERE happen'd a Controverſy betwixt an *Oak* and a *Willow*, upon the Subject of Strength, Conſtancy, and Patience, and which of the Two ſhould have the Preference. The *Oak* upbraided the *Willow*, that it was weak and wavering, and gave way to every Blaſt. The *Willow* made no other Reply, than that the next Tempeſt ſhould reſolve that Queſtion. Some very little while after this Diſpute, it blew a very violent Storm. The *Willow* ply'd and gave way to the Guſt, and ſtill recover'd it ſelf again, without receiving any Damage: But the *Oak* was ſtubborn, and choſe rather to *Break* than *Bend*.

The Moral.

A ſtiff and a ſtubborn Obſtinacy, is not ſo much Firmneſs and Reſolution, as Wilfulneſs. A Wiſe and a Steady Man bends only in the Proſpect of Riſing again.

REFLECTION.

THERE are many Caſes, and many Seaſons, wherein Men muſt either bend or break: But Conſcience, Honour, and good Manners are firſt to be conſulted. When a Tree is preſs'd with a ſtrong Wind, the Branches may yield, and yet the Root remain Firm. But Diſcretion is to govern us, where and

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and when we may be allow'd to temporize, and where, and when not. When bending or breaking is the Queſtion, and Men have no other Choice before them, than either of complying, or of being undone; 'tis no eaſy Matter to diſtinguiſh, Where, When, How, or to what Degree, to yield to the Importunity of the Occaſion, or the Difficulty of the Times. It is a certain Rule, 'tis true (but a general One) That *no Ill is to be done that Good may come of it:* Now the Point will be at laſt, what's *Simply* Good or Evil; what in the *Contemplation*; and how far the *Intention*, or the probable *Conſequences* of ſuch, or ſuch an Action, may qualify the Caſe: Taking this Conſideration along with us too, that we are under a great Temptation to be partial in favour of our ſelves, in the Matter of Eaſe, Profit, or Safety.

The firſt Point to be preſerved ſacred, and from whence a Man is never to depart, though for the Saving of his Life, Liberty, popular Credit, or Eſtate; That firſt Point, I ſay, is *Conſcience*. Now all Duties are Matter of *Conſcience*, reſpectively to the Subject that they are exerciſed upon; only with this Reſtriction, that a ſuperior Obligation diſcharges, or at leaſt ſuſpends the Force of an Inferior: As to ſuch a Circumſtance for the Purpoſe, ſuch a Degree, or ſuch a Seaſon. Now there are other Niceties alſo, as of Honour, Decency, and Diſcretion, Humanity, Modeſty, Reſpect, *&c.* that border even upon the indiſpenſible Ties of Religion it ſelf; and though they are not Matter of *Conſcience*, ſimply and apart, they are yet ſo reductively, with a Regard to other Conſiderations; that is to ſay, though they are not ſo in the Abſtract, they become ſo by Affinity and Connection: And ſuch civil Matters they are, as fall within the Purlews of Religion. There are Trials of Men, as well as Trials of Trees. Storms or Inundations are the ſame Thing to the One, as the Iniquity of ſuch or ſuch an Age, or Conjuncture, is to the Other. Now 'tis not Courage but Stomach, that makes many People break, rather than they will bend; even though a Yielding upon that *Punctilio* (and with a good Conſcience too) might perhaps have ſaved a State. Fractures undoubtedly are dangerous, where the Publick is to be cruſh'd under the Ruin: But yet after all this diſcanting, and modifying upon the Matter, there's no leſs Hazard on the yielding Side too, than there is on the other. Men may be ſtiff and obſtinate, upon a wrong Ground, and Men may ply, and truckle too, upon as falſe a Foundation. Our Bodies may be forc'd, but our Minds cannot:

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not: So that human Frailty is no Excuſe for a criminal Immorality. Where the Law of God and Nature obliges me, the Plea of human Frailty can never diſcharge me. There's as much Difference betwixt bending and ſinking, as there is betwixt breaking and bending. There muſt be no contending with inſuperable Powers on the one Hand, and no departing from indiſpenſable Duties on the other: Nor is it the Part, either of a Chriſtian, or of a Man to abandon his Poſt. Now the juſt *Medium* of this Caſe lies betwixt the Pride, and the Abjection of the two Extreams. As the *Willow*, for the Purpoſe, *Bows* and *Recovers*, and the Reſignation is crown'd and rewarded in the Succeſs. The *Oak* is *ſtubborn* and *inflexible*, and the *Puniſhment* of that *Stiffneſs*, is one Branch of the *Allegory* of this Fable.

FAB. 216. A Fiſherman and a Little Fiſh.

AS an *Angler* was at his Sport, he had the Hap to draw up a *very little Fiſh* from among the Fry. The poor Wretch begg'd heartily to be thrown in again; for, ſays he, I'm not come to my Growth yet, and if you'll let me alone 'till I am bigger, your Purchaſe will turn to a better Account. Well! ſays the Man, but I'd rather have a little Fiſh in Poſſeſſion, than a great One in Reverſion.

The MORAL.

'Tis Wiſdom to take what we may, while 'tis to be had, even if it were but for Morality ſake.

REFLECTION.

THERE's no parting with a Certainty for an Uncertainty. But this Fable is abundantly moraliz'd elſewhere.

FAB. 217. An Ant and a Graſshopper.

AS the *Ants* were airing their Proviſions one Winter, up comes a hungry *Graſshopper* to 'em, and begs a Charity. They told him that he ſhould have wrought

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wrought in Summer, if he would not have wanted in Winter. Well, ſays the *Graſhopper*, but I was not idle neither; for I ſung out the whole Seaſon. Nay then, ſaid they, you ſhall e'en do well to make a Merry Year on't, and dance in Winter to the Tune that you ſung in Summer.

The MORAL.

A Life of Sloth is the Life of a Brute; but Action and Induſtry is the Buſ'neſs of a Great, a Wiſe, and a Good Man.

REFLECTION.

HERE's a Reproof to Men of Senſuality, and Pleaſure. The Moral preaches Induſtry, and beats down Sloth; and ſhews that After-wit is nothing worth. It muſt be an Induſtrious Youth that provides againſt the Inconveniencies and Neceſſities of old Age; and he that fools away the one, muſt either beg or ſtarve in the other. *Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard*, (ſays the *Wiſe Man*;) which in few Words ſums up the Moral of this Fable. 'Tis hard to ſay of Lazineſs, or Luxury, whether it be the more ſcandalous, or the more dangerous Evil. The very Soul of the Slothful does effectually but lie drowzing in his Body, and the whole Man is totally given up to his Senſes; whereas the Profit and the Comfort of Induſtry, is ſubſtantial, firm and laſting; the Bleſſings of Security and Plenty go along with it, and it is never out of Seaſon. What's the *Graſhopper*'s Entertainment now, but a Summer's Song? A vain, and an empty Pleaſure? Let it be underſtood however, that we are not to paſs *Avarice* upon the World under the Title of *Good-Husbandry* and *Thrift*; and under that Cover to extinguiſh *Charity*, by not diſtributing the Fruits of it. We are in the firſt Place to conſult our own Neceſſities, but we are then to conſider in the ſecond Place, that the Neceſſities of our Neighbours have a Chriſtian Right to a Part of what we have to ſpare. For the common Offices of Humanity, are as much Duties of *Self-Preſervation*, as what every *Individual* contributes to its own Well-being. It is, in ſhort, the great Intereſt and Obligation of *Particulars*, to advance the Good of the *Community*.

The Streſs of this Moral lies upon the Preference of honeſt Labour to Idleneſs; and the Refuſal of Relief on the one Hand, is intended only for a Reproof to the Inconſiderate Loſs

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Loſs of Opportunity on the other. This does not hinder yet, but that the *Ants*, out of their Abundance, ought to have Reliev'd the *Graſhopper* in her Diſtreſs, though 'twas her own Fault that brought her to't: For if one Man's Faults could diſcharge another Man of his Duty, there would be no longer any Place left for the common Offices of Society. To conclude, We have our Failings, every Mother's Child of us; and the Improvidence of my Neighbour muſt not make me inhumane. The *Ant* did well to *reprove* the *Graſhopper* for her *Slothfulneſs*; but ſhe did Ill then to refuſe her a *Charity* in her *Diſtreſs*.

FAB. 218. A Bull and a Goat.

A *Bull* that was hard preſs'd by a *Lion*, ran directly toward a *Goat-Stall*, to ſave himſelf. The *Goat* made good the Door, and Head to Head diſputed the Paſſage with him. Well! ſays the *Bull* with Indignation, If I had not a more dangerous Enemy at my Heels, than I have before me, I ſhould ſoon teach you the Difference betwixt the Force of a *Bull* and of a *Goat*.

The MORAL.

'Tis no Time to ſtand quarrelling with every little Fellow, when Men of Power are purſuing us upon the Heel to the very Death.

REFLECTION.

IT is Matter of Prudence, and Neceſſity, for People, in many Caſes, to put up the Injuries of a weaker Enemy, for fear of incurring the Diſpleaſure of a Stronger. *Baudoin* fancies the *Bull* to be the Emblem of a Man in Diſtreſs, and the *Goat* inſulting over him; and *Moralizes* upon it after this Manner. [*There's nothing that a Courtier more dreads and abhors, than a Man in Diſgrace; and he is preſently made all the Fools and Knaves in Nature upon't: For he that's unfortunate is conſequently guilty of all manner of Crimes.*] He applies this Character to thoſe that perſecute Widows and Orphans, and trample upon the Afflicted; though not without ſome Violence, Methinks, to the genuine Intent of this Figure; for the *Goat* was only *paſſive*; and his Buſ'neſs was, without any Inſolence, or Injuſtice, to defend his Free-hold.

FAB.

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FAB. 219. A Nurſe and a Wolf.

AS a *Wolf* was hunting up and down for his Supper, he paſs'd by a Door where a little Child was Bawling, and an old Woman Chiding it. *Leave your Vixen-Tricks*, ſays the *Woman*, *or I'll throw ye to the Wolf*. The *Wolf* over-heard her, and waited a pretty while, in hope the *Woman* would be as good as her Word; but no Child coming, away goes the *Wolf* for that Bout. He took his Walk the ſame Way again toward the Evening, and the *Nurſe* he found had chang'd her Note; for ſhe was then Muzzling and Cokeſing of it. *That's a good Dear*, ſays ſhe, *If the Wolf comes for my Child, we'll e'en beat his Brains out.* The *Wolf* went muttering away upon't. There's no medling with People, ſays he, that ſay one Thing and mean another.

The MORAL.

'Tis Fear more than Love that makes good Men, as well as good Children, and when fair Words and good Counſel will not prevail upon us, we muſt be frighted into our Duty.

REFLECTION.

THE Heart and Tongue of a Woman are commonly a great way aſunder. And it may bear another Moral: Which is, that 'tis with froward Men, and froward Factions too, as 'tis with Froward Children; they'll be ſooner quieted by Fear, and rough Dealing, than by any ſenſe of Duty or good Nature. There would be no living in this World without *Penal Laws*, and *Conditions*. And *Do or Do not*, This or That at your Peril, is as reaſonable, and neceſſary in Families as it is in Governments. It is a Truth imprinted in the Hearts of all Mankind, that the *Gibbets*, *Pillories*, and the *Whipping-Poſts* make more *Converts* than the *Pulpits*: As the *Child* did more here for *Fear* of the *Wolf*, than for the *Love* of the *Nurſe*.

FAB.

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FAB. 220. An Eagle and a Tortoise.

A *Tortoise* was thinking with himself how irksome a sort of a Life it was, to spend all his Days in a Hole, with a House upon his Head, when so many other Creatures had the Liberty to divert themselves in the free, fresh Air, and to ramble about at Pleasure. So that the Humour took him one Day, and he must needs get an *Eagle* to teach him to fly. The *Eagle* would fain have put him off, and told him, 'twas a Thing against Nature, and common Sense; but (according to a Freak of the wilful Part of the World) the more the One was against it, the more the Other was for it: And when the *Eagle* saw that the *Tortoise* would not be said *Nay*, she took him up a matter of a *Steeple-high* into the Air, and there turn'd him loose to shift for himself. That is to say, she dropt him down, *Squab*, upon a Rock, that dash'd him to Pieces.

The MORAL.

Nothing can be either safe, or easy, that's unnatural.

REFLECTION.

THIS shews us, how unnatural a Vanity it is, for a Creature that was made for one Condition, to aspire to another. The *Tortoise*'s Place was upon the Sands, not among the Stars; and if he had kept to his Station, he would have been in no Danger of falling. Many a Fool has good Counsel offer'd him, that has not either the Wit, or the Grace to take it; and his Wilfulness commonly ends in his Ruin.

Every Thing in Nature has its appointed Place, and Condition, and there's no putting a Force upon any thing contrary to the Biass and Intent of its Institution. What Bus'ness has a *Tortoise* among the Clouds? Or why may not the Earth itself as well covet a higher Place, as any Creature that's confin'd to't? It is, in short, a silly, an extravagant, and in Truth, so impious a Fancy, that there can hardly be a greater Folly, than to wish, or but so much as suppose it: But there's an Ambition in mean Creatures, as well as in mean Souls. So many ridiculous Upstarts as we find promoted in the World,

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we may imagine to be ſo many *Tortoiſes* in the Air; and when they have flutter'd there a while, like *Paper Kites*, for the Boys to ſtare at, he that took them up, grows either aſham'd, or weary of them, and ſo lets them drop again; and, with the Devil himſelf, e'en leaves them where he found them. This may ſerve to put a Check to the Vanity and Folly of an unruly Ambition, that's deaf, not only to the Advice of Friends, but to the Counſels and Monitions of the very Spirit of Reaſon itſelf: For Flying without Wings is all one with Working without Means. We ſee a thouſand Inſtances in the World, every Jot as ridiculous as this in the Fable. That is to ſay, of Men that are made for the one Condition, and yet affect another. What ſignifies the Fiction of *Phaeton* in the Chariot of the *Sun*; the *Frog* vying Bulk with an *Ox*; or the *Tortoiſe* riding upon the Wings of the Wind; but to preſcribe Bounds and Meaſures to our exorbitant Paſſions; and at the ſame time, to ſhew us, upon the Iſſue, that all unnatural Pretenſions are attended with a certain Ruin?

FAB. 221. An Old Crab and a Young.

CHild (ſays the *Mother*) you muſt uſe your ſelf to walk ſtrait, without Skiewing, and Shailing ſo every Step you ſet: Pray *Mother* (ſay the *Young Crab*) do but ſet the Example your ſelf, and I'll follow ye.

FAB. 222. The Gooſe and Goſſelin.

WHy do you go Nodding and Waggling ſo like a Fool, as if you were *Hipſhot?* ſays the *Gooſe* to her *Goſſelin*. The *Young One* try'd to mend it, but could not; and ſo the *Mother* ty'd little Sticks to her Legs, to keep her upright: But the *Little One* complain'd then, that ſhe could neither Swim nor Dabble with 'em. Well, ſays the *Mother*, do but hold up your Head at leaſt. The *Goſſelin* endeavour'd to do that too; but upon the Stretching out of her long Neck, ſhe complain'd that ſhe could not ſee the Way before her: Nay then, ſays the *Gooſe*, if it will be no better,

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better, e'en carry your Head, and your Feet, as your Elders have done before ye.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

Ill Examples corrupt even the beſt Diſpoſitions, but we muſt diſtinguiſh betwixt natural and moral Evils.

REFLECTION.

IT is Time loſt to adviſe others to do what we either do not, or cannot do our ſelves. There's no croſſing of Nature; but the beſt way is to reſt contented with the Ordinary Condition of Things. 'Tis but ſo much Labour thrown away, to attempt the altering of Inſtincts, or the curing of ill Habits.

Example works a great deal more than Precept; for Words without Practice, are but Counſels without Effect. When we do as we ſay, 'tis a Confirmation of the Rule; but when our Lives and Doctrines do not agree, it looks as if the Leſſon were either too hard for us, or the Advice not worth the while to follow. We ſhould ſee to mend our own Manners, before we meddle to reform our Neighbours, and not condemn others for what we do ourſelves: Eſpecially where they follow the Nature of their Kind, and in ſo doing, do as they ought to do. Let every thing move, march, and govern itſelf, according to the proper Diſpoſition of the Creature; for it would be every Jot as incongruous for a *Crab* to walk like a *Man*, as for a *Man* to walk like a *Crab*. This may be apply'd to the Leſſons that are given us for the ordering our Lives and Families. But above all Things, Children ſhould not be betray'd into the Love and Practice of any thing that is amiſs, by ſetting evil Examples before them; for their Talent is only Imitation; and 'tis ill truſting methinks in ſuch a Caſe, without a Judgment to diſtinguiſh.

This Allegory may paſs for a very good Lecture to Governors, Parents and Tutors, to behave themſelves reverently both in Word and Deed, before their Pupils, with a kind of awful Tenderneſs for the Innocency and Simplicity of Youth. For Examples of Vices, or Weakneſſes, have the ſame Effect upon Children, with Examples of Virtue; nay, it holds in Publick too as well as in Private, that the Words and Actions of our Superiors have the Authority and Force of a Recommendation. *Regis ad Exemplum*, is ſo true, that 'tis morally

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Impoſſible to have a Sober People under a Mad Government. For where Lewdneſs is the Way to Preferment, Men are wicked by Intereſt, as well as by Imitation: But to return to the Streſs of the Fable, Let a *Gooſe* walk like a *Gooſe*, and leave Nature to do her Own Bus'neſs her Own Way.

FAB. 223. The Sun and the Wind.

THere happened a Controverſy betwixt the *Sun* and the *Wind*, which was the Stronger of the Two; and they put the Point upon this Iſſue: There was a Traveller upon the Way, and which of the Two could make that Fellow Quit his Cloak ſhould carry the Cauſe. The Wind fell preſently a Storming, and threw Hail-ſhot over and above in the very Teeth of him. The Man wraps himſelf up, and keeps advancing ſtill in ſpight of the Weather: But this Guſt in a ſhort Time blew over: And then the *Sun* brake out, and fell to Work upon him with his Beams; but ſtill he puſhes forward, Sweating and Panting, till in the End he was forc'd to Quit his Cloak, and lay himſelf down upon the Ground in a Cool Shade for his Relief: So that the *Sun*, in the Concluſion, carry'd the Point.

The MORAL.

Reaſon and Reſolution will Support a Man againſt all the Violences of Malice and Fortune; but in a wallowing Qualm, a Man's Heart and Reſolution fails him, for want of Fit Matter to work upon.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a Part of good Diſcretion in all Conteſts, to conſider over and over, the Power, the Strength, and the Intereſt of our Adverſary; and likewiſe again, that though one Man may be more robuſt than another, that Force may be baffled yet by Skill and Addreſs. It is in the Bus'neſs of Life as it is in a Storm, or a Calm Sea: The Blaſt may be impetuous; but ſeldom laſts long; and though the Veſſel be preſs'd never ſo hard, a ſkilful Steers-man will yet bear up againſt it: But in a Dead Calm, a Man loſes his Spirits, and lies in a Manner Expos'd, as the Scorn and Spectacle of Ill Fortune.

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FAB. 224. An Aſs and a Lion's Skin.

THere was a Freak took an *Aſs* in the Head, to Scoure abroad upon the Ramble; and away he goes into the Woods, Maſquerading up and down in a *Lion's Skin*. The World was his own for a while, and where-ever he went, Man and Beaſt fled before him: But he had the Hap in the Concluſion, partly by his *Voice*, and partly by his *Ears*, to be Diſcover'd, and conſequently Uncaſed, well Laugh'd at, and well Cudgell'd for his Pains.

The MORAL.

The World abounds in Terrible Fanſarons, *in the Maſque of Men of Honour: But theſe* Braggadocio's *are eaſy to be detected; for no Counterfeit of any good Quality or Virtue whatſoever, will abide the Teſt.*

REFLECTION.

THERE's nothing more Frequent, or more Ridiculous in the World than for an *Aſs* to Dreſs himſelf up like a *Lion:* A *Dunce* ſets up for a *Doctor*; a *Beggar* for a Man of *Eſtate*; a *Scoundrel* for a *Cavalier*; a *Poltron* for a *Swordman:* But every Fool ſtill has ſome Mark or other to be known by, through all Diſguiſes; and the more he takes upon him, the arranter Sot he makes himſelf, when he comes to be unmaſqu'd.

Every Fool or Fool's Fellow, carries more or leſs, in his Face, the Signature of his Manners, though the Character may be much more legible in ſome, than others; as the *Aſs* was found out by his *Voice*, and by his *Ears*. Let him keep his Words betwixt his Teeth, and he may paſs Muſter perhaps for a Man of ſome Senſe; but if he comes to open once, he's loſt: For Nature never put the Tongue of a Philoſopher into the Mouth of a Coxcomb: But however, let him be, in Truth, what he will, he is yet ſo conſcious of what he ought to be, that he makes it his Buſineſs to paſs for what he is not; And in the Matter of Counterfeits, it is with Men as it is with falſe Money: One Piece is more or leſs paſſable than another, as it happens to have more or leſs Senſe, or Sterling in the Mixture. One General Mark of an Impoſtor, is this; That he Out-does the Original; as the *Aſs* here in the *Lion's Skin*,

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Skin, made fifty times more Clutter than the *Lion* would have done in his *Own*; and himſelf fifty times the more ridiculous for the Diſguiſe.

If a Man turn his Thoughts now from this Fancy in the *Foreſt*, to the Sober Truth of daily Experience in the *World*, he ſhall find *Aſſes* in the Skins of *Men*, infinitely more contemptible than this *Aſs* in the Skin of a *Lion*. How many Terrible *Aſſes* have we ſeen in the Garb of Men of Honour! How many inſipid, and illiterate Fops, that take upon them to Retail Politicks, and fit for the Picture of Men of State! How many *Judas's* with *Hail Maſter* in their Mouth! How many *Church-Robbers* that write themſelves *Reformers!* In one Word, Men do naturally love to be thought Greater, Wiſer, Holier, Braver, and Juſter than they are; and in fine, better Qualify'd in all thoſe Faculties that may give them Reputation among the People, than we find 'em to be.

The Moral of this Fable hits all Sorts of arrogant Pretenders, and runs effectually into the whole Buſineſs of Human Life. We have it in the very Cabinets, and Councils of State, the Bar, the Bench, the Change, the Schools, the Pulpits, all Places, in ſhort; are full of Quacks, Juglers, and Plagiaries, that ſet up for Men of Quality, Conſcience, Philoſophy, and Religion. So that there are *Aſſes* with *Short Ears*, as well as with *Long*, and in Robes of Silk and Dignity, as well as in Skins of Hair. In concluſion, an *Aſs* of the *Long-Robe*, when he comes once to be Detected, looks infinitely Sillier than he would have done in his own Shape: Neither is *Æſop's Aſs* laugh'd at here for his *Ears*, or for his *Voice*, but for his *Vanity*, and *Pretence*; for 'Tother is but according to his own Kind and Nature; and every thing is Well and Beſt, while it continues to be as God made it.

FAB. 225. A Fox and a Worm.

A *Worm* put forth his Head out of a Dunghill, and made Proclamation of his Skill in *Phyſick*, Pray ſays the *Fox*, Begin with your own Infirmities before you Meddle with other Peoples.

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The MORAL.

Phyſician Cure thy ſelf.

REFLECTION.

SAYING and Doing are Two Things. *Phyſician Cure thy Self*, Preaches to us upon this Fable. Every Man does beſt in his own Trade, and *the Cobler is not to go beyond his Laſt.* We have of theſe *Dunghill-Pretenders* in all Profeſſions, and but too many of them that Thrive upon their Arrogance. If this *Worm* had met with an *Aſs* to *Encourage* his Vanity, inſtead of a *Fox* to *Correct* it, he might have been Advanc'd to a *Doctor of the College* perhaps; or to *ſome more Conſiderable Poſt of Honour, either in Church or State.*

FAB. 226. A Curſt Dog.

THere was a very good *Houſe-Dog*, but ſo Dangerous a Cur to Strangers, that his Maſter put a *Bell* about his Neck, to give People Notice beforehand when he was coming. The *Dog* took this *Bell* for a particular Mark of his Maſter's Favour, till One of his Companions ſhew'd him his Miſtake. You are mightily Out (ſays he) to take This for an Ornament or a Token of Eſteem, which is in Truth, no other than a Note of Infamy ſet upon you for your Ill Manners.

The MORAL.

This may ſerve for an Admonition to Thoſe that make a Glory of the Marks of their Shame, and Value themſelves upon the Reputation of an Ill Character.

REFLECTION.

'T IS a Bad World, when the Rules and Meaſures of Good and Evil are either Inverted, or Miſtaken; and when a Brand of Infamy paſſes for a Badge of Honour. But the Common People do not Judge of Vice or Virtue, by the Morality, or the Immorality of the Matter, ſo much as by the Stamp that is ſet upon't by Men of Precedent and Figure. What's more familiar

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miliar than an Oſtentation of Wickedneſs, where Impiety has the Reputation of Virtue? As in the Exceſſes of Wine and Women, and the Vanity of bearing up againſt all the Laws of God and Man. When Lewdneſs comes once to be a Faſhion, it has the Credit in the World that other Faſhions have; as we ſee many times an Affectation even of Deformity it ſelf, where ſome Exemplary Defect has brought that Deformity to be a Mode. The Fancy of this *Dog* was ſomewhat like the *French-Woman's Freak*, that ſtood up for the Honour of her Family: *Her Coat was Quarter'd*, ſhe ſaid, *with the Arms of* France; which was ſo far true, that ſhe had the *Flower-de-Luce* Stamp'd, we muſt not ſay *Branded*, upon her Shoulder.

FAB. 227. Two Friends and a Bear.

TWO Friends that were Travelling together, had the Fortune to meet a *Bear* upon the Way. They found there was no running for't. So the One Whips up a Tree, and the Other throws himſelf Flat with his Face upon the Ground. The *Bear* comes directly up to him, Muzzles, and Smells to him, puts his Noſe to his Mouth, and to his Ears; and at laſt taking for granted that 'twas only a Carcaſe, there he leaves him. The *Bear* was no ſooner gone, but down comes his Companion, and aſk'd him what it was the *Bear* Whiſper'd him in the Ear, he bad me have a Care, ſays he, how I keep Company with thoſe that when they find themſelves upon a Pinch, will leave their Friends in the Lurch.

The MORAL.

Every Man for Himſelf, and God for us All.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable has, in a few Words, a great many uſeful and inſtructive Morals. The Man upon the Tree Preaches to us upon the Text of [*Charity begins at Home*] according to the Falſe and Perverſe Practice of the World, when their Companions are in Diſtreſs. The *Bear* paſſes Judgment upon the Abandoning of a Friend in a time of Need, as an Offence both

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to Honour and Virtue: And moreover, cautions us above all Things, to have a Care what Company we keep. There's no living in this World without Friendſhip; no Society, no Security without it; beſides that, the only Trial of it is in Adverſity. And yet nothing commoner in Times of Danger, than for States-Men, Sword-Men, Church-Men, Law-Men, and in Truth, all Sorts of Men, more or leſs, to leave their Maſters, Leaders, or Friends, to *Bears* and *Tygers*; ſhew them a fair Pair of Heels for't, and cry, *The Devil take the Hindmoſt.*

FAB. 228. A Horſe-man's Wig Blown off.

THere was a *Horſe-man* had a Cap on with a *Falſe Head of Hair* tack'd to it. There comes a Puff of Wind, and blows off *Cap and Wig together*, The People made ſport, he ſaw, with his bald Crown, and ſo very fairly he put in with them to laugh for Company. Why Gentlemen (ſays he) would you have me keep other Peoples Hair better than I did my own.

The MORAL.

Many a Man would be extreamly Ridiculous, if he did not ſpoil the Jeſt by playing upon himſelf firſt.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a Turn of Art, in many Caſes, either of Deformity or Miſchance, where a Man lies open to a Reproach to anticipate an Abuſe, and to make Sport with himſelf firſt. A Man may be Shame-fac'd, and a Woman modeſt, to the Degree of ſcandalous. I knew a Lady had one of the moſt baſhful, ſcrupulous Perſons to her Daughter that ever was born. *Well*, ſays ſhe, *I am mightily afraid this Girl will prove a Whore; for ſhe is ſo infinitely Modeſt, that in my Conſcience, if any Man ſhould ever ask her the Queſtion, ſhe would not have the Face to deny him.* A frank eaſy Way of Openneſs and Candour agrees beſt with all Humours; and he that's over-ſollicitous to conceal a Thing, does as good as make Proclamation of it. Wherefore the *Horſe-man* here *laugh'd firſt*; and ſo prevented the *Jeſt.*

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FAB. 229. Two Pots.

THere were *Two Pots* that ſtood near one another by the Side of a River, the One of *Braſs*, and the Other of *Clay*. The Water overflow'd the Banks, and carry'd them both away; the *Earthen Veſſel* kept Aloof from t'other, as much as poſſible. Fear nothing, ſays the *Braſs Pot*, I'll do you no Hurt: No, no, ſays t'other, not willingly; but if we ſhould happen to knock by Chance, 'twould be the ſame Thing to me: So that You and I ſhall never do well together.

The MORAL.

Unequal Fellowſhips and Alliance are dangerous. Not but that Great and Small, Hard and Brittle, Rich and Poor, may ſort well enough together ſo long as the good Humour laſts; but wherever there are Men, there will be Claſhing ſometime or other, and a Knack or a Conteſt ſpoils all.

REFLECTION.

THERE can be no true Friendſhip, properly ſo call'd, but betwixt Equals. The Rich and the Poor, the Strong and the Weak will never agree together: For there's Danger on the one Side, and none on the Other, and 'tis the common Intereſt of all Leagues and Societies, to have the reſpective Parties neceſſary to one another. And there needs no ill Will or Malice neither, to do the Miſchief, but the Diſparity, or Diſproportion alone is enough to do the Work. The ſame Quantity of Wine that makes one Man drunk, will not quench another Man's Thirſt. The ſame Expence that breaks one Man's Back is not a Flea-biting to another: Wherefore Men ſhould ſort themſelves with their Equals; for a rich Man that converſes upon the Square with a poor Man, ſhall as certainly undo him, as a *Braſs Pot* ſhall break an *Earthen* One, if they meet and knock together.

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FAB. 230. Good Luck and Bad Luck.

THere was a middling Sort of a Man that was left well enough to paſs by his Father, but could never think he had enough, ſo long as any Man had more. He took Notice what huge Eſtates many Merchants got in a very ſhort Time; and ſo ſold his Inheritance, and betook himſelf to a way of Traffick and Commerce. Matters ſucceeded ſo wonderfully well with him, that every Body was in Admiration to ſee how mighty Rich he was grown all on a ſudden. *Why ay*, ſays he, *This 'tis when a Man underſtands his Buſineſs; for I have done all this by my Induſtry.* It would have been well if he had ſtopt there: But Avarice is inſatiable, and ſo he went puſhing on ſtill for more; 'till, what by Wrecks, Bankrupts, Pyrates, and I know not how many other Diſappointments, one upon the Neck of another, he was reduc'd in half the Time that he was a Riſing, to a Morſel of Bread. Upon theſe Miſcarriages, People were at him over and over again, to know how this came about. Why, ſays he, my damn'd *Fortune* would have it ſo. *Fortune* happen'd to be at that Time within Hearing, and told him in his Ear, that he was an arrogant, ungrateful Clown, to charge her with all the Evil that befel him, and to take the Good to himſelf.

FAB. 231. A Countryman and Fortune.

AS a *Labourer* was at his Work a digging, he chops his Spade upon a Pot of Money; takes it up bleſſes the *Place* where he found it, and away he goes with his Treaſure. It ſo fell out, that *Fortune* ſaw and heard all that paſt, and ſo ſhe call'd out to him upon the Way. Hark ye Friend, ſays ſhe; you are very thankful, I perceive, to the *Place* where you found this Money; but 'tis *the Jade Fortune*, I warrant ye, that's

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that's to be claw'd away for't, if you ſhould happen to loſe it again. Pray tell me now why ſhould not you *Thank Fortune* for the *One*, as well as *Curſe* her for the *Other*.

FAB. 232. An Old Woman and the Devil.

'TIS a common Practice, when People draw Miſchiefs upon their own Heads, to cry, *the Devil's in't, and the Devil's in't.* Now the *Devil* happen'd to ſpy an *Old Woman* upon an Apple-tree. Look ye (ſays he) you ſhall ſee that *Beldam* catch a Fall there by and by, and break her Bones, and then ſay 'twas all along of me. Pray, good People, will you bear me Witneſs, that I was none of her Adviſer. The *Woman* got a Tumble, as the *Devil* ſaid ſhe would, and there was ſhe at it. *The Devil ought her a Shame, and it was the Devil that put her upon't:* But the *Devil* clear'd himſelf by ſufficient Evidence that he had no Hand in't at all.

FAB. 233. A Boy and Fortune.

THere was a *Boy* faſt aſleep upon the very Brink of a River. *Fortune* came to him, and wak'd him. *Child*, ſays ſhe, prithee get up, and go thy Ways, thou't tumble in and be drown'd elſe, and then the Fault will be laid upon me.

The MORAL of the four Fables above.

We are apt to aſcribe our Succeſſes in this World, and to impute our Misfortunes to wrong Cauſes. We aſſume the One to our ſelves, and charge the other upon Providence.

REFLECTION.

THESE four Fables run upon the ſame Biaſs; that is to ſay, the Moral is a Laſh at the Vanity of arrogating that to our

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our ſelves, which ſucceeds well; and the Ingratitude of making Providence the Author of Evil, which ſeldom 'ſcapes without a Judgment in the Tail on't. But our Hearts are ſo much ſet upon the Value of the Benefits we receive, that we never think of the Beſtower of them, and ſo our Acknowledgments are commonly paid to the ſecond Hand, without any Regard to the Principal. We run into Miſtakes, and Misfortunes of our own Accord; and then when we are once hamper'd, we lay the Blame of our own Faults and Corruptions upon Others. This is much the Humour of the World too in common Buſineſs. If any Thing hits, we take it to our ſelves; if it miſcarries, we ſhuffle it off to our Neighbours. This ariſes, partly from Pride, and in Part from a certain canker'd Malignity of Nature. Nay, rather than impute our Miſcarriages and Diſappointments to our own Corruptions, or Frailties, we do not ſtick to arraign Providence it ſelf, though under another Name, in all Exclamations againſt the Rigour, and the Iniquity of *Fortune*. Now this *Fortune* in the *Fable*, is effectually, *God himſelf*, in the *Moral*. We are apt to value our ſelves upon our own Strength and Abilities, and to entitle carnal Reaſon to the very Works of Grace: And where any Thing goes wrong with us, we lay our Faults, as we do our Baſtards, at other Peoples Doors. This or that was not well done, we ſay, but alas it was none of our Fault. We did it by Conſtraint, Advice, Importunity, or the Authority perhaps of great Examples, and the like. At this Rate we do palliate our own Weakneſſes and Corruptions, and at the ſame Rate we do likewiſe aſſume to our ſelves other Peoples Merits. The Thing to be done, in fine, is to correct the Arrogance of claiming to our ſelves the Good that does not belong to us, on the one Hand, and of imputing to our Neighbours the Ill that they are not guilty of, on the Other. This is the Sum of the Doctrine that's pointed at in the Caſe and Cuſtom of dividing our Miſcarriages betwixt *Fortune* and the *Devil*.

FAB. 234. A Peacock and a Crane.

AS a *Peacock* and a *Crane* were in Company together, the *Peacock* ſpread his Tail, and challenges the other, to ſhew him ſuch a Fan of Feathers. The *Crane* upon this, ſprings up into the Air, and calls to the *Peacock* to follow him if he could. You brag of your Plumes,

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Plumes, ſays he, that are fair indeed to the Eye, but no way uſeful or fit for any manner of Service.

The MORAL.

Heaven has provided not only for our Neceſſities, but for our Delights and Pleaſures too; but ſtill the Bleſſings that are moſt uſeful to us, muſt be preferr'd before the Ornaments of Beauty.

REFLECTION.

NO Man is to be deſpis'd for any natural Infirmity, or Defect; for every Man has ſomething or other in him of Good too, and that which one Man wants, another has. And it is all according to the good Pleaſure of Providence. Nature is pleas'd to entertain herſelf with Variety. Some of her Works are for Ornament, others for the Uſe and Service of Mankind. But they have all reſpectively, their Properties, and their Virtues; for ſhe does nothing in vain. The *Peacock* values himſelf upon the Gracefulneſs of his Train. The *Crane*'s Pride is in the Rankneſs of her Wing: Which are only two Excellencies in ſeveral Kinds. Take them apart, and they are both equally perfect: But good Things themſelves have their Degrees, and that which is moſt neceſſary and uſeful, muſt be allow'd a Preference to the other.

FAB. 235. A Tyger and a Fox.

AS a Huntſman was upon the Chaſe, and the Beaſts flying before him; Let me alone, ſays a *Tyger*, and I'll put an end to this War myſelf: At which Word, he advanc'd towards the Enemy in his ſingle Perſon. The Reſolution was no ſooner taken, but he found himſelf ſtruck through the Body with an Arrow. He faſten'd upon it preſently with his Teeth; and while he was trying to draw it out, a *Fox* ask'd him, from what bold Hand it was that he receiv'd this Wound. I know nothing of that, ſays the *Tiger*, but by the Circumſtances, it ſhould be a Man.

The

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The MORAL.

There is no Oppoſing Brutal Force to the Stratagems of Human Reaſon.

REFLECTION.

BOLDNESS without Counſel, is no better than an *Impetus*, which is commonly worſted by Conduct and Deſign. There's no Man ſo daring but ſome time or other he meets with his Match. The Moral, in ſhort, holds forth this Doctrine, that Reaſon is too hard for Force, and that Temerity puts a Man off his Guard. 'Tis a high Point of Honour, Philoſophy, and Virtue, for a Man to be ſo preſent to himſelf as to be always provided againſt all Encounters, and Accidents whatſoever; but this will not hinder him from enquiring diligently into the Character, Strength, Motions, and Deſigns of an Enemy. The *Tyger* loſt his Life for want of this Circumſpection.

FAB. 236. A Lion and Bulls.

THere was a Party of *Bulls* that ſtruck up a League to keep and feed together, and to be *one and all*, in caſe of a common Enemy. If the *Lion* could have met with any of them ſingle, he would have done his Work, but ſo long as they ſtuck to this Confederacy, there was no dealing with them. They fell to Variance at laſt among themſelves: The *Lion* made his Advantage of it, and then with great Eaſe he gain'd his End.

The MORAL.

This is to tell us the Advantage, the Neceſſity, and the Force of Union; and that Diviſion brings Ruin.

REFLECTION.

THERE's no Reſiſting of a common Enemy; no Maintaining of a Civil Community, without an Union for a mutual Defence; and there may be alſo, on the other Hand, a Conſpiracy of common Enmity and Aggreſſion. There are Caſes indeed of great Nicety that fall under the Topick of the

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the Right and Lawfulneſs of joining in ſuch Leagues. He that is not *Sui juris*, muſt not enter into any Covenants or Contracts to the Wrong of his Maſter: But there are certain Rules of Honeſty, and Methods of Government, to direct us in all Agreements of this Quality; a Thing ſimply good in it ſelf, may become unjuſt and unrighteous, under ſuch and ſuch Circumſtances. In a Word, the main Bond of all Bodies and Intereſts is Union, which is no other in Effect than a common Stock of Strength and Counſel join'd in one. While the *Bulls* kept together, they were ſafe; but as ſoon as ever they ſeparated, they became a Prey to the *Lion*.

FAB. 237. A Fir and a Bramble.

THere goes a Story of a *Fir-Tree*, that in a vain ſpiteful Humour, was mightily upon the Pin of commending itſelf, and deſpiſing the *Bramble*. My Head (ſays the *Fir*) is advanc'd among the Stars. I furniſh Beams for Palaces, Maſts for Shipping: The very Sweat of my Body is a Sovereign Remedy for the Sick and Wounded. Whereas the Raſcally *Bramble* runs creeping in the Dirt, and ſerves for nothing in the World but Miſchief. Well, ſays the *Bramble*, (that over-heard all this) you might have ſaid ſomewhat of your own Misfortune, and to my Advantage too, if your Pride and Envy would have ſuffer'd you to do it. But pray will you tell me however, when the Carpenter comes next with the Axe into the Wood, to fell Timber, whether you had not rather be a *Bramble* than a *Fir-Tree*.

The MORAL.

Poverty ſecures a Man from Thieves, great and ſmall: Whereas the Rich, and the Mighty, are the Mark of Malice, and Croſs Fortune; and ſtill the Higher they are, the Nearer the Thunder.

REFLECTION.

THERE is no State of Life without a Mixture in't of Good and Evil; and the higheſt Pitch of Fortune is not without Dangers, Cares and Fears. This Doctrine is verify'd by Ex-

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Examples innumerable, through the whole History of the World, and that the Mean is best, both for Body, Mind and Estate. Pride is not only uneasy, but unsafe too, for it has the Power and Justice of Heaven, and the malicious Envy of Men to encounter at the same Time; and the *Axe* that cuts down the *Fir*, is rightly Moraliz'd in the Stroke of *Divine Vengeance*, that brings down the *Arrogant*, while the *Bramble* contents itself in its Station: That is to say, Humility is a Virtue, that never goes without a Blessing.

FAB. 238. A Covetous Man and an Envious.

THere was a *Covetous*, and an *Envious* Man, that join'd in a Petition to *Jupiter*; who very graciously order'd *Apollo* to tell them that their Desire should be granted at a Venture; provided only, that whatever the one ask'd, should be doubled to the other. The *Covetous* Man, that thought he could never have enough, was a good while at a Stand; considering, that let him ask never so much, the other should have twice as much. But he came however by degrees, to pitch upon one thing after another, and his Companion had it double. It way now the *Envious* Man's turn to offer up his Request, which was, that one of his own Eyes might be put out, for his Companion was then to lose both.

The MORAL.

Avarice and Envy are Two of the most diabolical, and insociable Vices under Heaven. The One assumes all to itself, and the Other wishes every Bit its Neighbour eats may choak him.

REFLECTION.

THERE are some Pestilent Humours and froward Natures, that Heaven itself has much ado to please. *Envy* places its Happiness in the Misery and Misfortune of others; and *Avarice* is never to be pleas'd, unless it can get all to itself. They may seem to be nearer a-Kin than in Truth they are, though the one is seldom or never to be found without the other. The best Use of this Application, is to possess us with a true Sense of the Restlessness of these two Passions;

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and consequently to make those Weaknesses odious to our selves, that are so troublesome to the World; and in Truth, no better than the common Pest of Mankind.

FAB. 239. A Crow and a Pitcher.

A *Crow* that was extream thirsty, found a *Pitcher* with a little Water in't, but it lay so low he could not come at it. He try'd first to break the Pot and then to over-turn it, but it was both too strong, and too heavy for him. He bethought himself however of a Device at last that did his Bus'ness; which was, by dropping a great many little Pebbles into the Water, and raising it that way, till he had it within Reach.

The MORAL.

There is a Natural Logick in Animals over and above the Instinct of their Kinds.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a Kind of a *School-Question* that we find started in this Fable, upon the Subject of Reason and Instinct: And whether this Deliberative Proceeding of the *Crow* was not rather a *Logical* Agitation of the Matter, than the bare *Analogy*, as we call it, of a simple Impulse. It will be objected that we are not to draw Conclusions from the Fictions of a Case, but whoever consults his Experience, may satisfy himself in many Instances that come up to this Supposition. We are also taught, that what we cannot compass directly, by the Force of Natural Faculties, may be brought to pass many Times by Art and Invention.

FAB. 240. A Lion and a Man.

THere was a Controversy started betwixt a *Lion* and a *Man*, which was the Braver, and the stronger Creature of the two. Why look ye, says the *Man*, (after a long Dispute) we'll appeal to that Statue there, and so he shew'd him the Figure of a *Man* Cut in

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in Stone, with a *Lion* under his Feet. Well! says the *Lion*, if *We* had been brought up to Painting and Carving, as *You* are, where you have *One Lion* under the Feet of a *Man*, you should have had *Twenty Men* under the Paw of a *Lion*.

The MORAL.

'Tis against the Rules of common Justice for Men to be Judges in their own Case.

REFLECTION.

THE Fancies of Poets, Painters, and Gravers, are no Evidences of Truth; for People are partial in their own Cases, and every Man will make the best of his own Tale. 'Tis against common Equity for the same People to be both Parties and Judges, and that's the Case here betwixt the *Man* and the *Lion*. Now the *Lion* is much in the Right, that Characters, Pictures, and Images, are all as the Painter, the Carver, or the Statuary pleases; and that there's a great Difference betwixt a Flight of Fancy, and the History of Nature. 'Tis much easier for a *Man* to make an *Ass* of a *Lion* upon a *Pedestal*, than in a *Forest*; and where it lies at his Choice, whether the Giant shall kill the Squire, or the Squire the Giant. Argument is not the Work of the Chissel; neither does the Design of the Artist conclude the Truth of the Fact: But there is somewhat *Heroical* yet in the Imagination, though the Piece was never drawn from the Life.

FAB. 241. A Boy and a Thief.

A *Thief* came to a *Boy* that was blubbering by the Side of a Well, and ask'd what he cry'd for. Why, says he, the String's broke here, and I've dropt a Silver Cup into the Well. The Fellow presently strips, and down he goes to search for't. After a while, he comes up again with his Labour for his Pains, and the roguy Boy in the mean time, was run away with his Cloaths.

The MORAL.

Some Thieves are ripe for the Gallows sooner than Others.

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REFLECTION.

IT muſt be a *Diamond* that cuts a *Diamond*, and there is no pleaſanter Encounter than a Trial of Skill betwixt a Couple of Sharpers to Over-reach one another. The *Boy*'s beginning ſo early, tells us that there are Cheats by a natural Propenſity of Inclination, as well as by Corruption of Manners. It was *Nature* that taught this *Boy* to Shark; not *Diſcipline* or *Experience*. And ſo it was with Two Ladies that I have known (and Women of plentiful Fortunes too) they could not for their Bloods keep themſelves honeſt of their Fingers, but would ſtill be *Nimming* ſomething or other for the very Love of *Thieving*. 'Tis an unhappy Thing, that the Temperament of the Body ſhould have ſuch an Influence upon our Minds, according to the *Inſtance* of the *Boy* in this Fable: For the Morality, or Immorality of the Matter, is not the Whole of the Caſe.

FAB. 242. A Country-man and an Oxe.

A *Countryman* had got a ſtubborn *Oxe*, that would ſtill be Puſhing and Flinging, whenever they went to Yoak, or to Tye him up. The *Man* cuts off his Horns, and puts him to the Plough, and by that means ſecures himſelf, both againſt his Head and his Heels, and in the mean time, he himſelf Guides the Plough: But though the *Oxe*, when he was thus Shackled and Diſarmed, could not either Strike or Gore him, he made a ſhift yet to throw Duſt enough into his Eyes, and his Mouth, almoſt to Blind, and to Choak him.

The MORAL.

A Malicious Man may be bound Hand and Foot, and put out of Condition of doing Miſchief, but a Malicious Will is never to be maſter'd.

REFLECTION.

THERE are ſome Natures ſo untractable, that there's no good to be done upon them by Generoſity, Kindneſs, Artifice, or Counſel; nay, the more Pains a Man takes to reclaim them,

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the worſe they are; and when they are put out of Condition to do Miſchief by Violence, they will find a way yet to teize and plague People with reſtleſs, and vexatious Importunities. They love to be troubleſome, and with the *Shrew* upon the *Ducking-ſtool*, when their *Mouths* are *Stopt*, they'll call *Prick-louſe* ſtill with their *Thumbs*.

FAB. 243. A Man and a Satyr.

THere was a *Man* and a *Satyr* that kept much together. The *Man* clapt his Fingers one Day to his Mouth, and blew upon 'em. *What's that for?* ſays the *Satyr*: Why, ſays he, my Hands are extream Cold, and I do't to warm 'em. The *Satyr*, at another time, found this Man blowing his Porridge: And pray, ſays he, *What's the Meaning of that now?* Oh! ſays the *Man*, my Porridge is Hot, and I do't to Cool it. Nay, ſays the *Satyr*, if you have gotten a Trick of blowing Hot and Cold out of the ſame Mouth, I have e'en done with ye.

The MORAL.

There's no Converſing with any Man that carries Two Faces under One Hood.

REFLECTION.

THE Moral of this Fable muſt be abſtracted from the Philoſophy of it, and taken in the Senſe of carrying *Two Faces under One Hood.* It ſets forth, however, the Simplicity of the *Satyr*, in not underſtanding how Two ſuch contrary Effects ſhould come from the ſame Lips: But it was honeſtly done in him yet, to renounce the Converſation of One that he took for a Double-Dealer; and that could accommodate himſelf to make Fair with all Companies, and Occaſions, without any regard to Truth, or Juſtice. It was this Fable that gave Riſe to the Old *Adage* of *Blowing Hot and Cold*; which is taken for the Mark and Character of a Diſſembler.

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FAB. 244. A Country-man and a Boar.

A *Country-man* took a *Boar* in his Corn once, and cut off one of his Ears. He took him a Second time, and cut off T'other. He took him a Third time, and made a Preſent of him to his Landlord. Upon the opening of his Head, they found he had no Brains, and every Body fell a Wond'ring, and Diſcourſing upon it. Sir, ſays the *Clown*, If this *Boar* had had any Brains, he would have taken the Loſs of both his Ears for a Warning, never to come into my Corn again. Theſe Words of the ſilly *Bumpkin* ſet the whole Company a laughing.

The MORAL.

An Incorrigible Fool that will take no Warning, there's no Hope of him.

REFLECTION.

THE Life and Converſation of ſome Men is ſo Brutal, as if they had only the Shape, without the Faculties of Reaſonable Creatures. What's he better than the *Boar* in this Fable now, that abandons himſelf wholly to his Appetites and Pleaſures; and after ſo many repeated *Poxes*, and Qualms, one upon the Neck of another, *Drinks* and *Whores* on ſtill, in Deſpite of all Puniſhments and Warnings. The *Boar's* Intemperance, and the Note upon him afterwards, on the Cutting of him up, that he had no Brains in's Head, may be moraliz'd into the Figure of a ſenſual Man, that has neither Grace nor Knowledge, but runs headlong on to his Ruin, without either Conſideration or Conſcience.

FAB. 245. A Bull and a Mouſe.

A *Mouſe* pinch'd a *Bull* by the Foot, and then ſlunk into her Hole. The *Bull* tears up the Ground upon't, and toſſes his Head in the Air, looking about, in a Rage, for his Enemy, but ſees none. As he was in the height of his Fury, the *Mouſe* puts out her Head,

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and laughs at him. Your Pride (ſays ſhe) may be brought down I ſee, for all your Bluſtering, and your Horns; for here's a poor *Mouſe* has got the better of ye, and you do not know how to help your ſelf.

The MORAL.

There's no ſuch Way of revenging an Affront upon a Creature that's below an Honeſt Man's Anger, as Neglect and Contempt.

REFLECTION.

NO Man lives without Enemies, and no Enemy is ſo Deſpicable, but ſome Time or other he may do a Body a ſhrewd Turn. 'Tis Prudence to paſs over thoſe Indignities, which are either too little for our Conſideration, or out of our Power to reach and puniſh. For there's nothing more ridiculous than an Impotent Anger, that ſpends it ſelf to no manner of Purpoſe; and there's no better way of dealing with it, than to laugh it out of Countenance. All Men in the World that we ſee tranſported into Outrages, for ſmall trivial Matters, fall under the *Innuendo* of this *Bull* in the Fable, that ran tearing-mad for the Pinching of a *Mouſe*.

FAB. 246. A Country-man and Hercules.

A *Carter* that had laid his Waggon faſt in a Slough, ſtood Gaping and Bawling to as many of the Gods and Goddeſſes as he could muſter up, and to *Hercules* eſpecially, to help him out of the Mire. Why ye lazy Puppy you, ſays *Hercules*, lay your Shoulder to the Wheel, and prick your Oxen firſt, and *Then's* your Time to pray. Are the Gods to do your Drudgery, d'ye think, and you lie bellowing with your Finger in your Mouth?

The MORAL.

Men in Diſtreſs muſt Work as well as Pray, they ſhall be never the better elſe.

REFLECTION.

THIS is but after the Common Guiſe of the World, for the People when they are put to a Plunge, to cry out to Heaven,

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ven for Help, without helping themſelves; whereas Providence aſſiſts no Body that does not put his own Shoulders to the Work. *Prayers* without *Works*, are nothing worth, either for other People, or for our ſelves: [*For other People*] I ſay, becauſe there is a double Duty incumbent upon us in the Exerciſe of thoſe Powers and Abilities, which Providence has given us for the common Good of Both. There muſt be the *Penny* as well as the *Pater Noſter*. 'Tis not a bare *Lord have Mercy upon us*, that will help the Cart out of the Mire, or our Neighbour out of the Ditch, without putting our Hands to the Work. What ſignifies the Sound of Words in Prayer, without the Affection of the Heart, and a ſedulous Application of the proper Means that may naturally lead to ſuch an End: That is to ſay, Body and Soul muſt go together in all the Offices of a Chriſtian, as well as of a Civil Life, where there is place for the Exerciſe of the Faculties of both.

There is alſo a pompous and noiſy Devotion, that *cries aloud to be heard of Men*; which is by ſo much the more Odious in the ſight of God than the other, as an Hypocritical Affectation of Religion, is worſe than a drowſy Heartleſſneſs of Duty. The Moral of this Fable may be underſtood to look both ways; but Care muſt be taken however, not to let the Scandals of Theatrical Appearances, divert or deter us from the Practice of Holy Offices, within the Bounds of Piety and Good Conſcience; after the Example of thoſe that ſet up for *Atheiſts*, for fear they ſhould be taken for *Enthuſiaſts*. He, in fine, that *Made* Body and Soul, will be *Serv'd* and *Glorify'd* by Both. Beſides that, *Hercules* helps no Body that will not help *Himſelf*.

FAB. 247. A Hen and Golden Eggs.

A Certain Good Woman had a *Hen*, that laid her *Golden Eggs*, which could not be, ſhe thought, without a Mine in the Belly of her. Upon this Preſumption, ſhe cut her up to ſearch for hidden Treaſure: But upon the Diſſection found her juſt like *other Hens*, and that the Hope of Getting more had betray'd her to the Loſs of what ſhe had in Poſſeſſion.

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The MORAL.

This is the Fate, Folly and Miſchief of vain Deſires, and of an immoderate Love of Riches. Content wants nothing, and Covetouſneſs brings Beggary.

REFLECTION.

THEY that would ſtill have more and more, can never have enough; no, not if a Miracle ſhould interpoſe to gratify their Avarice; for it makes Men unthankful to the higheſt Degree, not only in general, for the Benefits they receive, but in particular alſo to the very Benefactors themſelves. If the neareſt Friend a covetous Man has in the World, had really a Mine in his Guts, he'd rip him up to find it: For his Bus'neſs is to make the moſt of what he has, and of what he can get, without any Regard to the Courſe of Providence, or of Nature: And what's the End of all theſe unreaſonable Deſires, but Loſs, Sorrow, and Diſappointment? The true Intent of this Fable is to poſſeſs us of a juſt Senſe of the Vanity and Folly of theſe craving Appetites. If the Woman could have been contented with *Golden Eggs*, ſhe might have kept that Revenue on ſtill; but when nothing leſs than the *Mine it ſelf* would ſerve her, ſhe loſt *Hen*, *Eggs*, *and all.*

FAB. 248. An Ape and her Two Brats.

THere was an *Ape* that had *Twins*. She doted upon one of them, and did not much care for t'other. She took a ſudden Fright once, and in a Hurry whips up her Darling under her Arm, and carries the Other a Pick-a-pack upon her Shoulders. In this haſte and maze, down ſhe comes, and beats out her Favourite's Brains againſt a Stone; but that which ſhe had at her Back came off ſafe and ſound.

The MORAL.

Fondlings are commonly unfortunate.

REFLEC-

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REFLECTION.

PARTIALITY in a Parent is commonly unlucky, if not a little unnatural; for Fondlings are in Danger to be made Fools by the very Error of their Education, and we find it experimentally that the Children that are leaſt cocker'd, make the beſt and wiſeſt Men. 'Tis well to be tender, but to ſet the Heart too much upon any Thing, is what we cannot juſtify, either in Religion, or in Reaſon. I was ſaying that Partiality was a little unnatural too. I do not mean a Partiality of Inclination; for we cannot command our Likings or our Averſions; but I ſpeak of a Partiality that ſhews it ſelf in a diſtinguiſhing Preference of one to the other, and therefore what hankering Diſpoſitions ſoever we may have, that Fondneſs ſhould not tranſport us beyond the Bounds of a diſcreet Affection; and other Circumſtances apart, we ſhould no more be kinder to one Child than to another, than we are tender of one Eye more than of the other; for they are both our own Fleſh and Blood alike. Children are naturally jealous and envious, and the quenching of their Spirits ſo early, hazards the damping of them for ever. Beſide that, there is no ſuch Fop, in fine, as my young Maſter, that has the Honour to be a Fool of his Lady Mother's making. She blows him up into a Conceit of himſelf, and there he ſtops, without ever advancing one Step further. In ſhort, ſhe makes a Man of him at Sixteen, and a Boy all the Days of his Life after. And what is all this now, but the true Moral of the *Ape* with her *Brats* here in the Fable? The *Cub* that ſhe carry'd at her Back had the Wit to ſhift for it ſelf; but the other, that ſhe *hugg'd as the Devil hugg'd the Witch*, periſh'd in her very Arms.

FAB. 249. An Oxe and a Heifer.

A Wanton *Heifer* that had little elſe to do than to friſk up and down in a Meadow, at Eaſe and Pleaſure, came up to a working *Oxe* with a Thouſand Reproaches in her Mouth; bleſs me, ſays the *Heifer*, what a Difference there is betwixt your Coat and Condition, and mine! Why, what a gall'd naſty Neck have we here! Look ye, mine's as clean as a Penny, and ſmooth as Silk I warrant ye. 'Tis a ſlaviſh Life to

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be yoak'd thus, and in perpetual Labour. What would you give to be as free and eaſy now as I am? The *Oxe* kept theſe Things in his Thoughts, without one Word in Anſwer at preſent; but ſeeing the *Heifer* taken up a while after for a *Sacrifice*: Well Siſter, ſays he, and have not you friſked fair now, when the Eaſe and Liberty you valu'd your ſelf upon, has brought you to this End?

The MORAL.

'Tis no new Thing for Men of Liberty and Pleaſure, to make ſport with the Plain, Honeſt Servants of their Prince and Country. But mark the End on't, and while the one labours in his Duty with a good Conſcience, the other, like a Beaſt, but Fatting up for the Shambles.

REFLECTION.

THERE was never any Thing gotten by Senſuality and Sloth, either in Matter of Profit or of Reputation; whereas an active, induſtrious Life carries not only Credit and Advantage, but a good Conſcience alſo along with it. The Lazy, the Voluptuous, the Proud, and the Delicate, are ſtruck at in this Fable: Men that ſet their Hearts only upon the preſent, without either entering into the Reaſon, or looking forward into the End of Things: Little dreaming that all this Pomp of Vanity, Plenty, and Pleaſure is but a Fattening of 'em for the Slaughter. 'Tis the Caſe of Great and Rich Men in the World; the very Advantages they glory in, are the Cauſe of their Ruin. The *Heifer* that valu'd it ſelf upon a ſmooth Coat, and a plump Habit of Body was taken up for a *Sacrifice*; but the *Oxe* that was deſpiſed for his Drudgery, and his raw Bones, went on with his Work ſtill in the Way of a ſafe and honeſt Labour.

FAB. 250. A Dog and a Lion.

WHat a miſerable Life doſt thou lead, ſays a *Dog* to a *Lion*, to run ſtarving up and down thus in Woods and Deſerts, without either Meat, or Eaſe. I am fat and fair you ſee, and it coſts me neither Labour nor Pains. Nay, ſays the *Lion*, you have many a good

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a good Bit no doubt on't; but then, like a Fool, you ſubject your ſelf to the Clogs and Chains that go along with it: But for my own part, let him ſerve that ſerve can, and ſerve will, I'll live and die free.

The MORAL.

That Man deſerves to be a Slave, that Sacrifices his Liberty to his Appetite.

REFLECTION.

THE Moral of this is the ſame with that of a *Dog* and *Wolf*. *Fab.* 69.

FAB. 251. A River-Fiſh and a Sea-Fiſh.

THere was a large over-grown *Pike* that had the Fortune to be carry'd out to Sea by a ſtrong Current, and had there the Vanity to value himſelf above all the Fiſh in the Ocean. We'll refer that (ſays a *Sturgeon*) to the Judgment of the Market, and ſee which of the Two yields the better Price.

The MORAL.

Every Man has his Province aſſign'd him, and none but a Mad-Man will pretend to impoſe; and to give Laws where he has nothing to do.

REFLECTION.

THERE's no Folly like that of Vain-Glory, nor any Thing more ridiculous than for a vain Man to be ſtill boaſting of himſelf: For 'tis againſt all Law and Equity, for a Body to be admitted a Judge in one's own Caſe. A ſecond Doctrine may be this (and we find it true by Experience) that *Money governs the World*; and that the *Market-Price* is the *Meaſure* of the Worth of *Men* as well as of *Fiſhes*; as the *Sturgeon* left it to the *Fiſhmonger* to determine the Controverſy betwixt *Him* and the *Pike*.

FAB.

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FAB. 252. A Fox and a Leopard.

AS a *Leopard* was valuing himſelf upon the Luſtre of his Party-colour'd Skin; a *Fox* gave him a Jog, and whiſper'd him, that the Beauty of the Mind was an Excellence, infinitely above that of a painted Out-ſide.

The MORAL.

A Good Underſtanding is a Bleſſing infinitely beyond all External Beauties.

REFLECTION.

THERE are Degrees in Good Things. There are Bleſſings of Fortune, and thoſe are of the loweſt Rate. The next above thoſe Bleſſings are the bodily Advantages of Strength, Gracefulneſs and Health; but the ſuperlative Bleſſings, in fine, are the Bleſſings of the Mind: Fools, 'tis true, may be allowed to brag of fooliſh Things; but the *Leopard*'s *Beauty* without the *Fox*'s *Wit*, is no better than a Fop in a *Gay Coat*.

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THE FABLES OF ABSTEMIUS, &c.

Fab. 253. Demades the Orator.

THIS *Demades* was a very famous *Orator*, and taking Notice as he was in the middle of a Diſcourſe to the People upon a Subject of great Importance, that their Thoughts were wandering upon ſomething elſe, he ſlipt from his Text into this Digreſſion. *Ceres*, (ſays he) a *Swallow* and an *Eele* were travelling together upon the Way: They came to a River, it ſeems, and the *Swallow* flew over it; the *Eele* made a ſhift to ſwim through it;—— And there he ſtopt. Well, (ſays ſome of the Company) and what became of *Ceres?* Why (ſays *Demades*) the Goddeſs was mightily offended, to find ſo many People in the World that are deaf to any thing they may be the better for, and yet have their Ears open to Fooleries.

The Moral.

People are ſooner reclaim'd by the Side-Wind of a Surprize, than by downright Admonition and Counſel; for they'll lend an Ear to a Parable when nothing elſe will down with them.

REFLECTION.

MEN mind Pleaſure, and the Satisfaction of a Fancy, or a looſe Appetite, more than they do better Things; and they are ſooner brought to themſelves and ſet right by the *Innu-*

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Innuendo of a *Parable*, than by the Dint of direct Reaſon. There are many Men that are infinitely tender in Point of Honour, and have very little regard yet upon the Main, to Truth and Equity. Now ſuch People as theſe are ſooner wrought upon by Shame than by Conſcience, when they find themſelves fool'd and ſhamm'd, as we ſay, into a Conviction. This Fable tells us what we ought to do in the Caſe of attending to inſtructive and profitable Counſels. It tells us alſo what we are apt to do, in heark'ning after Fooleries; and loſing the Opportunity of Hearing and Learning better Things. And it ſhews us in fine, the Force of an Allegory betwixt Jeſt and Earneſt; which in ſuch a Caſe as this, is certainly the moſt artificial, civil and effectual Manner of Reproach. I call it a *Reproach*, for 'tis an Affront to good Manners, as well as to ordinary Prudence, not to hearken to a Man of Authority; that is to ſay, to the Voice of Wiſdom, when ſhe ſpeaks to us out of the Mouth of a Philoſopher. Men that have wand'ring Thoughts at ſuch a Lecture, deſerve as well to be whipt, as Boys for playing at Puſh-Pin, when they ſhould be learning their Leſſon: Beſide, that it is only another way of calling a Man a Fool, when no Heed is given to what he ſays. Now *Demades* that underſtood both his Bus'neſs, and the weak Side of human Nature perfectly well, never troubled his Head to bring his Auditory to their Wits again by the Force of dry and ſober Reaſon; but Circumvented them by a delicate Figure into a Curioſity that led them naturally to a better Senſe of their Intereſt, and their Duty.

FAB. 254. A Fox and a Hedge-Hog.

ÆSop brought the *Samians* to their Wits again out of a moſt deſperate Sedition with this Fable.

A *Fox*, upon the croſſing of a River, was forc'd away by the Current into an Eddy, and there he lay with whole Swarms of Flies ſucking and Galling of him. There was a *Water-Hedge-Hog* (we muſt imagine) at hand, that in pure Pity offer'd to beat away the *Flies* from him. No, no, ſays the *Fox*, pray let 'em alone, for the Flies that are upon me now are e'en burſting-full already, and can do me little more hurt than

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than they have done: But when theſe are gone once, there will be a Company you ſhall ſee of ſtarv'd hungry Wretches to take their Places, that will not leave ſo much as one Drop of Blood in the whole Body of me.

Tiberius Cæſar made a very Pertinent Application of this Fancy to a Caſe of his own. The Queſtion was, Whether or no he ſhould caſhier ſome of his corrupt Governors of Provinces, for oppreſſing the People? He gave the World to underſtand his Mind by this Fable.

There was a Man lay miſerably wounded upon the High-way, and Swarms of *Flies* upon him, ſucking his Sores. A Traveller that was paſſing by, pity'd his Condition, and offer'd him his Service, in pure Charity to drive them away. No, no, ſays t'other, pray let them alone; for when theſe are gone I ſhall have worſe in their Places. This will be the Caſe of my Subjects if I change their Governors.

The MORAL.

The Force of a Fable.

REFLECTION.

IF (ſays *Æſop*) You ſhall once deſtroy your preſent Governor, that is full and wealthy, you muſt of Neceſſity chuſe others when he is gone, who will be ſure to fill their own Coffers, out of what the other has left ye. This Fable, upon the whole, is very inſtructive how People ſhould behave themſelves in the Caſe of a Male-Adminiſtration, or Oppreſſion; where there is any Colour or Complaint of Cruelty, or Injuſtice under the Cover of Sovereign Power. The *Fox*'s Reſolution here is mightily to the Purpoſe: That is to ſay, where the Grievance is only the Unrighteous Exerciſe of a lawful Authority. The Removal of *Blood-Suckers* that are already as full as their Skins will hold, ſerves only to make way for others that are greedy and empty. This is no Redreſs of the Evil, no, not ſo much as a Change; but in Truth, an Augmentation of it.

It is again to be conſider'd, that as Government is Neceſſary, Sacred, and Unaccountable, ſo it is but equal for us to bear the Infelicities of a Male Exerciſe of it, as we enjoy the

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Bleſſings of Authority and publick Order. There's nothing pure that's ſublunary, but ſomewhat ſtill of Good blended with the Bad, and of Bad with the Good; and this natural Mixture runs through the whole Courſe and Condition of Human Affairs. We are not to be either our own Carvers, or our own Chuſers, and the Man puts out his own Eyes that does not ſee the Folly, and the Iniquity of ſtruggling with inſuperable Powers, which is impious in the Practice, and miſerable in the Concluſion. Where Government is accounted as Bondage, the Exerciſe of it ſhall never fail of being call'd Perſecution and Oppreſſion: But to put Matters at worſt, let us for Argument ſake, ſuppoſe Pilling and Polling Officers, as Buſie upon the People as theſe Flies were upon the *Fox:* Better bear a tolerable preſent Calamity, than exchange it for a Worſe; and the *Fox* had the Wit rather to ſuffer the Galling of a Parcel of *Flies*, than by beating them off, to make way for a new Set of hungry Sharpers that would do him fifty times the Miſchief.

FAB. 255. A Mouſe in a Cheſt.

A *Mouſe* that was bred in a *Cheſt*, and had liv'd all her Days there upon what the Dame of the Houſe laid up in't, happen'd one time to drop out over the Side, and to ſtumble upon a very delicious Morſel, as ſhe was hunting up and down to find her way in again. She had no ſooner the Taſte of it in her Mouth, but ſhe brake out into Exclamations, what a Fool ſhe had been thus long, to perſwade herſelf that there was no Happineſs in the World but in that Box.

The MORAL.

A contented Mind and a good Conſcience will make a Body happy where-ever he is.

REFLECTION.

'TIS well to be content in what Place or Condition ſoever we are; without being yet ſo fond of it as not to be prepar'd for any Change or Chance that may befall us. A good Patriot loves his own Country beſt; but yet in Caſe of Neceſſity, or a fair Convenience, the whole Globe of the Earth is an Honeſt Man's

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Man's Country, and he reckons himself at Home wherever he is. The *Mouse* was *well* in the *Cheft*; but she found herself better afterwards in the World: Which serves to tell us that we may be happy in a Private Life, as well as in a Publick, and that by the Benefit either of a Christian, or a Philosophical Resignation to our Lot, whatever it is, we may be so wherever we are.

FAB. 256. A Husband-Man and Ceres.

A Certain *Farmer* complain'd that the Beards of his Corn cut the Reapers and the Thrashers Fingers sometimes, and therefore he desir'd *Ceres* that his Corn might grow hereafter without Beards. The Request was granted, and the little Birds eat up all his Grain. Fool that I was (says he) rather to loose the Support of my Life, than venture the Pricking of my Fingers.

The MORAL.

There must be no Refining upon the Works of Providence; for he that thinks to mend them, forfeits his Right to the Blessing and Benefit of them.

REFLECTION.

NO Man can be perfectly happy; but if he be either curious, or unsteady, he shall live and die craving, and in a restless Want of something or other that is never to be had. Wherefore we should do well to weigh our present Inconveniencies against those that may probably arise in the Future, and not so much as think of changing our Condition till we have ballanc'd the Accounts. We may lay down this, in short, for a Rule without any Exception, that nothing but a Fool or a Mad-man will wish any Thing to be other than God has made it. Let us reform our Lives, and mend our Manners, and set every Thing right at Home first, before we take upon us to correct the Works of Providence and Nature. The Husbandman thought Corn would do better without Beards, till he found that according to the Way he went to Work, he should have neither *one* nor *t'other*.

FAB.

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FAB. 257. A Country-man and a Hawk.

A *Country Fellow* had the Fortune to take a *Hawk* in the hot Purſuit of a *Pigeon*. The *Hawk* pleaded for her ſelf, that ſhe never did the *Country-man* any harm, and therefore I hope, ſays ſhe, that you'll do me none. Well, ſays the *Country-man*, and pray what wrong did the *Pigeon* ever do you? Now by the Reaſon of your own Argument, you muſt e'en expect to be treated your ſelf, as you your ſelf would have treated this *Pigeon*.

The MORAL.

'Tis good to think before we ſpeak, for fear of condemning our ſelves out of our own Mouths.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable holds forth to us ſeveral Morals. Rapine and Injuſtice meet in the End with Violence. One Murderer is kill'd by another. Adulterers are paid in Kind; and one wicked Man puniſhes another. It is but according to the Courſe of the World, for the Stronger to oppreſs the Weaker, and for Thieves themſelves to rob one another; But the more Mighty do well however in avenging thoſe that are oppreſs'd by the leſs Mighty. And the Fable has this Proſpect too, that Princes are as much ty'd to vindicate their Subjects Cauſe as if it were their own.

'Tis no News for the Weak and the Poor to be a Prey to the Strong and the Rich; and the Vindication of the Innocent is no ill Plea, or Maſque for the Oppreſſing of the Guilty. Birds of Prey are an Emblem of rapacious Officers. A ſuperior Power takes away by Violence from them, that which by Violence they took away from Others: But it falls out too often, that the Equity of Reſtitution is forgotten, after the Execution of the Puniſhment. Now what is this Way of Proceeding, but drinking the Blood of the Widow and Orphan at ſecond Hand; for he that takes away from a Thief, that which the Thief, to his Knowledge, took from an honeſt Man, and keeps it to himſelf, is the wickeder Thief of the Two, by how much the Rapine is made yet Blacker by the Pretence of Piety and Juſtice. Here's a *Country-man* takes a *Hawk*

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Hawk in the Chaſe of a *Pigeon*, the *Hawk* reaſons the Caſe with him;-The *Country-man* pleads the *Pigeon*'s Cauſe; And upon a Fair-Hearing, the *Hawk* ſtands Condemn'd out of her own Mouth, and the Innocent is conſequently deliver'd from her Oppreſſor. Now here's One Violence diſappointed by Another; A poor Harmleſs Wretch protected againſt a powerful Adverſary; Juſtice done upon a Notorious Perſecutor; and yet after all this Glorious Semblance of a Publick Spirited Generoſity, and Tenderneſs of Nature, the *Man* only ſav'd the *Pigeon* from the *Hawk*, that he might Eat it *Himſelf:* And if we look well about us, we ſhall find This to be the Caſe of moſt Mediations we meet with in the Name of Publick Juſtice.

FAB. 258. A Swallow and a Spider.

A *Spider* that obſerv'd a *Swallow* catching of *Flies*, fell immediately to work upon a Net to catch *Swallows*, for ſhe look't upon't as an Encroachment upon her Right: But the Birds, without any Difficulty, brake through the Work, and flew away with the very Net it ſelf. Well, ſays the *Spider*, *Bird-catching* is none of my Talent I perceive; and ſo ſhe return'd to her old Trade of catching Flies again.

The MORAL.

A Wiſe Man will not Undertake any thing without Means anſwerable to the End.

REFLECTION.

LET every Man examine his own Strength, and the Force of the Enemy he is to Cope withal before he comes to Cloſe, and Grapple with him: For he's ſure to go by the worſt that contends with an Adverſary that is too mighty for him. 'Tis good Advice not to contend with Thoſe that are too ſtrong for us, but ſtill with a ſaving to Honeſty and Juſtice; for the Integrity of the Mind muſt be ſupported againſt All Violence and Hazards whatſoever. This of the *Spider* was a very fooliſh Undertaking, and as unjuſt a Pretence; for the Equity of the Caſe is clearly miſtaken. The Intent of the Fable is to ſet us Right in the Underſtanding, and Interpreting of In-

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juries. 'Tis an unhappy Error to take things for Injuries that are Not ſo: And then ſuppoſing an Injury done, 'tis a Nice Point to proportion the Reparation to the Degree of the Indignity; and to take a true Meaſure of our own Force. It was a ridiculous Project to think of catching a *Swallow* in a *Cobweb*; and the *Spider* was as much Out too in thinking to Reſtrain the Common Air to its own Particular Uſe. The *Swallow* was a *Fly-eatcher*, as well as the *Spider*, and no more an Interloper upon the *Spider*'s Right, than the *Spider* was upon the *Swallow*'s; for the Flies were in common to both. Thoſe People, in ſhort, deſerve to be doubly laugh'd at, that are Peeviſh, and Angry; Firſt, for Nothing, and ſecondly, to no manner of Purpoſe.

This envious Injuſtice is frequent in the World; For why ſhould People think to Engroſs and Appropriate the Common Benefits of Fire, Air, and Water to Themſelves? Not but that there are Swarms of This ſort of *State-Spiders* in the World, that reckon Every *Fly* that's taken out of the Common-Stock, as a *Penny* out of their *Own Pockets*. The Bounty of God and of Princes ought to be Free, both alike, without making every Morſel of Bread that an Honeſt Man puts in his Mouth, to be the Robbing of a Minion. Wherefore let every Man compute, Firſt, What he ought to do. Secondly, What he is able to do. Provided, Thirdly, That he Govern himſelf by the Rules of Virtue and Diſcretion. This Conſideration beforehand, would have ſav'd the Fooliſh *Spider* the Trouble of Setting Nets for *Swallows*.

FAB. 259. A Country-man and a River.

A *Country-man* that was to paſs a River, ſounded it up and down to try where it was moſt fordable: and upon Trial he made this Obſervation on't: Where the Water ran Smooth, he found it Deepeſt; and on the contrary, Shalloweſt where it made moſt Noiſe.

The MORAL.

There's More Danger in a Reſerv'd and Silent, than in a Noiſy, Babling Enemy.

RE-

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REFLECTION.

GREAT Talkers are not always the greateſt Doers, and the Danger is Greateſt, where there's leaſt Bluſtering and Clamour.

Much Tongue and much Judgment ſeldom go together, for Talking and Thinking are two quite differing Faculties, and there's commonly more Depth where there's leſs Noiſe. We find it to be thus betwixt your ſuperficial Men, and Men that are well founded in any Art, Science, or Profeſſion. As in Philoſophy, Divinity, Arms, Hiſtory, Manners. The very Practice of Babbling, is a great Weakneſs, and not only the Humour, but the Matter ſhews it ſo: Tho' upon the main, it is not capable either of much Good, or of much Evil; for as there's no truſting in the Caſe, ſo there's no great Danger from them, in the Manage of any Deſign; for many and Raſh Words betray the Speaker of them. As to the Man of Silence and Reſerve, that keeps himſelf cloſe, and his Thoughts Private, he Weighs and Compares Things, and Proceeds upon Deliberation. It is good to ſee and ſound however, before a Man plunges; for a Body may as well be Over-born by the Violence of a Shallow, Rapid Stream, as Swallow'd up in the Gulph of ſmooth Water. 'Tis in This Caſe with *Men* as 'tis with *Rivers*.

FAB. 260. A Pigeon and a Pye.

A *Pye* was Wond'ring once to a *Pigeon*, why ſhe would Breed ſtill in the ſame Hole, when her Young Ones were conſtantly taken away from her before they were able to fly. Why That's my Simplicity, ſays the *Pigeon*. I mean no Harm, and I ſuſpect none.

The MORAL.

Do as you would be done by, *is a Better Rule in the Doctrine than in the Practice: For* Truſt as you would be Truſted, *will not hold betwixt a Knave and an Honeſt Man. There's no Dealing with a Sharper but at his Own Play.*

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REFLECTION.

THE truer hearted any Man is, the more liable he is to be impos'd upon: And then the World calls it *Out-witting* a Man; when, in truth he's only *Out-knav'd:* And oblig'd, even in Charity and good Nature, to believe till he be Cozen'd. And we find the Country-man's Obſervation confirm'd by daily Experience. This does not yet hinder Sincere Singleneſs of Heart from being a Virtue ſo neceſſary for the Comfort and Security of Mankind, that Human Society cannot ſubſiſt without it. And therefore 'tis a thouſand Pities it ſhould be ſo Diſcountenanc'd, and Abus'd, as in the common Practice of the World we find it is. But it ſtands firm however to the ſame Tenor of Life; As the *Pigeon* kept to the ſame Hole to lay her Eggs in, whate'er ſhe loſt by't.

FAB. 261. A Cuckow and a Hawk.

BY the Beak and the Claws of a *Cuckow*, one would take her for a kind of *Hawk*, only One lives upon Worms, and the other upon Fleſh: Inſomuch that a *Hawk* twitted a *Cuckow* one Day with her coarſe way of Feeding. If you'll *look* like a *Hawk*, why don't you *live* like a *Hawk?* The *Cuckow* took this a little in dudgeon; but paſſing by a *Pigeon-Houſe* ſome ſhort time after, what ſhould ſhe ſee but the Skin of this very *Hawk* upon a Pole on the Top of the *Dove-Houſe:* Well! ſays the *Cuckow* (in conceit) to the *Hawk*, and had not you as good have been eating *Worms* now, as *Pigeons?*

The MORAL.

Pride is an Abomination in the Sight of God, and the Judgment is Juſt upon us, when the Subject of our Vanity becomes the Occaſion of our Ruin.

REFLECTION.

A Safe Mediocrity is much better than an Envy'd, and a Dangerous Excellency. They that in their Proſperity deſpiſe Others, ſhall be ſure in their Adverſity to be deſpis'd Themſelves. It is much the ſame Caſe with Men of Prey that it

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is with Birds of Prey. They take it for a Diſparagement to Sort themſelves with any other than the Enemies of the Publick Peace: But Men that live upon Rapine, are ſet up for a Mark, as the common Enemy; and all Heads and Hands are at work to deſtroy them.

FAB. 262. A Country-man and an Aſs.

AS a *Country-man* was Grazing his *Aſs* in a Meadow, comes a Hot *Alarm*, that the Enemy was juſt falling into their Quarters. The *poor Man* calls preſently to his *Aſs*, in a terrible Fright, to ſcoure away as faſt as he could ſcamper: for, ſays he, we ſhall be *taken* elſe. Well, quoth the *Aſs*, and what if we ſhould be *Taken?* I have one Pack-Saddle upon my Back already, Will they clap another a-top of that, d'ye think? I can but be a Slave where-ever I am: ſo that *Taken* or not *Taken*, 'tis all a Caſe to Me.

The MORAL.

It's ſome Comfort for a Body to be ſo Low that he cannot fall: And in ſuch a Condition already that he cannot well be worſe. If a Man be born to be a Slave, no Matter to what Maſter.

REFLECTION.

HERE's a Fiction of an *Alarm*, and we'll ſuppoſe it to be a falſe one too; for the Inventer has not determin'd the Point. Now the Fancy will have more Force and Quickneſs in't that way, than t'other; and the *Aſs*'s Reaſoning upon the Caſe, will hold good both ways alike: Only the *Aſſes* in the *Moral* are more Frightful than the *Aſſes* in the *Fable*. *We ſhall be taken elſe*, is the Song of all Popular Male-Contents, when they deſign a Change of Government: And ſo they hurry the Mobile headlong upon the very Dread of imaginary Chains and Shackles, into the Slavery they fear'd: But *ſome Aſſes* are wiſer than *others:* for the *Multitude* would anſwer their Maſters elſe in *One Inſtance*, as the *Animal* here in the Emblem anſwer'd His, in the *Other:* Here was no ſcampering away at a venture, without Fear or Wit; no Sollicitous Enquiry whether the News was true or no; But the *Mytho-*

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logiſt has prudently, and for our Inſtruction, caſt thoſe Two Circumſtances out of the Queſtion, and laid the Streſs of it upon this ſingle Iſſue. As who would ſay; in all Governments there muſt be Burdens to be born, and People to bear them: And who ſo proper to bear thoſe Burdens, as thoſe that Providence and Policy have appointed and deſign'd for that Office and Station? So that 'tis all one to the Common People who's uppermoſt (that is to ſay, upon the Matter of Eaſe and Liberty) for *Aſſes* muſt be *Aſſes* ſtill, whoever *Rides* them; and Providence will keep the World in Order ſtill, whoever grumbles at it.

FAB. 263. A Fox and a Knot of Goſſips.

A *Fox* that was taking a Walk one Night croſs a Village, ſpy'd a Bevy of *Jolly*, *Goſſiping Wenches*, making merry over a Diſh of *Pullets*. Why ay, ſays he; Is not this a brave World now? A poor innocent *Fox* cannot ſo much as peep into a Hen-Rooſt, though but to keep Life and Soul together, and what a bawling do you make on't preſently with your Dogs, and your Baſtards! And yet You your ſelves can lie ſtuffing your Guts with your *Hens* and your *Capons*, and not a Word of the Pudding. How now *Bold-Face*, cries an *Old Trot*, Sirrah, we eat our *Own Hens*, I'd have you to know; and what you eat, you ſteal.

The MORAL.

There are Men of Prey, as well as Beaſts of Prey, that account Rapine as good a Title as Propriety.

REFLECTION.

THIS gives us to underſtand, Firſt, that a Man may do what he will with his own; but he has nothing to do with the Propriety of another Body. *Secondly*, that People may do any Thing with Impunity, where there's no Body to call 'em to account for't; and that which is Death for one to do, is lawful for another.

There are ſeveral Starts of Fancy, that off-hand look well enough; but bring them to the Teſt, and there's nothing in 'em. The *Fox*'s Reproach here upon the *Goſſips*, was a Frolick pleaſant

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pleaſant enough; but without any Colour or Congruity of Reaſon; and the Fallacy lies, for the ſame Thing done by ſeveral Perſons, to the ſame Right of doing it; though under Circumſtances ſo different, that there's no Parity at all betwixt them upon the Collation. This Freak has ſomewhat of the Air in't of the Young Fellow's Conceit to his Father, when he took him ruffling his Grandmother. *Why may not I lie with your Mother*, ſays he, *as well as you lie with mine?* Theſe *Foxes* ſhould do well to conſider, that the High-way-men, and other Criminals have as much to ſay for themſelves, where there's a Breach of Law, and common Juſtice in the Caſe. This Inſtance of the *Fox* and the *Goſſips*, comes to the Old Proverb; that *One may better ſteal a Horſe*, than *Another look over the Hedge.*

FAB. 264. Capons Fat and Lean.

THere were a great many *Cramm'd Capons* together in a Coop, ſome of 'em very Fair and *Fat*, and Others again did not thrive upon Feeding. The *Fat* Ones would be ever and anon making ſport with the *Lean*, and calling them *Starvelings*; 'till in the End, the Cook was order'd to dreſs ſo many *Capons* for Supper, and to be ſure to take the beſt in the Pen: When it came to that once, they that had moſt Fleſh upon their Backs, wiſh'd they had had leſs, and 'twould have been better for 'em.

The MORAL.

Proſperity makes People Proud, Fat, and Wanton; but when a Day of Reckoning comes, They are the Firſt ſtill that go to Pot.

REFLECTION.

THE *Fat Capons* in this Fable, are the Rich, the Great, and the (Externally) Happy Men in the World. People weigh Virtue in common Reputation, as they do Fleſh in the Market, at ſo much a Pound. This agrees too in the Contempt of Men of a leſs Size and Quality, and they meet with the ſame Fate in the End too, by a juſt Judgment upon them for their inſulting Vanity. They are made the very Mark for Envy and Avarice to ſhoot at: and equally in Danger of being ſacrificed, either to Tyranny, or to Faction. The Poor, in

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fine, have this Conſolation, that their Condition is ſafer, and eaſier, than that of the Rich; and all People in the World will agree with thoſe *Capons* in the Fable, that it is better to *Live Lean* than to *Die Fat*.

FAB. 265. Oxen and a Piece of Timber.

THE *Timber* was complaining of the Ingratitude of the *Oxen*. How often, ſays the *Timber*, have I fed ye with my Leaves, and reliev'd ye under my Shadow? and for you to drag me now at this Rate, over Dirt and Stones! Alas! cry'd the *Oxen*: Do not you ſee how we pant and groan, and how we are goaded on, to do what we do? The *Timber* conſider'd how unwillingly they did it, and ſo forgave them.

The MORAL.

What we are forc'd to do by an Over-ruling Power and Neceſſity, is not properly our own Act.

REFLECTION.

'TIS not the Thing that is done, but the Intention in the Doing of it, that makes the Action Good or Evil. There's a great Difference betwixt what we do upon Force, and what upon Inclination! and the good Will is nevertheleſs obliging, though by ſome unlucky Accident it ſhould be diverted to my Ruin. Where there is neither Privity, nor Conſent, there can be no Malice, and conſequently no Crime, or Diſobligation. For all other Miſadventures amount to no more in Truth, than that which we call ill Luck, in the Accidents of Life; wherefore the *Timber* was in the Right to forgive the *Oxen* here, and ſo ſhall we be too, if after the Doctrine and Example of this Fable, we forgive one another.

FAB. 266. Trees Streight and Crooked.

THere was a delicate Plantation of *Trees* that were all *Well-grown*, *Fair* and *Smooth*, ſave only One Dwarf among them that was *Knotty*, and *Crooked*, and the Reſt had it in deriſion. The Maſter of the Wood, it

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it seems, was to build a House, and appointed his Workmen to supply the Timber out of that Grove, and to cut down every Stick on't that they found fit for Service. They did as they were order'd, and this *Ill-favour'd Piece* was left alone.

The MORAL.

Celebrated Beauties are seldom Fortunate.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a Felicity to be Plain, and Inconsiderable, where 'tis dangerous to be otherwise. There are a Thousand Inconveniences that attend Great Beauties and Fortunes, which the Poor and Deform'd are free from; not but that it is better to fall Honourably in the Service of the Publick, than to Survive, in the Scandal of an unprofitable, and an inglorious Life. The Moral gives us also to understand, that *Pride will have a Fall*, and that no Personal Advantages can either justify or protect Great Men in their Insolence over their Inferiors. The *Beautiful Trees* go all to *wrack* here, and only the *Mis-shapen* and *Despicable Dwarf* is left *Standing*.

FAB. 267. A Swan and a Stork.

A *Stork* that was present at the Song of a dying *Swan*, told her 'twas contrary to Nature to sing so much out of Season; and ask'd her the Reason of it? Why, says the *Swan*, I am now entering into a State where I shall be no longer in danger of either Snares, Guns, or Hunger; and who would not joy at such a Deliverance?

The MORAL.

Death is the Last Farewel to all the Difficulties, Pains, and Hazards of Life.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a great Folly to fear that which 'tis impossible to avoid: And it is yet a greater Folly to fear the Remedy of all Evils: For Death cures all Diseases, and frees us from all Cares. It is as great a Folly again, not to prepare our selves,

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ſelves, and provide for the Entertainment of an inevitable Fate. We are as ſure to go out of the World, as we are that ever we came into't; and nothing but the Conſcience of a good Life can ſupport us in that laſt Extremity. The Fiction of a *Swan*'s ſinging at her Death, does, in the Moral, but adviſe and recommend it to us, to make ready for the chearful Entertainment of our laſt Hour, and to conſider with our ſelves, that if Death be ſo welcome a Relief even to *Animals*, barely as a Deliverance from the Cares, Miſeries, and Dangers of Troubleſome Life, how much a greater Bleſſing ought all good Men to account it then, that are not only freed by it from the Snares, Difficulties, and Diſtractions of a wicked World, but put into Poſſeſſion (over and above) of an everlaſting Peace, and the Fruition of Joys that ſhall never have an End!

FAB. 268. The Inconſolable Widow.

THere was a poor Young *Woman* that had brought her ſelf e'en to Death's Door with Grief for her Sick Husband; but the good Man her Father, did all he could to comfort her. Come, Child, ſays he, We are all mortal: Pluck up a good Heart, my Girl; for let the worſt come to the worſt, I have a better Huſband in ſtore for thee, when this is gone. Alas, Sir, ſays ſhe, what d'ye talk of *another Husband* for? why you had as good have ſtruck a Dagger to my Heart. No, no; if ever I think of another Husband, may ——Without any more ado the Man dies, and the Woman immediately breaks out into ſuch Tranſports of tearing her Hair, and beating her Breaſt, that every Body thought ſhe'd have run ſtark-mad upon't: But upon ſecond Thoughts, ſhe wipes her Eyes; lifts 'em up, and cries, *Heaven's Will be done*; and then turns to her Father, *Pray Sir*, ſays ſhe, *About T'other Husband you was ſpeaking of, Is he here in the Houſe?*

The MORAL.

This Fable gives us to underſtand, that a Widow's Tears are quickly dry'd up, and that it is not impoſſible for a Woman to out-live the Death of her Husband; and after all the Outrages

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of her Funeral Sorrow, to propoſe to herſelf many a merry Hour in the Arms of a ſecond Spouſe.

REFLECTION.

HERE's the Figure of a Worldly Sorrow, and of a Worldly Love, drawn to the Life, from the Heart and Humour of a right Worldly Woman. Hypocriſie out-does the Truth, in Grief, as well as in Religion. 'Tis too fierce and noiſie to be natural; but the Oſtentation ſupplies the Place of the Duty. If the Wife's Tranſports had not been counterfeit, they would have been as certain Death as the Huſband's Diſeaſe: For Fleſh and Blood are not able to bear up under ſo intolerable a Weight. It is, in ſhort, only the acting a Part, not the Diſcharge of a flowing Paſſion; ſhe takes the Hint, plays her Roll, cries out her *Set Time*, and when the Farce is over, betakes herſelf from her Infirmity to her Philoſophy; not forgetting the politick Part all this while, of making her Mourning for *One Husband* a Prologue to the drawing on of *Another*.

And this is not the poor Woman's Caſe alone, but many a poor Man's too; for the Extravagance holds for a ſick Wife, as well as for a ſick Husband. 'Tis Cuſtom, Practice and good Manners, in fine, that in a great Meaſure rules this Affair. People proportion their Griefs to their Hopes, and their Tears to their Legacies. There is as much a Faſhion in the Mourning Face, as in the Mourning Dreſs; and our very Looks muſt be in the Mode, as well as our Cloaths. This Hint minds me of a pleaſant Droll of a Painter, to an Honourable Lady of my Acquaintance that was ſitting for her Picture. *Madam* (ſays he) *will your Ladyſhip be pleas'd to have your Lip drawn as they wear 'em now?* It is a notable Part of good Breeding, to know When, and How, and how Much, and how Long to Cry; and *Every thing muſt be done too as they do it now.* I ſpeak this, as to the Method of a Widow's Lamentations: But *when the Husband's dead, then the Play is done*; and then it comes to the old Bear-Garden Caſe, when the Bull had toſs'd a poor Fellow that went to ſave his Dog: There was a mighty Buſſle about him, with Brandy and other Cordials to bring him to himſelf again; but when the College found there was no good to be done on't, *Well, go thy ways, Jaques*, ſays a jolly Member of that Society, *There's the beſt Back-ſword Man in the Field gone. Come, play another Dog.* The ſick Husband here wanted for neither Slops nor Doctors, and every thing was in a Hurry too in both Places alike. The Man

dies,

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dies, and the Woman bethinks herſelf. Well, ſays ſhe, *There's the beſt Husband gone that ever Woman had to do withal: But, Pray Sir, is t'other Husband in the Houſe that you were ſpeaking of?* What is all this now, but directly to the Tune of *The Butcher's Back-Sword Man*, and *Playing another Dog?*

FAB. 269. A Wench parting with her Sweet-heart.

A Common Wench was wringing her Hands, and crying herſelf to Death almoſt; and what was the Buſineſs forſooth, but ſhe had newly parted with her Sweet-Heart. Away, ye Fool you (ſays one of her Neighbours) to torment yourſelf out of your Life for ſuch a Fellow as this! Nay, ſays the Laſs, I am not ſo much troubled at parting with the Man; but he has carry'd away his Coat too; and truly, when he had given me all he had in the World beſide, methinks I have e'en might had that too as well as all the reſt.

The MORAL.

Here's a Mercenary Proſtitute drawn to the very quick, that lays her Profit more to Heart than her Love.

REFLECTION.

IT ſeldom falls out that a *Common Miſtreſs* troubles her Head much with particular Inclinations, though there are ſome Mercenaries ſo generous yet, in the way of their Profeſſion, that rather than not trade at all, they'll trade to Loſs. But this was not the Caſe of the ſorrowful Wight here in the Fable: Her Trouble was the Loſs of the *Coat*, not the Loſs of the *Man*. 'Tis the ſame thing with Cheats and Sharpers, that 'tis with Whores; and the ſame Humour, in ſhort, that we find in all Human Beaſts of Prey. There can be no Friendſhip where there's Treachery; but there are Degrees in Treachery itſelf; as the Betraying of an honourable Confidence, and of a ſacred Truſt, is the baſeſt of all Perfidies. This ſhuffling Inclination ſhews itſelf in us betimes: And Children do naturally apply themſelves to their little Shifts and Frauds. Now 'tis not much amiſs to let them underſtand

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ſo much of the Roguery of the World, as to ſecure them from being wheedled and impos'd upon: Provided that under colour of teaching them to diſcover Abuſes, they be not encourag'd to practiſe them: For he that perfectly underſtands falſe Play, lies under a dangerous Temptation, at ſome time or other to make uſe on't. And when he's once in, 'tis no eaſie Matter to get him out again. Never was any Whore yet ſo impudent, as not to feel ſome touch of Modeſty, and Remorſe, upon the firſt falſe Step ſhe made: But Wicked People harden by little and little, and ſo go on by Degrees, till they are paſt all ſenſe either of Shame or of Conſcience. *Cheating* and *Bawdry* go together in the *World*, as well as in the *Fable*, and the Profeſſors of the Trade are as inſatiable in the one way as they are in the other. When they have left a poor Devil no Fleſh on's Back, they'll quarrel for his very Skin too, as the *Jilting Jade* here did for her Cully's *Coat*, when ſhe had left nothing elſe.

FAB. 270. A Fly upon a Wheel.

WHat a *Duſt do I raiſe*! ſays the *Fly* upon the *Coach-Wheel?* and what a rate do I drive at, ſays the ſame *Fly* again upon the *Horſe's Buttock?*

The MORAL.

This Fly in the Fable, is every Trifling Arrogant Fop in Nature, by what Name or Title ſoever Dignify'd, or Diſtinguiſh'd.

REFLECTION.

THIS may be apply'd to well nigh all ſorts of vain Perſons and Humours: As thoſe that aſſume to themſelves the Merits of other Men's Services. Thoſe that talk, and think, and buſtle, as if nothing were done without them. All Medlers, Boaſters, and Impertinents, that ſteal away the Reputation of better Men for their own Uſe. The World is full, in fine, of theſe pragmatical *Flies*, that value themſelves for being In at every thing, and are found Effectually, at laſt to be juſt good for nothing.

It is the Fortune, and it is the Humour of weak and trifling Men to value themſelves upon idle and trivial Matters; and many Times, in Truth, upon juſt nothing at all: That is to

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to ſay, upon a falſe Perſwaſion that they do things, which they do not do, and govern Affairs wherein they have no manner of Intereſts. They place a Reputation alſo upon Things that a ſober Man would be out of Countenance to own, and contend for the Credit of being the Authors of Fooleries. *What a Duſt do I raiſe?* ſays the ſilly *Fly*. And have we not Millions of vain, empty Pretenders in the World, that talk at the ſame rate, and with as little Colour, either of Truth or of Reaſon? 'Twas [I] carry'd ſuch a Cauſe; ſuch a Debate, ſuch a Queſtion. 'Twas [I] that Advis'd, Brought about, or Prevented this or that, when yet upon the Upſhot, this ſame [I] was no more than the Fool, that fancy'd he play'd upon the *Organ*, when he only drew the *Bellows*. Whence comes it now that Men arrogate to themſelves thus, where they have nothing to do, and claim a Title, as matter of Credit, to the weakeſt things in the World; but for want of underſtanding the true Meaſures of Honour and Virtue? The Moral of this Vanity runs through all Degrees of Men, and all Functions. There's nothing ſo great; there's nothing ſo little, as not to afford Subject for this buſy and over-weening Conceit to work upon: No, not from the modelling of Commonwealths; the winning of Battles; the ſaving, or the recovering of Kingdoms, to the very *Fly*'s raiſing the Duſt here in the Fable.

FAB. 271. An Eele and a Snake.

YOU and I are ſo alike, ſays the *Eele* to the *Snake*, that methinks we ſhould be ſomewhat a-kin; and yet they that perſecute me, are afraid of you. What ſhould be the reaſon of this? Oh (ſays the *Snake*) becauſe no body does me an Injury but I make him ſmart for't.

The MORAL.

In all Controverſies they come off beſt that keep their Adverſaries in fear of a Revenge.

REFLECTION.

PATIENCE and Impunity, is an Encouragement to an Affront. The Divine Wiſdom has appointed a Hell as well as Heaven,

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Heaven, to the End that Dread and Terror on the one hand may ſupply the want of Gratitude, Affection, and Good Nature on the other: What is it but the Fear of Puniſhment that keeps the World in Order? And what but the Awe we ſtand in of Majeſty, and Power, that ſupports the Dignity of Government? This Moral runs through the whole Hiſtory of our Lives, for 'tis every Man's Caſe from Top to Bottom. *Princes Themſelves*, without *Stings* are no better than *Drones*; and when the Sacred Character is diſarm'd, there's no longer any Reverence to be expected for the Perſon. When People find it dangerous to offend their Superiors, they'll take care to pleaſe them: And there's as much difference upon this Point, between one Governour and another, (the Reſemblance notwithſtanding) as there is betwixt an *Eele* and a *Snake*.

FAB. 272. Seamen Praying to Saints.

IT blew a terrible Tempeſt at Sea once, and there was one *Seaman* took notice that the reſt of his Fellows were praying ſeverally to ſo many *Saints*. Have a care my Maſters, ſays he, what you do; for what if we ſhould all be drown'd now before the Meſſenger can deliver his Errand? Would it not be better without going ſo far about, to pray to Him that can ſave us without Help? Upon this, they turn'd their Prayers to God himſelf, and the Wind preſently fell.

The MORAL.

The Shorteſt and Sureſt Way of doing Buſineſs is Beſt.

REFLECTION.

'TIS good to be ſure, where our Salvation is at Stake; and to run no more Riſque of the main Chance, then of neceſſity muſt. What needs any Man make his Court to the Servant, when his Acceſs is open to the Maſter? And eſpecially when that Maſter is as ready to give, as the Petitioners to ask. A wiſe Man will take the neareſt and the ſureſt Way to his Journey's End; and commit no Buſineſs of Importance to a Proxy, where he may do't himſelf.

FAB.

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FAB. 273. The Fiſhes and the Frying-pan.

A *Cook* was frying a Diſh of *Live Fiſh*, and ſo ſoon as ever they felt the Heat of the Pan; There's no enduring of This, cry'd one, and ſo they all leapt into the Fire; and inſtead of mending the Matter, they were worſe now than before.

The MORAL.

The Remedy is many times worſe than the Diſeaſe.

REFLECTION.

LET a Man's preſent State be never ſo uneaſie, he ſhould do well however to bethink himſelf before he changes, for fear his next Remove ſhould be worſe. This is according to the common Underſtanding of the Alluſion, though not ſo agreeable perhaps to the true Reaſon of the Caſe: For it was not either Levity or Impatience; but intolerable Pain, and abſolute Neceſſity, that made the Fiſh ſhift their Condition: So that the Moral would have born This Doctrine rather: That where we have certain Death before us, and only This Choice, whether it ſhall be a Speedy or a lingring Death, That which puts us ſooneſt out of our Pain, (though never ſo ſharp) is the more eligible of the two. But to take it according to the Old Proverb now; we underſtand by [*Out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire*] that things go from bad to worſe.

FAB. 274. A League of Beaſts and Fiſhes.

THE *Beaſts* enter'd into a League with the *Fiſhes* againſt the *Birds*. The War was declar'd; but the *Fiſhes*, inſtead of their *Quota*, ſend their Excuſe, that they were not able to march by Land.

The MORAL.

The Vanity of helpleſs Alliance.

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REFLECTION.

THERE's no Contracting of Alliances with Thoſe that are out of Diſtance of Aſſiſting in a time of Need. In all Contracts, whether of publick Alliance, and Commerce, or Particular Friendſhip, there muſt a Regard be had to reciprocal Aid and Aſſiſtance, in caſe of any Diſtreſs; ſo that all the Circumſtances of Ability, Diſpoſition, Situation, Intereſt, *&c.* muſt be taken into Thought, and rightly underſtood, before the Bargain be ſtruck: For 'tis a ſcandalous Overſight to err in any of the Eſſentials to a Prudential, and a Beneficial Agreement: By which is intended any ſort of Defect, or Incapacity that may Obſtruct or Fruſtrate the End of the League. Thoſe Contracts are ridiculous and void in themſelves, that ſhall pretend to oblige us againſt Nature. For 'tis a *Banter*, not a *Confederacy*, *to talk of Fiſhes marching by Land, and living out of their Element.*

FAB. 275. A Covetous Ambaſſador.

A Certain *Ambaſſador* that was ſtill peſter'd with Drums and Trumpets every where upon the Way of his Embaſſy, was willing to ſave his Money, and ſo had them put off ſtill with this Anſwer: That his Excellency was in deep Mourning for his Mother, and in no Humour for Muſick. The Drums and Trumpets were at leaſt as much troubled at the Tidings, as the *Ambaſſador* Himſelf. This News came to the Ear of a Perſon of Honour, who preſently made him a condoling Viſit. Pray, my Lord (ſays the Nobleman) how long may your Mother have been dead? Why, ſays the *Ambaſſador*, 'tis now a Matter of *Forty Years*; which expounded the Riddle, and put an End to that Controverſy.

The MORAL.

There is a certain agreeable way of Fooling betwixt Jeſt and Earneſt, that carries both Pleaſure and Profit along with it; for it ſaves a Man's Money one way, and his Credit another.

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REFLECTION.

ACCORDING to the old Moral, covetous Men will make any ſhift to ſave Money: But this Alluſion is the leaſt Part of the Bus'neſs. 'Tis no eaſie matter for People in many Caſes to ſave their Money, and their Credit both: But the beſt Thing to be done, in the Diſguiſe of a Baſe and Sordid Humour, is the managing the Impoſture with a good Grace, and in ſuch a Manner, that if a Man carries it off, there's ſo much Money ſav'd; and if he be detected, there will be ſomething pleaſant in the Frolick to attone for a ſecret Narrowneſs of Heart.

At this rate of a pretended Freak or Whimſy, a great many other Corruptions, and Imperfections may be ſo palliated, as to take off much of the Scandal of them; for many a wicked Thought is ſo varniſh'd over in the Practice, as to paſs Muſter among the gay Arts of Gallantry and Converſation. The Thing above all others to be wiſh'd, ſtudy'd, and endeavour'd, is to have a clear Mind, and to lead a Life in ſo Conſcientious a Probity of Manners, as in Thought, Word, and Deed, to make good the Character of an untainted Heneſt Man: But where this Diſcipline ſhall be found too ſtrict for Fleſh and Blood, (and there's no living up to the rigorous Exactneſs of Purity and Juſtice) it will in ſuch a Caſe be the beſt of a bad Game to keep clear of open Offence, and to give the Infirmity the beſt Face that the Matter will bear: As the *Ambaſſador*, betwixt Jeſt and Earneſt, caſts a Cloak of *Raillery* over his *Avarice*.

FAB. 276. An Old Friend and a Cardinal.

AN Ingenious Cavalier, hearing that an old Friend of his was advanc'd to a *Cardinalate*, went to Congratulate his Eminence upon his new Honour. Pray Sir, ſays the *Cardinal*, looking ſtrangely upon him, Give me the Favour of your Name, and of your Bus'neſs. I am come, ſays the *Cavalier*, to Condole with your Eminence, and to tell you how heartily I pity Men that are over-charg'd with Dignity and Preferment; for it turns Peoples Brains to that degree that they can neither See, nor Hear, nor Underſtand

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like other Men; and makes them as absolutely to forget their *Old Friends*, as if they had never seen them before in their Lives.

The MORAL.

Honours change Manners.

REFLECTION.

THIS is a Reproof to the Pride and Vanity of those Men, that when they come to be advanc'd themselves, forget all their Old Friends and Acquaintance, even those that rais'd them. This Fable is Human Nature to the very Quick, only it has Two Handles to't, and it would not be fair, to take it in the worse Sense, without somewhat of an Apology, or an Excuse for't where 'twill bear a better.

It is almost as true in Philosophy as it is in Fact, and Common Practice, that *Honours change Manners*. Men assume other Thoughts; other Opinions of themselves; nay, and almost another Nature, when they contract other Interests. The Stamp of Dignity defaces, in some People the very Character of Humanity, and transports them to such a Degree of Haughtiness, that they reckon it below the Quality of a Great Man, to exercise either good Nature, or good Manners: As if dignify'd Flesh and Blood were not of the same Composition with other Men. Now what does all this Arrogance amount to, more, than the Pride of an Ass in his Trappings; when 'tis but his Master's taking away his Top-Knot, to make an Ass of him again.

But we are yet to distinguish betwixt those that take State and Distance upon them, purely out of Pride and Humour, and those that seem to do the same thing, though in a Compliance with the Necessity of their Affairs. It is impossible for a Publick Minister to be so open and easy to all his Old Friends and Acquaintance, as he was in the State of his Private Condition; and at the same time, to attend the necessary Functions of his Office: But this may be all help'd out yet, by an Affability of Address, without any Offence, either to his Bus'ness, or to his Duty. A Word, an Action, a Countenance, manag'd with Honour and Discretion, is sufficient to uphold the Reputation of his Character; for there are Artificial ways of telling People what a Man would do if he could, without a surly Ostentation of an Unwillingness to do the Things, that effectually are not in his Power.

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A *Good Word*, they ſay, *Coſts no more than a Bad:* Beſide that in the *Cardinal*'s forgetting his *old Friend* here, he did more forget himſelf.

FAB. 277. A Young Droll and a Crooked Old Man.

A *Gibing Young Man* happen'd to meet an *Old Man*, whoſe Age and Infirmity had brought his Body to the Shape of a Bent Bow. Pray Father, (ſays he) will you ſell your Bow? Save your Money ye Fool you, ſays t'other; for when you come to my Years, you ſhall have ſuch a Bow for nothing.

The MORAL.

He that would not live to be Old, had beſt be hang'd when he's Young.

REFLECTION.

'TIS irreverent and unnatural, to ſcoff at the Infirmities of *Old Age*, ſince there's no avoiding them, but by dying betimes. We are all born to die, and every jot as certain that we ſhall go out of the World, as that we are already come into't; but whether by a Natural, or a Violent Death, we know not. Time and Human Frailty will bring us to our End without the Help of any Contingencies or Diſtempers by the By; ſo that our Decays are as much the Works of Nature, as the firſt Principles, of our Being: and the *Boy*'s Conceit of the *Crooked Bow* here, is no better than a Blaſphemous way of making ſport with the Courſe of Providence: Beſide the Folly of ſcoffing at that in another, which we ourſelves are ſure to come to at laſt, or worſe.

FAB. 278. An Old Fellow and a Young Wench.

THere was a formal Piece of Gravity that liv'd to about Threeſcore and Ten, without ever ſo much as knowing a *Woman* from a *Weather-Cock*. The Devil ou-

ought him a Shame, and paid him both Intereſt and Principal, in making the *Old Doting Fop* marry a *Young Girl*. He would be often complaining afterward, how unluckily he had diſpos'd of his Time: When I was a *Young Man*, ſays he, I wanted a *Wife*, and now I'm an *Old Man*, my *Wife* wants a *Husband*.

The MORAL.

The common Fate of unequal Matches, eſpecially in the Caſe of an Old Fellow, and a Young Wench; where the Humour is as contrary as Summer *and* Winter, *Light and Darkneſs, or Day and Night.*

REFLECTION.

THERE's nothing Good or Natural, that's out of Seaſon. Nay the moſt obliging Offices in Nature, and the greateſt Bleſſings under the Sun, loſe much, both of their Value, and of their Reliſh, when they're miſtim'd.

FAB. 279. An Eagle and a Pye.

THere was a pert-dapper Spark of a *Mag-Pye*, that fancy'd the Birds would never be well govern'd till he himſelf ſhould come to ſit at the Helm. In this Freak he petition'd the *Eagle* to take him into his Cabinet; for, ſays he, I have no ill turn of a Body for't. I have my Tongue and my Heels at command; and can make as much Noiſe and Buſsle, to as little Purpoſe, as any He perhaps that flies between a Pair of Wings. He was going on in the Hiſtory of his Qualifications, when the *Eagle* graciouſly told him, how ſenſible he was of the Volubility both of his Tongue, and of his Manners, and ſo of his Faculties and good Breeding; but, ſays he, you are ſo confoundedly given to Squirting up and down, and Chattering, that the World would be apt to ſay, I had choſen a *Jack Pudding* for a *Prime Miniſter*.

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The MORAL.

Great Bablers, or Talkers are a ſort of People not fit either for Truſt, Buſineſs or Converſation.

REFLECTION.

THE World is like to be well govern'd, when *Pyes* and *Daws* ſhall take upon them to ſet up for Philoſophers, Doctors of the Chair, and Men of State and Government. Things are mightily out of order in that Quarter eſpecially, when vain Fools come to be admitted into Bus'neſs upon the Credit of their own Word.

The Importunity of ſuch a Fop, is excellently ſet forth in the Qualifications of this *Pye*; for he enforces the Reaſon of his Pretence, by the cleareſt Arguments in the World againſt Himſelf. He would be a *Stateſman* becauſe he is a *Buffoon*; as if there went no more to the making of a *Councellor*, then the Faculties of a *Merry-Andrew*, or a *Tumbler*. Here's the confident Ambition of a fooliſh twattling Pretender on the one hand, and a juſt Reproof of him, in a moſt Reaſonable Refuſal on the other; to teach us, that the want of Shame, Brains, or good Manners, does not preſently entitle every little *Skip-Jack* to the Boards End in the *Cabinet*. But our *Eagle* here was not a Prince to advance the *Miniſters* of his *Pleaſures* to be *Miniſters* of *State*, and to make his *Sport* his *Buſineſs*.

FAB. 280. A Country-man and a Houſe.

THere was a pleaſant ſort of a Poor Fellow had his Houſe a-Fire; but his Misfortunes did not make him loſe his good Humour. As it was all in a Flame, out bolts a *Mouſe* from the Ruins to ſave her ſelf: The *Man* catches her, and throws her back again. Why thou Ungrateful Wretch (ſays he) to leave thy Friend now in Adverſity, that gave thee Bread in Proſperity.

The MORAL.

'Tis a Barbarous Faculty, an Ill-natur'd Wit; that will rather expoſe the very Life and Reputation of a Friend, than loſe the Opportunity of a Jeſt.

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REFLECTION.

'TIS the Practice, but it is the Baseneſs of the World too, for Men to govern themſelves wholly by their Intereſt, and to abandon All that's Sacred and Honourable, for the ſaving of their own Skins. Thus ſays the Moral; but the Conceit was not worth the Life of the poor Creature, and therefore the Allegory not to be recommended; becauſe it ſets up a falſe Principle. There was a Place for Honour, Dignity of Mind, and Humanity to ſhew itſelf, in the Caſe, though but to a poor *Mouſe:* And there's nothing to be ſaid in defence of the wanton Cruelty of ſacrificing a Life to a Jeſt: But to come now to the Ungrateful Point, the bare *Innuendo* of it would ſtare ſo many People in the Face, that it were better paſs'd over in Silence; for the Moral drawn out at length, would be a Satyr againſt Mankind. And Millions of Men that carry their Heads high in the World, would fall under the Laſh of the *Countryman*'s *Exclamation* here.

FAB. 281. A Sick Hermit.

THere was a very good Man, that in the Five and twentieth Year of his Age, fell into a deſperate Fit of Sickneſs; the Doctors ſat upon him, and the whole College were of opinion, that there was no ſaving of his Life without the Uſe of a Woman. The *Poor Man* lay Humming and Hawing a good while, betwixt Sin and the Remedy; but in the end, he gave up himſelf wholly to the Phyſicians to do with him as they thought fit. Upon this, the Doctors, by Conſent, put a good Armful of warm Woman's Fleſh into the Bed to him, by way of a *Recipe*, and ſo laid him to reſt, till about ſome two Hours after: At which time they came to ſee how the Preſcription had wrought; and there did they find the Poor *Religious* tearing his Hair, beating his Breaſt, and groaning as if his very Heart would break. So they fell preſently to Reaſoning, and Caſing upon the Matter with him, and laying comfortable Diſtinctions before him betwixt the Morality, and the Neceſſity of what was done. No, no, Gentlemen,

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ſays he, my Grief is not thereabouts; but it goes to the Heart of me to think how long I have liv'd in Ignorance; and that this Fit of Sickneſs ſhould never take me ſooner.

The MORAL.

Fleſh is Frail. When a ſtrong Appetite, and a troubleſome Virtue meet in Competition, 'tis a hard Matter for a Man to reſiſt the Temptation.

REFLECTION.

WE may gather from hence, 1*ſt*, that People are Fleſh and Blood in a Cell, as well as in a Palace. 2*dly*, That it is a very great Maſtery for a Man to ſtand firm, in a Caſe, where Human Frailty, violent Inclinations, and the Preſervation of Life itſelf, are in a Conſpiracy againſt his Virtue. 3*dly*, That a very pious good Man may think himſelf better than he is, for want of an Occaſion to try the Force of his Goodneſs and Reſolution. 4*thly*, That when the Fleſh and the Devil have once got the better of a ſcrupulous Conſcience, it puts a Man paſt all ſenſe of Shame, as well as of the Sin; to the Degree of Glorying in his Wickedneſs. The *Holy Man* was not ſo much troubled, it ſeems, at the Uſe of the *Remedy*, as that he had not try'd the Experiment ſooner. You may talk what you will (ſays *Lais*) of your Philoſophers and Learned Men; but I have as many Viſits from thoſe Sparks as from other People. And ſhe was much in the right on't.

FAB. 282. A Rich Man and a Fooliſh Servant.

A *Rich Man* had a certain block-headed Fellow to his *Servant*, and the Maſter would be ſaying to him at every turn, Well! Thou art the very Prince of Fools! I would I were, ſays the Man, in a ſawcy Huff once, for I would be the greateſt Emperor upon the Face of the Earth then, and You yourſelf ſhould be One of my Subjects.

The MORAL.

The Only Univerſal Monarch is the King of Fools; for the whole Race of Mankind are his Subjects.

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REFLECTION.

THE whole World is full of Fools, only he that's the Leaſt One is the Wiſeſt Man. This would have been well, if the Moraliſt had not given the block-headed Servant too much Privilege: But the ill Manners is ſuitable enough however, to the Character. It was ſuch a kind of coarſe Complement that *Scotus* put upon *Charles the Bald*, as they were ſitting together at a Table. The Emperor ask'd him *Quid intereſt*, (ſays he) *inter Scotum & Sotum?* (playing upon the Conceit of *Scot* and *Sot*). [*Menſa*] ſays he. That is to ſay, the Table is between the *Scot* and *Sot:* And ſo with the Liberty of a *Buffoon*, the School-man turn'd the *Sot* upon the *Emperor*, in *Law-Latin:* This Booby's Anſwer in the Fable, as unmannerly as it was, had yet a great deal of Truth in't; for He that can advance himſelf to be a *King of Fools*, may be honeſtly reputed within a Hair's Breadth of an *Univerſal Monarch.*

FAB. 283. A Widow had a Mind to Marry.

WELL! ſays a Widow in Confidence to a Friend of hers, I am utterly undone for want of a Sober, Provident *Husband*, to look after my Eſtate; and there's no Body's Advice that I had rather have than Yours. But pray, will you take This along with You too; that for the Coarſe, Common Bus'neſs of Matrimony, as I am an Honeſt Woman, the very Thoughts on't turns my Stomach: Very well, ſays the Confident, and now I know your Mind, it ſhall go hard but I'll fit ye. The good Woman went her way for the preſent, and the next Day came to her again, quite overjoy'd that ſhe had found out a Man ſo abſolutely for her turn. I have provided ye a Man (ſays ſhe) of Induſtry and Integrity; and one that perfectly underſtands all ſorts of Bus'neſs; and then for Turning your Stomach, My Life for yours, Madam, he's not in a Condition to give you any Qualms that way. *Away, ye Fool*, ſays ſhe, *I hate the Infirmity, though I love the Virtue.*

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The MORAL.

Women are all of a Make, and in ſome Things moſt of them in a Mind. One Woman feels another Woman's Pulſe in her own Veins; and there's no halting before Cripples.

REFLECTION.

THERE's no diſputing with a Man that denies Principles, and there are certain *Præcognita* in the Motions of Fleſh and Blood, as well as in the Philoſophy of the Schools: In which Caſes, we underſtand our Duty without a Teacher, and acquit our ſelves as we ought to do, without a Prompter. That is to ſay, there are ſome certain Fundamentals of *Natural Juſtice*, that we take for granted, and truſt another for; as in the Propoſition of our Widow here in the Fable, without any need of Articles for the Performance of Covenants. The Widow, in ſhort, play'd the Gipſy, and ſo did her Confident too, in pretending to believe her: But there's *no catching Old Birds with Chaff*, for one Woman reads the Heart of Womankind in her own Breaſt. She was a Fool to be mealy-mouth'd, where Nature ſpeaks ſo plain. There may be Exceptions 'tis true, to a General Rule, but none to an Univerſal. It was no ill ſhift however to come off withal, that in deſpite of all her Averſions, ſhe was not yet for making a Virtue of Neceſſity. The Publiſher of Mr. *Selden's Table Talk*, tells us of a Girl that was worth forty of our Widow here, and an Honeſt, Down-right, Plain-dealing Laſs it was. The Wench was juſt newly marry'd, and ſo ſoon as ever the Job was over, *Pray Mother*, ſays ſhe, *Muſt not I go to Bed now?* No, no, Child, ſays *Mamma*, you muſt take your Dinner firſt: *Oh*, ſays the Girl, *and* then *go to Bed I warrant ye.* No, my Dear, not yet, ſays the Mother, you muſt Dance after Dinner. *Ay, ay*, ſays the Girl again, *and* then *to Bed.* No, no, ſays t'other, you muſt Sup firſt, and Dance again. *Ay, ay, and* then *to Bed*, ſays the Bride. This Girl did but ſpeak the Widow's Mind; for let Fleſh and Blood pretend what it will, *to Bed, to Bed*, will be the *Bob* of the *Song*.

FAB. 284. Town-Dogs and Country-Dogs.

'TIS a common thing upon the paſſing of a *ſtrange Dog* through a Town, to have a *hundred Curs bawl-*

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ing at his Breech, and every Yap gets a Snap at him. There was one particular Dog, that when he ſaw there was no ſaving his Skin by running away, turn'd upon his Purſuers, and then found upon the Trial, that one Set of Teeth was worth two Pair of Heels; for upon that Reſolution, they all fell off, and ſneak'd their way. A Captain took Occaſion to apply this Inſtance to his People. Fellow-Soldiers (ſays he) take this for a Rule, Thoſe that run away, are in more Danger than the Others that ſtand the Shock.

FAB. 285. A Snake to Jupiter.

A *Snake* that found himſelf perſecuted by Men, appeal'd to *Jupiter* for Relief; who told him that it was his own Fault; for (ſays he) if you had but bit the firſt Man that affronted ye; the ſecond would have taken warning by't.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

The putting up of one Affront draws on another.

REFLECTION.

THIS is no ill Emblem of the Common People; that are inſolent ſo long as they are fear'd, and ſhrink where they find Danger; for their Courage is calculated to the Opinion they have of the Enemy. It is the Nature of all ſorts of Mungril Curs, to bawl, ſnarle, and ſnap, where the Foe flies before them; and to clap their Tails between their Legs when an Adverſary makes head againſt them. There's nothing, in ſhort, but Reſolution, to carry a Man through all Difficulties: And ſince it is ſo abſolutely neceſſary, the ſooner it is taken up, the better it ſucceeds. 'Tis a Matter of very evil Conſequence, to let the Rabble offer Publick Affronts *Gratis*. A ſeditious Word leads to a Broyl, and a Riot unpuniſh'd, is but next Door to a Tumult: So that the bearing of one Indignity draws on another. Bite the firſt Man that affronts ye, and y'are ſafe for ever after.

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FAB. 286. The Frogs and Tortoises.

AS a Company of *Frogs* were trifling and playing up and down in a Meadow, ſome *Tortoiſes*, that look'd on, were mightily troubled that they could not do ſo too: But taking notice a while after, how theſe *Frogs* were pick'd up, and deſtroy'd by Birds and Fiſhes: Well (ſays one of 'em) 'tis better to live Dull and Heavy, than to die Light and Nimble.

The MORAL.

Every Part and Creature of the Univerſe has its proper Place Station, and Faculties aſſign'd; and to wiſh it otherwiſe, were to find fault with Providence.

REFLECTION.

THAT which Nature has allotted us is beſt for us, and it is great Folly and Wickedneſs for People not to be content with it, and thankful for't.

No Man knows himſelf, or underſtands his own Condition, but by Compariſon, and upon Experience. Our very Wiſhes, many times, are mortal to us: and the very Granting of our Prayers, would but ſerve to make us ſtill more and more miſerable. The *Tortoiſe*'s Shell was a Clog and a Burden, till they found it neceſſary for the Defence of their Lives; and they envy'd the Eaſineſs and Lightneſs of the Frogs, till they ſaw them Joll'd to pieces, and Devour'd for want of a Buckler to cover, and protect them. But they came then to be of the Beggar's Mind, that ſtood gaping at my Lady *Devonſhire*'s Funeral: *Here's a brave Sight*, ſays ſhe, *and yet I Gad* Beſs, *for all that, I had rather be a Live Beggar than a Dead Counteſs.* The *Moral* concludes in this, that there can be no Thought of Security, or Quiet in this World, but in a Reſignation to the Allotments of God and Nature. If the *Tortoiſes* had had their Wiſh, they had e'en been pick'd up among the *Frogs*.

FAB.

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FAB. 287. The Mice and the Oak.

THE *Mice* found it ſo troubleſom to be ſtill climbing the *Oak* for every Bit they put in their Bellies, that they were once about to ſet their Teeth to't, and bring the Acorns down to them; but ſome wiſer than ſome, and a Grave Experienc'd *Mouſe*, bad them have a care what they did; for if we deſtroy our Nurſe at preſent, who ſhall feed us hereafter?

The MORAL.

Reſolution without Foreſight is but a Temerarious Folly: And the Conſequences of Things are the firſt Point to be taken into Conſideration.

REFLECTION.

'Tis ill done for any Man to conſult his preſent Eaſe, and Profit, without computing upon the Trouble and Loſs that may enſue. 'Tis not ſafe to make any preſent Reſolutions without a conſiderate Proſpect into the Future. This is abundantly Moraliz'd in ſeveral other Places. But the *Mouſe*'s Queſtion of *Who ſhall feed us hereafter?* goes a great way in the Reſolution of all theſe Caſes.

FAB. 288. A Run away Dog and his Maſter.

THere was a *Bob-tail'd Cur*, cry'd in a *Gazette*, and one that found him out by his Marks, brought him home to his *Maſter*; who fell preſently to reaſoning the matter with him, how inſenſible and thankleſs a Wretch he was, to run away from one that was ſo extream kind to him. Did I ever give you a Blow in my Life, ſays he, or ſo much as one Angry Word, in all the time that ever you ſerv'd me? No, ſays the Dog, not with your own Hands, nor with your own Lips; but you have given me a Thouſand and a Thouſand by your Deputy; and when I am beaten by my *Maſter's Order*, 'tis my *Maſter* himſelf I reckon, that Beats me.

The

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The MORAL.

In Benefits as well as Injuries, 'tis the Principal that we are to consider, not the Instrument. That which a Man does by Another, is in Truth and Equity his own Act.

REFLECTION.

THE *Master* here deals with the *Dog*, as great Officers deal many times with Honest, Well-meaning Men at Court. They speak 'em fair themselves, and Murder 'em by their Deputies: But still that which is done by the Principal's Order, or with his Privity or Approbation, is the Principal's Act. The *Servant* is but the *Master's Instrument* in the Case, as the *Cudgel* is the *Servant's*; and they are both under the same Command. When a Man happens to be kill'd, we do not impute the Murder to the Weapon that did the Execution, but to him that manag'd it. This is much after the way of treating *Elephants*. When an Elephant is taken in a Pit-fall, He that is design'd for the Master and Keeper of him, sets other People to prick and teize him, and then in comes He himself, and under pretence of taking his part, falls foul upon his Enemies, and rescues him. The *Elephant* takes this Man now for his Friend; whereas, upon the whole Matter, it was by his Order that he was both taken and beaten.

There's nothing more frequent than this *Shamming* Way of *Confederacy*, betwixt two Men in Power; when an honest Patriot for the Purpose, or a Loyal Subject is to be made an Owl of, by Consent of them both. The One affronts him, while the Other cajoles and pities him; takes up his Quarrel, shakes his Head at it; claps his Hand upon his Breast, and then Protests, and Protests, *he wonders at his Heart that my Lord should have so little Honour, as to treat an honest Gentleman at this rate.* A Friend of mine has been at this Sport many and many a time: And now upon the whole matter, This is no more at last than a concerted *Intrigue* betwixt a Brace of Sharpers that laugh all the while at the whole Roguery in their Sleeves. The *Master's good Words* are a greater Mortification to the *Dog*, than the *Servants Blows.*

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FAB. 289. The Birds and Beetles.

THE *Birds* were in a terrible Fright once, for fear of Gun-ſhot from the *Beetles*. And what was the Bus'neſs, but the little Balls of Ordure, that the *Beetles* had rak'd together, the *Birds* took for *Bullets:* But a *Sparrow* in the Company, that had more Wit than his Fellows, bad them have a good Heart yet, for how ſhall they reach us in the Air, ſays he, with thoſe Pellets that they can hardly roll upon the Ground?

The MORAL.

Many People apprehend Danger where there's None, and reckon themſelves ſure where there is, for want of taking the true Meaſure of Things, and laying Matters rightly together.

REFLECTION.

VAIN Fears and Imaginations caſt a Miſt before our Eyes, and not only repreſent real Dangers greater than they are, but create Fantaſtical Difficulties, where in truth there are none at all. The *Birds* were in a Mortal Apprehenſion of the *Beetles*, till the *Sparrow* reaſon'd them into a better Underſtanding of the Matter. How ſhould they Hurt us in the Air, ſays the *Sparrow*, with thoſe Pellets, that they can hardly move upon the Ground? Which brought the Point to an Iſſue upon a very logical Concluſion.

FAB. 290. A Bear and Bees.

A *Bear* was ſo enrag'd once at the Stinging of a *Bee*, that he ran like mad into the *Bee-Garden*, and over-turn'd all the *Hives* in revenge. This Outrage brought them out in whole Troops upon him; and he came afterwards to bethink himſelf, how much more adviſable it had been to paſs over one Injury, than by an unprofitable Paſſion to provoke a Thouſand.

The

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The MORAL.

Better paſs over an Affront from one Scoundrel, than draw the whole Herd of the Mobile about a Man's Ears.

REFLECTION.

WE are to learn from hence, the Folly of an Impotent, and Inconſiderate Anger: and that there's no Creature ſo contemptible, but by the Help of Reſolution, and of Numbers, it may gain its Point. The Heat and Thirſt of Revenge does but hurry People from leſs Miſchiefs to greater; as one haſty Word or Blow, brings on a Thouſand. There's no Oppoſing the Torrent of a head-ſtrong Multitude; for Rage and Deſpair give Courage to the moſt inconſiderable, and the moſt Fearful of Creatures. Had it not been better now to have paſs'd over the Affront of one ſpiteful Creature, than to provoke and draw on upon himſelf the Outrage of a Thouſand?

FAB. 291. A Fowler and a Chaffinch.

A *Fowler* that had bent his Net, and laid his Bait, planted himſelf in the *Bird-Catcher*'s Place, to watch for a Drought. There came a great many Birds one after another, that lighted, and peck'd a while, and ſo away again. At this rate they kept coming and going all the Day long; but ſo few at a time, that the Man did not think them worth a Pluck. At laſt, when he had ſlipt all his Opportunities in hope of a better Hit, the Evening came on, and the Birds were gone to Bed, ſo that he muſt either Draw then or not at all; and in the concluſion, he was e'en fain to content himſelf with one ſingle *Chaffinch*, that had the Misfortune to be later abroad than her Fellows.

The MORAL.

Men are ſo greedy after what's to come, which is uncertain, that they ſlip preſent Opportunities, which are never to be recover'd.

REFLECTION.

DELAYS are dangerous. The very Inſtant is all that we can call our Own; the reſt is either Chance, or Fate. The

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Caſe of the *Fowler* and the *Chaffinch*, reaches to all the Pretenſions of Human Life. Every Man living has a Deſign in his Head upon ſomething or other, and applies himſelf accordingly toward the attaining of his End; whether it be Honour, Wealth, Power, or any other ſort of Advantage, or Settlement in the World. Now he that would take a true Meaſure how to proceed, ſhould ſay to himſelf, This is the Thing I would be at: This or that in ſuch a Proportion will do my Bus'neſs; and this Neck of time is the critical Occaſion for the gaining of ſuch or ſuch a Point. I'll take it while 'tis to be had. He that may be well, and will not, in hope of being better, runs the riſque of getting nothing at all; and ſo parts with a moral Certainty in Poſſeſſion, for a wild, and a remote Poſſibility in Reverſion. Loſt Opportunities are never to be recover'd. 'Tis good Diſcretion, when we cannot command what we would have, to compound for what we may, and not to call any thing *Ill Luck*, which is in truth, *Ill Manage*. 'Tis a Weakneſs to be ſollicitous for more than enough, and to hazard All, by graſping at too much. *All Covet, All Loſe*; for Avarice, whether it ſucceed or not, is but a kind of Beggary; and he that wants more, has as good as nothing at all. The *Bird-Catcher* ſlipt his time here, and makes good the old vulgar Saying; *He that will not when he may, When he Would, he ſhall ha'* Nay.

FAB. 292. A Soldier and two Horſes.

A *Soldier* that had One Excellent Horſe already, bought Another that was not half ſo good, and yet he took more care of That, than of the Former. Every body wonder'd at the Humour of it, conſidering that for Beauty, or Service, the Latter was not comparable to the Other. Ay, but ſays One, 'tis natural to be Kind to the Laſt Comer.

The MORAL.

Our Likings or Diſlikes are founded rather upon Humour and Fancy, than upon Reaſon. Every thing pleaſes at firſt; and Nothing pleaſes long; and we ſhift only to try if we can mend ourſelves in the next Choice.

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REFLECTION.

WE are apt to put a value upon Things for their Novelty, rather than for their Virtue: and the ſame Levity holds towards Women, Friends and Acquaintances: Nay, and Governments too; for People ſeldom change for a better. All Civil Conſtitutions have their Failings, and the Unhinging, even of the Worſt of Governments, brings on an *Anarchy*, which is yet worſe; for it lays all in Rubbiſh: And we have no better Security for the next State of things, than we had for the former; but ſtill for Variety ſake, we go on Chopping and Changing our *Friends*, and our *Maſters*, as well as our *Horſes*; and with the *Soldier*, out of a ſickly Levity, like the Laſt beſt, whatever it be.

FAB. 293. A Spaniel and a Sow.

I Wonder (ſays a *Sow* to a *Spaniel*) how you can Fawn thus upon a Maſter that gives you ſo many Blows, and Twinges by the Ears. Well (ſays the *Dog*) but then ſet the good Bits, and the good Words he gives me, againſt thoſe Blows and Twinges, and I'm a Gainer by the Bargain.

The MORAL.

He that will live Happily in This World, muſt reſolve to take the Good and the Bad thankfully and contentedly one with another.

REFLECTION.

WITHOUT a ſtrict Hand over us in the Inſtitution of our Youth, we are in danger to be loſt for ever. *He that ſpares the Rod, hates the Child*; and the Severity of an early Diſcipline is one of the greateſt Obligations that a Son can have to a Tender Parent: This we ſhall find to be true, if we do but ſet the Good againſt the Bad, as the *Dog* did the *Knocks*, and then Ballance the Account.

FAB.

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FAB. 294. Oxen and Timber.

WHY don't you run and make haſte? cry'd the *Timber* in the Cart, to the *Oxen* that drew it: The Burthen is not ſo heavy, ſure. Well! (ſaid the *Oxen*) if you did but know your own Fortune, you'd never be ſo merry at ours. We ſhall be diſcharg'd of our Load ſo ſoon as we come to our Journey's End, but you that are deſign'd for *Beams* and *Supporters*, ſhall be made to bear till your Hearts break. This Hint brought the *Timber* to a better underſtanding of the Caſe.

The MORAL.

'Tis matter of Humanity, Honour, Prudence, and Piety, to be tender one of another: for no Man living knows his End, and 'tis the Evening crowns the Day.

REFLECTION.

IT is both Baſe and Fooliſh to inſult over People in Diſtreſs, for the Wheel of Fortune is perpetually in Motion, and he that is uppermoſt to Day, may be under it to Morrow. No Man knows what End he is born to; and it is only Death that can pronounce upon a Happy or Miſerable Life. When the *Timber* made Sport with the *Oxen* for the Drudgery they labour'd under, little did they dream of the greater Oppreſſion they were to undergo Themſelves.

FAB. 295. A Goldfinch and a Boy.

A *Goldfinch* gave his Maſter the ſlip out of the Cage, and he did what he could to get him back again, but he would not come. Well! ſays the *Boy*, you'll live to repent it: for you'll never be ſo well look'd to in any other Place. That may very well be, ſays the *Bird*; but however, I had rather be at my Own Keeping than at Yours.

The MORAL.

Never well, Full nor Faſting.

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REFLECTION.

MEAT, Drink, and Eaſe can never make any Man happy that wants his Liberty. No, nor a Man that has it neither; for we are *never well, either with Much or Little.* Whatever we Have, we Want ſomething elſe, and ſo go on Wanting and Craving, till Death takes us off in the Middle of our Longings. He that's a Pris'ner, is troubled that he cannot go whither he would; and he that's at large, is as much troubled that he does not know whither to go. The one ſtands ſtill, and the other loſes his Way. Now 'tis not Neceſſity, but Opinion that makes Men miſerable; and when we come once to be *Fancy-Sick*, there's *No Cure* for't. A Man may have his Heels at liberty, and yet be a Slave to Impotent Affections, and Troubled Thoughts. But this is not, upon any Terms, to undervalue the Bleſſings of a Natural Freedom; and the *Gold-finch* was undoubtedly in the right, when he was once out of the Cage, not to be whiſtled back again, if it had not been that he carry'd his Snare along with him.

FAB. 296. A Droll and a Biſhop.

THere was a Roguy Wag of a *Droll*, that had mind once to put a Trick upon a *Hard, Cloſe-fiſted Biſhop*: ſo he went to him upon the *Firſt* of *January* to wiſh him a *Merry New Year* on't, and begg'd a *Five-Guinea-Piece* of him for a *New-Years-Gift*. Why, the Man's mad (ſays the *Prelate*) and I believe he takes me to be ſo too. Doſt think I have ſo little Wit, as to part with ſuch a Gob of Money for a God-a-Mercy? Nay, my Lord (ſays the Fellow) if that be too much, let it be but a *Single George*, and I'll be thankful for't; but that would not do neither. He fell next bout to a *Copper Farthing*, and was deny'd that too. When the Fellow ſaw that there was no Money to be got, Pray my Lord (ſays he) let me beg your *Bleſſing* then: With all my Heart (ſays the Biſhop) Down on your Knees, and you ſhall have it: No, my Lord (ſays t'other) 'tis my turn now to Deny; for if You yourſelf had thought that Bleſſing worth a *Copper Farthing*, you'd never have parted with it.

The

The MORAL.

No Penny, No Pater Noſter, *does not hold in all Caſes; for the* Penny *and the* Pater-Noſter *do not always go together.*

REFLECTION.

THERE's no Corruption like Eccleſiaſtical Avarice; No Cruelty ſo mercileſs as That of a debauch'd Church-man. 'Tis the Devil's Maſter-piece to begin there; for he knows very well, that the ſcandalous Examples of a perfidious, and an Apoſtate Clergy, are the ready Way to bring the holy Order of Prieſthood it ſelf into *Odium* and *Diſgrace*. *Here's your Church*, they cry preſently; as if the very *Function* were *Unhallow'd* by the *Mercenary Practices* of ſome *Backſliding Members* of that Communion. Let them Live as they Preach, and Preach as they ought, and let there be no Moralizing in the Pulpit upon the Fable of the *Man* and the *Satyr*, by *Blowing Hot and Cold* out of the ſame Mouth. There are *Simoniacal* Contracts on the Buying ſide, as well as on the Selling, when People ſhall preach one Doctrine to get into a Living, and the Contrary to keep it. What is this, but the Selling of the Truth, and of Souls, for Money, and the proſtituting of All that's Sacred, for the ſaving of their Skins and their Stakes?

Not but that Charity is Free, and much at the Diſcretion of him that is to exerciſe it. It is Free, I ſay, to all Intents and Purpoſes, as to any Legal Coercion upon it, though at the ſame time, in point of Conſcience, a Man may lie under the Obligation of an Indiſpenſable Duty. So that without forcing the Drift of this Fable, the Biſhop is not to blame here, the Matter ſimply conſider'd; for the Firſt, Second, or Third Denial, or for All together; for ſuch Circumſtances may be ſuppos'd, with a Regard to the Manner, Time, and Perſons, as might not only acquit him for the Refuſal, but have reflected upon his Conduct, and Prudence, if he had granted the Requeſt: So that (with Veneration to the Divine Inſtitution itſelf, and to Thoſe that live up to't) we are to take This for the Figure of a *Looſe* and a *Covetous Prelate*, that diſgraces his *Character* by his *Converſation*, and ſets a higher Ra e upon a *Copper Farthing*, than upon an *Apoſtolical Benediction*. Now if this Biſhop could have ſaid, *Silver and Gold I have none*, the Author of this Fable would have Abſolv'd him.

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FAB. 297. A Lapwing preferr'd.

UPon a general Invitation to the *Eagle*'s *Wedding*, there were several Birds of Quality among the rest, that took it in heavy dudgeon to see a *Lapwing* plac'd at the upper End of the Table. 'Tis true, they cry'd, he has a kind of Coxcomb upon the Crown of him, and a few tawdry Feathers; but alas, he never eat a good Meals Meat in his Life, till he came to this Preferment.

The MORAL.

'Tis a Scandal to Government, and there goes Envy along with it, where Honours are conferr'd upon Men of Address, Beauty, and External Advantages, rather than for their good Qualities and Virtues.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a necessary Caution in all Preferments that they be plac'd upon fit Men; for the right Motives; and for the right Ends. The advancing of a fantastical Fool, or *Lapwing*, reflects upon the Raiser of him; for 'tis an ill Sign, the very Liking of an ill Man, and implies, at least a tacit Approbation of the Officers Defects. The preferring of People indeed to Honourable Charges and Commissions, without either Brains, Blood, Fortune, or Merit, may be so far reputed a great Work, as the Making of Something out of Nothing, seems to be next door to a Creation: But the Character at last will not excuse the Person so dignify'd, from Open Envy and Secret Contempt, where it falls out, that the true Reason of the Choice, is either Fancy without Judgment, or Credulity without Enquiry, Information, or Trial; the Latter is the more harmless Mistake of the two; for there's somewhat of Generous in the Confidence, notwithstanding the Error of the Facility: And as he that Trusts, to this Degree, does deserve not to be Deceiv'd; so he that betrays such a Trust, on the other Hand, is not worthy to Live. An ill Reason, in fine, from an ill Choice, is worse than no Reason at all; for to proceed on a wrong Reason, is to build upon a false Foundation. *Will and Pleasure* is the only Plea this Case will bear; for the Authority of the *Eagle herself*, we see, was not sufficient to vindicate a *worthless Minion* from *Reproach* and *Scorn*.

FAB.

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FAB. 298. A Priest and Pears.

A *Jolly Gutling Priest*, that was invited to a Wedding-Dinner, stumbled upon a parcel of *Pears* by the way. The Man was sharp enough set to have made a Breakfast of them; but so taken up with the thought of the Wedding-Chear, that he only piss'd upon the *Pears* in contempt, and so went his Way. He was to cross a River, it seems; but finding the Waters so high, that there was no passing, he was e'en glad to trudge back again as wise as he came, and to make a Meal of those very *Pears* that he had *Piss'd* upon and *despis'd*.

The MORAL.

Hunger's the Best Sauce.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable shews us, that delicate and squeamish Humours in the Matters of Meats and Drinks, are Freak and Fancy, rather than upon any account of Nature, or Reason, (some few insuperable Aversions only excepted.) There is a Pride, and an Affectation of Singularity, that is never to be pleas'd with any thing that's Cheap and Common; and there's also a sensual Intemperance for the gratifying of the Palate; but *Necessity, and no Choice*, cures either of those Evils. The *Priest* did ill in Vilifying those *Pears*; for all the Fruits of the Earth are the Gifts of Providence, which we ought to have a Reverence for: And he did Foolishly too in not considering that he himself might come to stand in need of them. But he was forc'd in the Conclusion, to eat that himself, which he had made unfit for any body else, and there was his Punishment. A Squeamish Fastidious Niceness in Meats and Drinks, must be Cur'd as we Cure Agues, by Starving.

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FAB. 299. A Horſe and a Hog.

A *Hog* took notice of a *Horſe* in the height of his Courage, that was juſt advancing to charge an Enemy. Why, what a Fool art thou, ſays the *Hog* to him, to make ſuch haſte to be deſtroy'd? That Conſideration, ſays the *Horſe*, may do well enough in the Mouth of a wicked Creature, that's only Fatted up to be kill'd by a Knife; but whenever I'm taken off, I'll leave the Memory of a good Name behind me.

The MORAL.

'Tis the Cauſe makes the Martyr.

REFLECTION.

HE that conſults the Intereſt of his Carcaſs, before that of his Reputation, or his Country, is effectually but a Brute, under the Figure of a Man. An Honourable Death is to be preferr'd before an Infamous Life. This *Hog* in the Fable has but taken up the Words and Humour of a Beſtial ſort of People in the World: Men that lie wallowing in their Luſts, their Debauches, and their Pleaſures, and ſpending their Cenſures upon Men of Honour, and Publick Spirits, without any regard to the Conſcience of either Chriſtian, Moral, or Political Duties. They are more ſolicitous for the Pampering of their Bodies, than for the ſaving of their Souls, or the Embalming of their Memories: and fall juſtly under the Reproof of the *Horſe* and the *Hog* in this Emblem.

FAB. 300. A Hunts-man and a Currier.

A *Currier* bought a *Bear-Skin* of a *Hunts-man*, and laid him down ready Money for't. The *Hunts-man* told him that he would kill a *Bear* next day and he ſhould have the Skin. The *Currier*, for his Curioſity, went out with the *Hunts-man* to the Chace; and mounted a Tree, where he might ſee the Sport. The *Hunts-man* advanc'd very bravely up to the Den where the *Bear* lay, and threw in his Dogs upon him. He Ruſtled

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Ruſtled out immediately, and the Man miſſing his Aim, the *Bear* overturn'd him. So the Fellow held his Breath, and lay Stone ſtill, as if he were dead. The *Bear* ſnuffled, and ſmelt to him; and took him for a Carcaſs, and ſo left him. When the *Bear* was gone, and the Danger over, down comes the *Currier* from the Tree, and bad the *Hunts-man* Riſe. Heark ye, my Friend, ſays the *Currier*, the *Bear* whiſper'd ſomewhat in your Ear. What was it, I prithee? Oh (ſays the *Hunts-man*) he bad me have a care for the future, to make ſure of the *Bear*, before I ſell his *Skin*.

The MORAL.

Let no Man undertake for more than he is able to make good.

REFLECTION.

THIS is to bid us ſecure ourſelves before-hand of what we undertake for, and not depend upon Uncertainties. Though with the Moraliſt's leave, the Uncertainty was on the other hand, and he that *bought* the Skin, ran a greater Riſque than t'other that *ſold* it; and had the worſe End of the Staff. 'Tis good Counſel however, not to make ourſelves anſwerable for things out of our power; eſpecially where there are dangerous Contingencies in the Way, as we find in this Fable: For the *Bear* was within a Hair's breadth of ſpoiling the Jeſt: It is much at this rate that we make all our Bargains: We give our Time, Study, Intereſt, and Liberty, and, in ſhort, part with all that's precious, not only upon Uncertainties, but for Things we can never obtain. There's no depending upon *To-morrow*.

FAB. 301. A Hermit and a Soldier.

THere was a *Holy Man*, that took a *Soldier* to task, upon the Subject of his Profeſſion, and laid before him the Hazard, the Sins, and the Troubles that attend People of that Trade: Wherefore, ſays he, for your Soul's Sake, Sir, pray give it over. Well! *Father*, ſays the *Soldier*, I'll do as you bid me; for really we are ſo ill paid, and there's ſo little to be got-

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ten by Pillage, that I fancy I had e'en as good betake myſelf to a godly Life.

The MORAL.

When People can live no longer by their Sins, 'tis high time for them to mend their Manners.

REFLECTION.

NATURE itſelf ſpeaks in theſe lively Images of Truth. Here's a *Good Man*, and his *Penitent* preaching upon Two ſeveral Texts. The *Holy Father* enforces the Neceſſity of the *Soldier's Repentance*, from the wicked Courſe of Life that he leads and the Trade that he drives. The *Soldier*, on the other hand, is willing to be converted, for the *Times are dead*, ſays he, *and there's neither Pay nor Plunder to be got.* The World has abundance of theſe *Proſelytes*, that when they can be no longer Wicked to advantage, take up an Outward Change of Profeſſion, and paſs preſently for Babes of Grace, without the leaſt Symptons, all this while, of any Inward Change of Mind. This was the Caſe of One of our *Modern Confeſſors*, and *Martyrs*, who took a Formal Leave of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and told his *Ghoſtly Father*, that he was now fully reſolv'd not to Starve for his Religion. Now there are Millions and Millions in the World of this Man's Kidney, that have the Wit yet to keep their Tongues betwixt their Teeth, and to take up the ſame Reſolution without Noiſe. How many Inſtances of the Power of Pay and Pillage, does every Day produce in all Manner of Dealings and Profeſſions? For Religion and Property ſtill march hand in hand, and Men will do Tricks like Dogs, for Cruſts, and change their Maſters, both Heavenly, and Earthly, for better Wages. Where's that Law, or Text, that has not been over-rul'd ſome time or other, and diſtorted, by a falſe Gloſs to make the Application profitable and eaſy to the Good People? How often have we heard as arrant Jangling in the Pulpits, as ever we did in the Steeples; and Profeſſors ringing as Awk as the Bells, to give notice of the Conflagration which they themſelves were raiſing? for we have found it to our Coſt, that the Multitude will ſooner kindle with a *Pernicious Doctrine*, than with a *Pudding-Lane Fire-Ball.* 'Tis not *Conſcience*, but *Intereſt*, that governs the World; and the Incomparable *Hudibras* has hit the Point to a Hair,

What's

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What's Orthodox and True Believing
Againſt a Conſcience? A Good Living.
What makes all Doctrines Plain and Clear?
About Two Hundred Pounds a Year.
And That which was prov'd True Before,
Prove Falſe again? Two Hundred more.
What makes the Breaking of all Oaths,
A Holy Duty? Food and Cloaths.

This it is, in fine, that makes the *Devil* of a *Saint*, and a *Saint* of a *Devil*; for your *Holy Apoſtate* is the *Blackeſt* of *Hypocrites*. The *Soldier* turns *Religious*, and he ſhall do more miſchief in that Shape, than ever he did in the Other. For a corrupted Zeal draws more Blood than a mercenary Malice.

FAB. 302. A Husband and Wife twice Married.

THere happen'd a Match betwixt a *Widower* and a *Widow*. The *Woman* would be perpetually twitting of her ſecond Husband what a Man her Firſt was; and her *Husband* did not forget the ringing of it in her Ears as often, what an admirable Woman he had to his Firſt Wife. As the *Woman* was one Day upon the peeviſh Pin, a poor Body comes to the Door, while the froward Fit was upon her, to beg a Charity. Come in, poor Man (ſays the Woman) here's e'en the Leg of a Capon for thee, to pray for the Soul of my Firſt Huſband. Nay, Faith, ſays the Husband, and when thy hand is in, e'en take the Body and the reſt on't, to pray for the Soul of my Firſt Wife. This was their way of Teizing one another, and of Starving the Living to the Honour of the Dead: For they had but that One Capon betwixt them to Supper.

The MORAL.

Sauce for a Gooſe is Sauce for a Gander. *There's no contending with the Laws of God and Man, eſpecially againſt thoſe that have Power and Right on their Side.*

RE-

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REFLECTION.

WE may learn from this Fable, that it is Common Duty and Diſcretion, for Men and their Wives, when they are once hamper'd, to make the beſt of a doubtful Game: for they are One to all manner of purpoſes, by which it is poſſible for two Perſons to be united. Their Intereſt is One and the ſame, and there's no touching the Peace, or the Honour of the One, without wounding that of the Other; but if there happens to be any abſolute Neceſſity of Jangling, one of the civileſt ways of Reproach is that here before us, and it is but according to the ordinary Guiſe and Freak of the World, when any Thing comes croſs betwixt the Second Huſband and Wife, to be ſtill celebrating the Memory of the Former. *My Firſt Husband* (Heaven reſt his Soul) and *My Firſt Wife*, they cry, was So and So, and would have done This or That. The Two main Topicks to chop Logick upon in theſe domeſtick Diſagreements, are commonly the Upbraiding one another with what *I Was*, and what *I Might have been*; and what a Match I might have had (with a-Pox) never conſidering what they *Are*, and that they *Are*, they *Muſt be*, which is the Only Point. 'Tis Forty to One, that Controverſies will ariſe one time or other in that State of Life, when it will be the Husband's Part, upon the Matter of Dignity, Preference, and Commiſſion, to moderate Matters, both by his Authority, and his Prudence; which is but conſonant to Equity and right Nature. Wherefore the Woman is worſe than Frantick, that upon theſe Diſputes will be trying Concluſions with her Husband, for a Better, or a Worſe. If he truckles, ſhe makes him a Coxcomb; If he keeps his ground, ſhe ſhews herſelf to be one; ſo that ſhe lays all at ſtake upon the Conteſt, that a Sober Woman has to loſe. It is much better to give way betimes to the Stronger, even upon the Matter of Prudence, as well as of Reſpect, than it would be to Contend at firſt, and then, either to croſs the Cudgels, or to be baffled in the Concluſion. The Man and the Woman here never conſider'd that they gave away their own Meat, and both Robb'd and Diſcredited one another in the Conteſt.

FAB.

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FAB. 303. A Lion and a Mouse.

A *Lion* that found himself hamper'd in a Net, call'd to a *Mouse* that was passing by, to help him out of the Snare, and he'd never forget the Kindness, he said. The *Mouse* gnaw'd ths Threads to pieces, and when he had set the *Lion* at Liberty, desir'd him in requital to give him his Daughter. The *Lion* was too generous to deny him any thing; but most unluckily as the new Bride was just about to step into the Marriage-Bed, she happen'd to set her Foot upon her Husband at unawares, and crush'd him to Death.

The MORAL.

The Folly of an Inconsiderate Love. The Force of Gratitude, and good Nature, and the Misery that accompanies Unequal Matches.

REFLECTION.

ALL Matches, Friendships, and Societies are Dangerous and Inconvenient, where the Contractors are not Equals: And the *Mouse* under the Paw of the *Lion*, does well enough set forth the Danger of such a Marriage.

FAB. 304. Wax and Brick.

THere was a Question started once about *Wax* and *Brick*, why the one should be so brittle, and liable to be broken with every Knock, and the other bear up against all Injuries and Weathers, so durable and firm. The *Wax* philosophiz'd upon the Matter, and finding out at last, that it was Burning made the *Brick* so hard, cast itself into the Fire, upon an Opinion that Heat would harden the *Wax* too; but that which Consolidated the one, Dissolv'd the other.

The MORAL.

'Tis a Folly to try Conclusions, without understanding the Nature of the Matter in Question.

RE-

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REFLECTION.

THERE's no Trying of Experiments, without laying Things and Things together: For that which is agreeable to the Nature of One thing, is many times contrary to the Nature of Another. Several Humours are to be wrought upon ſeveral Ways, and the Caſe betwixt *Wax* and *Brick* is the very ſame Caſe betwixt one Man and another. Some are to be dealt withal by fair Means, Others by Foul; and that which hardens the One, ſoftens the Other.

FAB. 305. A Husbandman turn'd Soldier and Merchant.

OH the endleſs Miſery of the Life I lead! cries the moiling *Husbandman*, to ſpend all my Days in Ploughing, Sowing, Digging, and Dunging, and to make nothing on't at laſt! Why now in a *Soldier's* Life there's Honour to be got, and one lucky Hit ſets up a Man for ever. Faith, I'll e'en put off my Stock, get me a Horſe and Arms, and try the Fortune of the War. Away he goes; makes his Puſh; ſtands the ſhock of a Battle, and compounds at laſt for the leaving of a Leg or an Arm behind him, to go home again. By this time he has had his Bellyful of *Knight-Errantry*, and a new Freak takes him in the Crown. He might do better, he fancies, in the Way of a *Merchant*. This Maggot has no ſooner ſet him agog, but he gets him a Ship immediately; Freights her, and ſo away to Sea upon Adventure: Builds Caſtles in the Air, and conceits both the *Indies* in his Coffers, before he gets ſo much as Clear of the Port. Well! and what's the End of all this at laſt? He falls into Foul Weather, among Flats and Rocks, where Merchant, Veſſel, Goods, and all are loſt in one Common Wreck.

The MORAL.

A Rambling Levity of Mind is commonly Fatal to us.

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REFLECTION.

THIS Doctrine concerns those that rashly change their Condition and Fortune, and commonly fall into the Inconveniencies that they thought to avoid. He that's well already, and, upon a Levity of Mind, quits his Station, in hope to be better, 'tis Forty to One he loses by the Change: For this Lightness is both a Vice, and Disease, and rather the Wallowing of a sickly Qualm, than any reasonable Agitation of Counsel and Debate. The Fault is not in the Place, or Bus'ness, but in the Stomach; and the quitting of such a Course of Life, is but shifting the Posture in a Fit of Sickness; Let a Man turn which Way he will, he is still as restless and uneasy one way as another. Not but that 'tis reasonable for a Man, under any Calamity, to use the best Means he can, honestly to get clear on't. Let it be Pain of Body, Distress of Mind, Loss of Liberty, Pinching, Necessity of Fortune; nay, let it be Gout, Stone, or Torments, there's Matter yet left for Industry, Counsel, Generosity, or when all fails, for Philosophy, and Constancy of Mind to work upon; and to improve all the Methods of Providence to our Advantage. Now all this is only an honourable and warrantable Conflict, with such Accidents and Circumstances as Providence is pleas'd to make use of, for the Trial of our Faith and Virtue. So that these Strivings are not to be taken for a Contending with superior Powers; but they are Cases excepted from the Uneasiness here in the Fable; which arises from a Dissatisfaction in such a Lot, as might make us abundantly happy, if we would but keep our Desires within those Bounds which God and Nature have prescrib'd us. But Men under these irregular Appetites, can never think themselves well, so long as they fancy they might be better: And then from Better, they must rise to Best; and when that Best itself falls short of what they expected from it, they are still as poor and miserable as if they had just Nothing at all. The *Husbandman* envies the *Soldier*; the *Soldier* envies the *Merchant*, and when he has try'd all Turns, and Projects, what with the Chance of War, Storms, and Pirates, he sees his Folly too late, and in vain wishes himself with his Hinds and his Flocks again. To say all in a Word, This Levity is both attended and punish'd, with an Impossibility of mending our Condition; for we apply to our Bodies, and our Fortunes, when the Distemper lies in our Minds.

FAB.

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FAB. 306. An Ass puts in for an Office.

THere was a bantering Droll got himself into a very good Equipage and Employment, by an admirable Faculty he had in Farting. The Success of this Buffoon encourag'd an *Ass* to put in for a Place too; for, says he, I'll fart with that Puppy for his Commission, and leave it to the Judgment of those that preferr'd him, which has the Clearer, and better scented Pipe of the Two.

The MORAL.

Where Publick Ministers encourage Buffoonery, 'tis no wonder if Buffoons set up for Publick Ministers.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable, according to *Abstemius*, and Others, touches the Humour of those that squander away their Money upon Vanity and Trifles: But it seems to me to look quite another Way. With *Abstemius*'s Favour, I should rather take this Fable to strike at the natural Consequences of evil Examples, when the Unreasonableness of one Act shall be made use of as an Argument for another no less unreasonable; for 'tis Precedent, effectually, that governs the World. Why should not one Fool be preferr'd for farting as well as another? For in Cases of Competition, he that does best, e'en in an Ill, or in a weak Thing, has a kind of Claim, and Right to a Preference; and the Grosser the Foppery, or the Iniquity, the Fairer the Pretence.

This *Ass*'s putting up for an Office, taxes the Perverting of Policy and Justice, in conferring those Honours, Charges, and Benefits upon Parasites, Drolls, Buffoons, and other servile Instruments of Lust and Ambition, that are due only to Men of Honour and Virtue. The Ministers of Government, and of Pleasure, should be so carefully distinguish'd; for it corrupts both the Morals and the Understandings of a Nation, when they find the Precepts of common Honesty, and the Practices of State, to run so directly counter, as to leave no Hope of Advancement, Credit, or Security, but by living in defiance to Nature and Reason: That is to say, by *Playing the Fool*, and *Farting* for *Preferment*.

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FAB. 307. A River and a Fountain.

THere happen'd a Diſpute betwixt a *River* and a *Fountain*, which of the Two ſhould have the Preference. The *River* valu'd it ſelf upon the Plenty and Variety of Fiſh that it produc'd; the Advantages of Navigation; the many Brave Towns and Palaces that were built upon the Banks of it, purely for the Pleaſure of the Situation. And then for the General Satisfaction, in fine, that it yielded to Mankind, in the Matter both of Convenience and Delight: Whereas (ſays the *River*) the *Fountain* paſſes Obſcurely through the Caverns of the Earth; lies bury'd up in Moſs, and comes creeping into the World, as if it were aſham'd to ſhew the Head. The *Fountain* took the Inſolence and the Vanity of this Reproach ſo heinouſly, that it preſently choak'd up the *Spring*, and ſtopt the Courſe of its Waters: Inſomuch that the Channel was immediately dry'd up, and the Fiſh left dead and ſtinking in the Mud, as a juſt Judgment upon the *Stream* for derogating from the *Original* and *Author* of all the Bleſſings it enjoy'd.

The MORAL.

He that arrogates any Good to Himſelf, detracts from the Author of all the Good he enjoys.

REFLECTION.

THERE are too many People in the World of the Humour of this *River*, that aſſume to themſelves what they receive from others, without ever ſo much as Thinking of the Heavenly Goodneſs, that is the Author of Life it ſelf, and of all the Bleſſings that crown the Comfort of it.

This Fable is a kind of an Expoſtulatory Debate betwixt Bounty and Ingratitude; betwixt the Divine Goodneſs, and the Vain-glorious Pride of Corrupt Nature. And the Iniquity of our Proceeding is much the ſame, both towards God and Man. We are readier to claim to our ſelves, then to aſcribe to others, and moſt dangerouſly given to miſtake the Gratuitous

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Bleſſings of Heaven, for the Fruits of our own Induſtry and Virtue. The Fountain of all Goodneſs, and of all good Things is God, Bleſſed for ever: But in the Diſpenſation of his Mercies to the World, ſome Things he does by Himſelf, others by the Intervention of Natural Means, and by the Mediation of ſuch Inſtruments as he has appointed for the Conveying of Thoſe Benefits to us. According to this Order, Kings are, by Deputation, the Fountains of Honour and Preferment: And we find Men as backward every jot to acknowledge Temporal, as they are to acknowledge Spiritual Gifts and Bounties: So that we have Thankleſs Favourites, as well as Graceleſs Chriſtians. What a *Babel* do they now make of the Nature of Things, rather than own the Courſe of Providence in the Diſtribution of them! Inſomuch that the Faculties that were given us for the Glory and Service of our Maſter, as well as for the Comfort of our Lives, and the Salvation of our Souls, are turn'd point-blank againſt the very Reaſon and Intention of them. Sharpneſs of Wit is improv'd to the Diſhonour of Him that gave it. Atheiſm and Blaſphemy dreſs'd up like a Science, and the Underſtanding that was given us for the Finding out of the Truth, is employ'd upon Paradoxing and Ridiculing it. They value themſelves with the *River*, upon a Conceit, that the Fiſh, the Beauty, the Convenience, is all their own: And what is all this now, but either to diſclaim the Original, or to defame it? That's Obſcure, they ſay, neglected, over-grown, and either not taken Notice of, or not found: And what's the Iſſue now of this Vanity and Diſtraction? A Judgment treads upon the Heels on't; for Providence ſtops the *Current*, lays the Channel open, and expoſes it to Deteſtation and Scorn, in all its Filthineſs.

FAB. 308. A Wicked Man and the Devil.

A Notorious *Malefactor*, that had committed I know not how many Villanies, and run thro' the Diſcipline of as many Gaols, made a Friend of the *Devil*, to help him out in all his Diſtreſſes. This Friend of his brought him off many and many a time, and ſtill he was taken up, again and again, he had his Recourſe over and over, to the ſame *Devil* for Succour. But upon his Laſt Summons, the *Devil* came to him with

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with a great Bag of Old Shoes at his Back, and told him plainly; Friend (says he) I'm at the End of my Line, and can help ye no longer. I have beat the Hoof till I have worn out all these Shoes in your Service, and not One Penny left me to buy more: So that you must e'en excuse me if I drop ye here.

The MORAL.

The Devil helps his Servants *for a Season*; *but when they come once to a Pinch, he leaves 'em in the lurch.*

REFLECTION.

WICKEDNESS may prosper for a while; but at the long run, He that sets all Knaves at work, will most certainly pay them their Wages. The Man pays dear for his Protection, that pawns his Soul for't: And it may be another Observation, that *the Devil himself will not work without Money.*

FAB. 309. A Council of Birds for Chusing more Kings.

THE *Birds* were mightily possess'd with an Opinion, that it was utterly impossible for the *Eagle* alone to administer Equal Justice to all her Subjects; And upon this ground, there was a Motion put up, for Changing the *Monarchy* into a *Republick:* But an old cunning *Crow* that saw further into a Millstone then his Neighbours, with One Word of his Mouth dash'd the Project. *The more Kings you have*, says he, *the more Sacks there are to be filled:* And so the Debate fell.

The MORAL.

The Common People hate all Government, and when they are sick of it in One Form, they fly to Another; but still they rather incline to That, which they fancy Easiest to Themselves.

REFLECTION.

THIS Emblem insinuates a Government by *One* to be less burdensom, than a Government by *Many*. And it is well

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enough adapted to a profitable Allegory. The *Multitude* of *Birds* are impoſed upon, that one Monarch is not ſufficient for the diſcharging of the Office, and therefore there's a Motion put up for the erecting of more Kings: For why, ſay they, ſhould ſo many Millions of Men be ſubjected to the Power and Will of one ſingle Perſon? This Error was begotten betwixt Faction and Intereſt. The one manages by Deſign, and the other falls in upon an implicit Reſignation; or elſe yields upon Facility and Weakneſs. In the Concluſion, ſome Man of Obſervation and Experience (as the *Crow* for the Purpoſe) carries them off clear from the reaſoning Part, and applies to the *Mobile* in their own Way: That is to ſay, in a Way of *Pocket-Arguments*. He never troubled himſelf about the *Original* of *Power*, or the *Analogy* betwixt *Monarchy* in *Heaven*, and upon *Earth*; but gives them a ſhort Stroke upon the Subject of *Profit* and *Loſs*. *You will find it eaſier*, ſays he, to *Fill One Sack than Many*: And that Alluſion carry'd the Point.

FAB. 310. A Woman that would needs Die for her Husband.

A Poor Woman was put out of her Wits, in a Manner, for fear of loſing her *Husband*. The Good Man was Sick and given over, and nothing would ſerve the Turn, but Death muſt needs take her inſtead of him. She call'd and pray'd, and pray'd and call'd, 'till at laſt Death preſented himſelf in a horrible Shape at her Elbow. She very civilly dropt him a Curſie: And *Pray Sir*, ſays ſhe, *Do not miſtake your ſelf; for the Perſon that you come for lies in the Bed there.*

The MORAL.

'Tis a common Thing to talk of dying for a Friend; but when it comes to the Puſh once, 'tis no more than Talk at laſt.

REFLECTION.

THIS confirms the Proverb, that *Charity begins at Home*, and when all is done, there's no Man loves a Friend ſo well but he loves himſelf better. There are no People more ſtark-

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led at Death, than thoſe that have gotten a Cuſtom of calling for't. *Oh that Death would deliver me!* (ſays one.) *Oh that Death would take me in the Place of my dear Husband!* (ſays t'other.) But when Death comes to preſent himſelf indeed, and to take them at their Words, the good Wife very civilly puts the Change upon him, and tells him, that *the Perſon he comes for lies in the Bed there.* In a few Words, to call for *Death* in *Jeſt*, is *Vain* and *Unprofitable:* To call for't in *Earneſt*, is *Impious:* And to call for't *at all*, is both *Fooliſh* and *Needleſs*; for *Death* will moſt certainly come at his appointed Time, whether he be call'd or no.

FAB. 311. A Son Singing at his Mother's Funeral.

THere was a good Man that follow'd his Wife's Body to the Grave, weeping, and wailing all the Way he went, while his Son follow'd the Corps ſinging. Why Sirrah, ſays the Father, You ſhould howl, and wring your Hands, and do as I do, ye Rogue you; and not go *Sol-Fa-ing* it about like a Mad-man. Why, Father, ſays he, You give the Prieſts Money to ſing, and will you be angry with me for giving ye a Song *Gratis?* Well, ſays the Father, but that which may become the Prieſts, will not always become you. 'Tis their Office to ſing, but it is your Part to cry.

The MORAL.

Funeral Tears are as arrantly hir'd out as Mourning Cloaks: and ſo are the very Offices: And whether we go to our Graves ſnivelling or ſinging, 'tis all but according to the Faſhion of the Country, and meer Form.

REFLECTION.

THE Methods of Government, and of human Society, muſt be preſerv'd, where every Man has his Roll, and his Station aſſign'd him; and it is not for one Man to break in upon the Province of another. This Moral tells us alſo, that

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when one Man condoles for the Diſtreſſes of another, 'tis more for Money, or for Company, than for Kindneſs.

'Tis a ſlaviſh Sort of Ceremony and Impoſition, that People muſt be train'd up, by certain Rules of Art, and Preſcription, to the very Manage and Government of the moſt Free and Natural of our Affections; for we are taught and appointed the very Methods and Degrees of Grieving, and *Rejoycing*; and to do Honour to the Dead, by the counterfeit Lamentations of the Living. But this Way of mourning by Rule, is rather an Oſtentation of Sorrow, than Indication of it. Now to ſay the Truth of the Matter, Terms and Modes have corrupted the Sincerity of our Manners, as well toward our living Friends, as to the Memory of thoſe departed. We have hardly any Thing left in our Converſation that is pure and genuine: But the Way of Civility, in Faſhion, caſts a Blind over the Duty, under ſome certain cuſtomary Precedents of empty Words: So that at this Rate, we impoſe one upon another, without any Regard to Faith, Truth, or Virtue. But we muſt ſing in ſome Caſes, and cry in others, and there's an End on't.

FAB. 312. A Jealous Husband.

A *Jealous Husband* committed his Wife in Confidence to the Care and Cuſtody of a particular Friend; with the Promiſe of a conſiderable Reward, if he could but keep her Honeſt. After ſome few Days, the Friend grew weary of his Charge, and deſir'd her Huſband to take his Wife Home again, and releaſe him of his Bargain; for, ſays he, I find it utterly impoſſible to hinder a Woman from any Thing ſhe has a mind to. If it were to turn a Bag of Fleas looſe into a Meadow every Morning a grazing, and fetch them Home again at Night, I durſt be anſwerable with my Life for the Doing of it, to a ſingle Flea; but T'other is a Commiſſion I dare go no farther in.

The MORAL.

'Tis enough to make a Woman a Whore, but ſo much as to fancy her one; and then 'tis to no Boot to be jealous neither: For it

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the Humour takes her to be jadiſh, 'tis not all the Locks, Bolts, and Spies in Nature that can keep her honeſt.

REFLECTION.

JEALOUSY, betwixt Man and Wife, does but provoke and enflame the Appetite, as it ſets the Invention at Work upon Ways and Means of giving one another the Slip: And when it comes to a Trial of Skill once, 'tis a carrying of the Cauſe to gain the Point, and there's a kind of perverſe Reputation in getting the better on't. Briefly, 'tis Labour loſt on both Sides, while the One is never to be reſtrain'd, nor the Other to be ſatisfied: For Jealouſy rages as well without Reaſon as with it. Nay, the very Will to do a Thing is as good as the Thing done; and his Head is as Sick, that but fancies the Thing done, as if he ſaw the very doing it with his own Eyes. The Ways of a Woman, that has a mind to play *faſt* and *looſe*, are as Unſearchable as the very Thoughts of her Heart; and therefore the Friend here was in the right to diſcharge himſelf of his Truſt, and throw up his Commiſſion.

FAB. 313. A Man that would not take a Clyſter.

WHen the Patient is Rich, there's no Fear of Phyſicians about him, as thick as Waſps to a Honey-Pot; and there was a whole College of them call'd to a Conſultation upon a *Purſe-Proud Dutch Man*, that was troubled with a *Megrim*. The Doctors preſcrib'd him a Clyſter; the Patient fell into a Rage upon't. Why, *Certainly theſe People are all mad*, ſays he, *to talk of Curing a Man's Head at his Tail.*

The MORAL.

He that conſults his Phyſician, and will not follow his Advice, muſt be his own Doctor: But let him take the old Adage along with him; He that teaches himſelf, has a Fool for his Maſter.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a miſerable Thing, when Men that underſtand nothing at all, ſhall take upon them to cenſure, and to prejudge every Thing that they do not underſtand. What's the Uſe of a College, if every particular Man ſhall ſet up to be his own

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Doctor? And 'tis the same Case where Subjects take upon 'em to correct the *Magnificat*, and to prescribe to their Superiors. Let every Man be trusted in his own Way, and let the Doctor prescribe to the *Patient*, and not the *Patient* to the *Doctor*. For at the Rate of this Thick-skull'd Blunderhead, every *Plow-Jobber* shall take upon him to read upon *Divinity*, *Law*, and *Politicks*, as well as *Physick*.

FAB. 314. A Wolf and a Sick Ass.

THere was a certain *Wolf*, that in a Qualm of wonderful Charity, made a Visit to an *Ass*, that lay ill of a violent Fever. He felt his Pulse very gingerly; and pray, my good Friend, says he, whereabouts is your greatest Pain? Oh, gently, says the *Ass*, for it pricks me just there still where you lay your Finger.

FAB. 315. A Fox and a Sick Cock.

A *Cock* took his Bed upon a Fit of Sickness, and a *Fox* of his old Acquaintance, gave him the Complement of a Visit, and ask'd him how he felt himself. Alas, says the *Cock*, I'm e'en ready to smother for want of Breath; and if you'd be pleas'd but to stand off, and give me a little fresh Air, I fancy I should be somewhat more at Ease.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

The Charity of our Death-Bed Visits from one another, is much at a Rate, (generally speaking) with that of a Carrion-Crow to a Sheep; we smell a Carcass.

REFLECTION.

THERE are no Visits so officious, and Importune, as those that People think to get by; especially when our Thoughts are taken up with Matters of greater Moment. Besides, that there's a Design upon us in the very Complement. These Fables may serve to point out to us, that there are *Men*, as well

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as *Wolves* and *Foxes*, that wait for the *Carcaſs:* That is to ſay, for an Office, an Eſtate, a Commiſſion, Lands, Monies, Jewels, or whatever elſe People lie gaping for in Reverſion, according to the Practice of the World: So that there's little Truſt to theſe *Death-Bed Ceremonies*; which, for the greater Part, have more in them of Avarice and Intereſt, than of Piety and good Will: So that effectually, a *Wolf*'s viſiting a *Sick Aſs*, is but *Saying Grace* to a *Dead One.*

FAB. 316. Three Things are the Better for Beating.

A Good Woman happen'd to paſs by, as a Company of Young Fellows were Cudgelling a Wallnut-Tree, and ask'd them what they did that for? This is only by the Way of Diſcipline, ſays one of the Lads, for 'tis natural for *Aſſes*, *Women*, and *Wallnut-Trees* to *Mend* upon *Beating.*

The MORAL.

Spur a Jade a Queſtion, and he'll Kick ye an Anſwer.

REFLECTION.

PEOPLE ſhould not be too inquiſitive, without conſidering how far they themſelves may be concern'd in the Anſwer to the Queſtion.

FAB. 317. The Aſs's Wiſh.

AN *Aſs* was wiſhing in a hard Winter, for a little warm Weather, and a Mouthful of freſh Graſs to knap upon, in Exchange for a heartleſs Truſs of Straw, and a cold Lodging. In good time, the warm Weather, and the freſh Graſs comes on; but ſo much Toil and Buſ'neſs along with it, that the *Aſs* grows quickly as ſick of the *Spring*, as he was of the *Winter.* His next Longing is for *Summer*; but what with Harveſt-Work, and other Drudgeries of that Seaſon, he is worſe now than he was in the *Spring*;

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and then he fancies he ſhall never be well 'till *Autumn* comes: But there again, what with carrying Apples, Grapes, Fewel, Winter-Proviſions, *&c.* he finds himſelf in a greater Hurry than ever. In fine, when he has trod the Circle of the Year in a Courſe of reſtleſs Labour, his laſt Prayer is for *Winter again*; and that he may but take up his Reſt where he began his Complaint.

The MORAL.

The Life of an unſteady Man runs away in a Courſe of vain Wiſhes, and unprofitable Repentance: An unſettled Mind can never be at reſt. There's no Seaſon without its Bus'neſs.

REFLECTION.

THE *Aſs's Wiſh* here, is the lively Image of a fooliſh, and a miſerable Levity of Mind; and, in truth, there is but too much in't of the Figure, and the Bus'neſs of human Life; for we ſpend our Days in a kind of lazy reſtleſs Indiſpoſition, that looks as if we would fain be doing ſomething, and yet never goes farther, than to a Shifting from one Propoſition to another. *Wiſhing and Woulding*, (as they ſay) has ſomewhat in it of an Analogy to Stretching and Yawning: We only Drowſe, when we think we Live, and our Time runs away in fancying *Caſtles in the Air*, and in putting of Caſes. The Inference that we are to draw from hence is this: If an unſettled Head and Heart be ſo grievous a Calamity, the Squaring of a Man's Thoughts, Wiſhes, and Deſires, to the Lot that Providence has ſet out for him, is both a Bleſſing and a Duty.

He that is ſtill weary of the Preſent, ſhall be moſt certainly ſollicitous for the Future. For the Preſent is only the Courſe of ſo many Moments into time to come. He that gapes after he knows not what, ſhall be ſure to loſe his Longing. He changes out of Reſtleſneſs, not Choice; and ſo long as he carries the ſame Mind about him, the Circumſtances of his Condition will never alter the Caſe. His preſent Thoughts are uneaſy, becauſe his preſent State does not pleaſe him, and ſo he goes on at a Venture, ſhifting and caſting about for ſomewhat elſe that may better agree with him. The Batchelor wants a Wife; the marry'd Man wants his Liberty; the Stateſman has a mind to be private. The Country-man lives out of the World; the Man of Bus'neſs is a Slave to't; and he that's out of Employment,

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ployment, makes it his Excuſe, that he's forc'd to Drink or Whore for want of ſomewhat elſe to do. There's no meaſure to be taken of an unſteady Mind; but ſtill 'tis either too much or too little; too ſoon or too late. The Love of Novelty begets and encreaſes the Love of Novelty; and the oftner we Change, the more dangerous and troubleſome do we find this Itch of Vanity to be. The *Aſs* was *Sick* of the *Spring*; *Sicker* yet of the *Summer*; *more Sick* ſtill of *Autumn*; and *Sickeſt of all* of the *Winter*; till he's brought, in the End, to Compound for his firſt Condition again, and ſo take up with that for his Satisfaction, which he reckon'd upon before for his Misfortune.

This it is, when fickle and fooliſh People will be Preſcribing to, and Refining upon the Wiſe and Gracious Appointments of the Maker of the World. They know not what they are, and they know not what they would be, any farther, than that they would not be what they are. Let their preſent State in the World be what it will, there's ſtill ſomething or other in't that makes their Lives weariſome: And they are as peeviſh Company to themſelves too, as they are to their Neighbours; for there's not one Circumſtance in Nature, but they ſhall find Matters to pick a Quarrel at: Let it be Health, Fortune, Converſation, Kindred, Friends, it will be all a caſe, ſo long as weak and wayward Men ſhall go on grumbling, and cavilling at the Works and Diſpenſations of Heaven. Were it not better now for People to be quiet at firſt, and to ſit down contentedly in the Poſt where Providence has plac'd them? Were it not better to do the great Work of Life betimes, by the Help of a ſeaſonable Prudence and Virtue, than to deliver up our ſelves to the Torments of Hopes and Fears, and be forc'd to do't at laſt, by the dear-bought Experience of our Follies, and the Neceſſity of giving over what we can do no longer?

This is not yet to bar honeſt Induſtry, or a ſober Application to thoſe Ways, Studies, or Means that may probably contribute to the mending of a Man's Fortune: Provided that he ſet up his Reſolution beforehand, not to let himſelf down below the Dignity of a Wiſe Man, be the Iſſue of his Endeavours what it will. He that is not content at preſent, carries the ſame Weakneſs along with him to the next Remove; for whoever either paſſionately covets any thing that he has not, or feels himſelf glutted with a Satiety of what he poſſeſſes, has already loſt his Hold: So that if we would be happy, we muſt fix upon ſome Foundation that can never deceive us; and

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and govern ourſelves by the Meaſures of Sobriety and Juſtice. All the reſt is but the *Aſs*'s *Circulation* of more and more Anxiety and Trouble.

FAB. 318. A Cat and Mice.

AS a Company of *Mice* were peeping out of their Holes for Diſcovery, they ſpy'd a *Cat* upon a Shelf; that lay and look'd ſo demurely, as if there had been neither Life nor Soul in her. Well (ſays one of the *Mice*) That's a good natur'd Creature, I'll warrant her; One may read it in her very Looks; and truly I have the greateſt mind in the World to make an Acquaintance with her. So ſaid, and ſo done; but as ſoon as ever *Puſs* had her within reach, ſhe gave her to underſtand, that the Face is not always the *Index* of the Mind.

The MORAL.

'Tis a hard Matter for a Man to be Honeſt and Safe: for his very Charity and good Nature Expoſes, if it does not Betray him.

REFLECTION.

NO Treachery ſo Mortal, as That which covers itſelf under the Mask of Sanctity. A *Wolf* does a great deal more miſchief in a *Sheep*'s *Skin*, than in his *own Shape* and *Colour*. The *Mouſe* that took this *Cat* for a *Saint*, has very good Company, not only in her Miſtake, but in her Misfortune too: For we have ſeen a whole Aſſembly of theſe *Mouſing Saints*, that under the Mask of Zeal, Conſcience and good Nature, have made a Shift to lay, I know not how many Kingdoms in Blood and Aſhes.

FAB. 319. A Boar and a Fox.

AS a *Boar* was whetting his Teeth againſt a Tree, up comes a *Fox* to him. Pray, what do you mean by That? (ſays he) for I ſee no occaſion for't. Well,

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Well, ſays the *Boar*, but I do; for when I come once to be ſet upon, 'twill be too late for me to be Whetting when I ſhould be Fighting.

FAB. 320. A Wolf and a Porcupine.

YOur *Porcupine*, and your *Hedge-Hog*, are ſomewhat alike, only the Former has longer and ſharper Prickles than the Other; and theſe Prickles he can ſhoot and dart at an Enemy. There was a *Wolf* had a mind to be dealing with him, if he could but get him diſarm'd firſt; and ſo he told the *Porcupine* in a friendly way, that it did not look well for People in a Time of Peace, to go Arm'd, as if they were in a Seate of War; and ſo advis'd him to lay his Briſtles aſide; for (ſays he) you may take them up at pleaſure. Do you talk of a State of War? ſays the *Porcupine*, why, that's my preſent Caſe, and the very Reaſon of my ſtanding to my Arms, ſo long as a *Wolf* is in *Company*.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

No Man, or State can be ſafe in Peace, that is not always in readineſs to encounter an Enemy in Caſe of War.

REFLECTION.

ALL Bus'neſs that is neceſſary to be done, ſhould be done Betimes: And there's as little Trouble of doing it in Seaſon too, as out of Seaſon: Neither is it effectually done at all, but in the proper Time of doing it: So that 'tis good Diſcretion, and good Advice, to provide againſt Danger beforehand; for he that's always ready, can never be taken with a *Why not*.

'Tis a piece of good Counſel, in all the Affairs of Human Life, to take care of ſecuring ourſelves that we may be not either betray'd or ſurpriz'd: But as it is Wiſdom to keep our ſelves upon a guard, ſo it is matter of good Manners alſo, and Reſpect, neither to do, nor to ſay any thing, that may import a Jealouſy or Diſtruſt. All the Duties of Government and Society; nay, all Offices, Civil and Religious, where Prudence, Conſcience, or common Faith are concern'd, have

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have their proper Seasons. 'Tis too late to hinder Mischief, when the Opportunity is once past; and therefore the Timing of Things is a main Point in the Dispatch of all Affairs. There can be no safe or sure Peace, where People are not always in readiness for War; for the common Well-being of Mankind, does not so much depend upon the Faith of Men, and of Governments, as upon the temporary and contingent Occasions of Breaking the Peace with Advantage. 'Tis not Publick Justice alone, that can uphold a Government, without the Aid of Policy and Counsel. Men do naturally indulge those Opinions and Practices, that favour their Pretensions; and it is too much to superadd powerful Temptations to do Wrong, to the force of vicious Inclinations to do it. The *Boar*'s Whetting his Teeth, was only an Act of necessary *Precaution*, for fear of the worst: And the *Porcupine* did wisely too, in keeping himself upon his guard, when the Enemy was in view.

FAB. 321. A Mouse and a Kite.

A Simple *Mouse* had the Fortune to be near at hand, when a *Kite* was taken in a Net. The *Kite* begg'd of her to try if she could help her out. The *Mouse* gnaw'd a Hole in't, and set her at Liberty; and the *Kite* eat up the *Mouse* for her pains.

The MORAL.

Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he'll cut your Throat.

REFLECTION.

'TIS no new Thing in the World to return Evil for Good. Nay, there are some Natures so sowr, and so ungrateful, that they are never to be oblig'd. All *Kites* of this Humour do not wear Feathers: Neither do all such *Mice* wear long Tails. There are Cases, wherein our very Tenderness, and Charity, become a Snare to us; and there are People too, that fancy no Blood so sweet, as that of the Person to whom they stand indebted for their Lives and Fortunes: But then if one Man should cease to be generous and charitable, because another Man is sordid and ungrateful; it would be much in the Power of the basest of Vices to extinguish the most Christian and Human of Virtues. These Lewd Examples may however, and ought

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to recommend Prudence and Caution to us; but without Killing, or Quenching good Nature. There are, 'tis true, ſome People ſo hardned in Wickedneſs, as to have no ſenſe at all of the moſt Friendly Offices, or the higheſt Benefits. Now in theſe deſperate Caſes, a Man is little better than *Felo de ſe*, that for the Helping of Another, ventures the Undoing of Himſelf; nay, and 'tis ſomewhat more than a Venture too, when a *Mouſe* lays itſelf at the Mercy of a *Kite*.

FAB. 322. A Cockle and Jupiter.

IN old time, when *Jupiter* was in the Humour of granting Petitions, a *Cockle* made it his Requeſt, that his Houſe and his Body might be all of a piece. *Jupiter* made him Anſwer, that it would be a Burden to him inſtead of a Favour. Yes, ſays the *Cockle*, but it will be ſuch a Burden as I had rather bear, than lie expos'd to ill Neighbours.

The MORAL.

Impertinent Viſits are the Plague of a Sober Man's Life, and therefore 'tis a happy thing when a Body may be at Home, or not at Home, as he pleaſes.

REFLECTION.

GOOD, or Bad Company, is either the greateſt Bleſſing, or the greateſt Plague of Human Life; and therefore the *Cockle*'s was a very reaſonable and pertinent Requeſt. There's no Liberty like the Freedom of being Publick or Private, as a Body pleaſes; and having it at my own choice, whether I will live to the World, or to myſelf.

FAB. 323. A Bitch ready to Puppy.

A *Big-belly'd Bitch* borrow'd *Another Bitch*'s Kennel to lay her Burden in. The Proprietreſs, after ſome Time, demanded Poſſeſſion again; but the Other begg'd her Excuſe and Patience, only till her Whelps might be able to ſhift for themſelves. This

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was agreed upon for ſo many Days longer: But the Time being expir'd, the *Bitch* that was *Out*, grew more and more preſſing for her *Own* again. Why then, ſays the Other, if you can force me and my Puppies out of the Kennel, you ſhall have free Liberty to come In.

FAB. 324. A Hedge-Hog and a Snake.

A *Snake* was prevail'd upon in a Cold Winter, to take a *Hedge-Hog* into his Cell; but when he was once in, the Place was ſo narrow, that the Prickles of the *Hedge-Hog* were very troubleſome to his Companion: ſo that the *Snake* told him, he muſt needs provide for himſelf ſomewhere elſe, for the Hole was not big enough to hold them both. Why then, ſays the *Hedge-Hog*, He that cannot *Stay*, ſhall do well to *Go:* But for my own part, I'm e'en Content where I am; and if You be not ſo too, y'are free to Remove.

The MORAL.

Poſſeſſion is Eleven Points of the Law.

REFLECTION.

EVERY Man is to provide againſt Fraud and Treachery, where the Perſon he deals with may be the better for't. *Forewarn'd, Fore-arm'd.* 'Tis not ſafe to join Intereſts with Strangers, upon ſuch Terms, as to lay ourſelves at Mercy. In all Offices of Chriſtian Charity, and of Prudent Converſation, People ſhould have a ſtrict Regard to the Humour and Character of the Perſons they deal withal; to the Degrees and Meaſures of Things; and to the Conſequences upon the whole matter in caſe of the worſt. It is not every Man's Talent to diſtinguiſh aright upon all the Neceſſities of Affairs of this nature: That is to ſay, how far our Prudence may warrant our Charity, and how far our Charity may comport with our Prudence. 'Tis dangerous on the one hand to paſs the Rules of Diſcretion; and it is inhuman on the other, not to acquit ourſelves in all the Functions of Tenderneſs and good Nature; for Piety and Wiſdom are both wrapt up in the Queſtion.

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ſtion. The very ſame good Office may be a Virtue toward one Man, and a Folly toward another. One may juſtify the running of a Riſque, in favour of a Man of Integrity and good Fame: But where there is an habitual Ingratitude on the one ſide, and a conſiderable Hazard on the other, there's no Truſting. I ſhall not need to enlarge upon this Topick, in a World, that makes good the Allegory by ſo many Inſtances of daily Practice and Converſation. How many freſh Examples may we find in our own Memory, of Men that after all the Obligations imaginable, and in contradiction to all the Ties of Honour, Juſtice, and Hoſpitality, have ſerv'd their Maſters, Patrons, and Benefactors, as the *Hedge-Hog* ſerv'd the *Snake* here!

FAB. 325. A Fox and a Hare.

A *Fox* and a *Hare* were in a warm Conteſt once, which of the Two could make the beſt Shift in the World. When I am purſu'd, ſays the *Hare*, I can ſhew the Dogs a Fair Pair of Heels, and run away from 'em at pleaſure: And yet for all that, ſays the *Fox*, I have baffled more of 'em with my Wiles and Shifts, then ever You did with your Footmanſhip.

The MORAL.

Wiſdom is as much beyond Force, as Men are beyond Brutes.

REFLECTION.

A good Bodily Strength and Diſpoſition is a Felicity of Nature, but nothing comparable yet to the Advantages of a large Underſtanding, and a ready Preſence of Mind. Wiſdom does more than Force; but they do beſt together: For a ſound Mind in a ſound Body is the Perfection of Humane Bliſs. A *Fox*, 'tis true, may be ſome time Out-witted, and a *Hare* Out-ſtript; but this does not hinder yet the Excellency of one Faculty above the other.

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FAB. 326. An Old Man resolv'd to give over Whoring.

THere was an *Old Toft*, that in the very State of Impotence, had ſtill a *Whore* in the *Head* of him. His Ghoſtly Father took notice of it, and ply'd him hard with wholſome Advice, upon the Subject of the Luſts of the Fleſh. This Reverend Fornicator thank'd him moſt heartily for his Kind and Chriſtian Counſel; and by the Grace of Heaven, ſays he, I'll follow it: For to tell the plain Truth on't, I'm told, that 'tis naught for me; and really my Body is quite out of Tune for thoſe Gambols.

The MORAL.

When Things are at the worſt, they'll Mend.

REFLECTION.

MORE Men reclaim out of Shame, Fear, and pure Neceſſity, than for the Love of Honour or Virtue. They that are Honeſt upon theſe Terms would be arrant Knaves if the Tables were turn'd. They go along with the Devil, while there's either Pleaſure or Profit to be had on that ſide; but when they come once to loſe the Taſte of the One, and the Means of the Other, they are preſently regiſter'd in the *Kalendar* of *New Converts*. The Countenance of this Fable looks a little betwixt *Jeſt* and *Earneſt*; but this Mixture of Appearance does not hinder it from being a moſt edifying Satyr upon the Corruptions and falſe Semblance of Human Life. Lord! How Sober and Temperate do People grow, when they can Drink and Whore no longer!

FAB. 327. An Impertinent and a Philoſopher.

A Certain *Pragmatical*, *Senſeleſs Companion* would make a Viſit to a *Philoſopher*. He found him alone in his Study, and fell a wond'ring how he could endure to lead ſo ſolitary a Life. The Learned Man told him; Sir, ſays he, you are exceedingly miſtaken, for I was in very good Company till you came in.

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The MORAL.

Good Thoughts and Good Books are very Good Company.

REFLECTION.

A Wiſe Book is much better than a Fooliſh Companion; and the Dead in ſuch a Caſe, are much better than the Living. It is one of the moſt vexatious Mortifications perhaps, of a ſober, and ſtudious Man's Life, to have his Thoughts diſorder'd, and the very Chain of his Reaſon diſcompos'd, by the Importunity of a Tedious and Impertinent Viſit: Eſpecially if it be from a Fool of Quality, where the very Figure of the Man entitles him to all Returns of good Manners and Reſpect. And the Affliction is yet more grievous, where that Prerogative of Quality is farther back'd and corroborated, with a real Kindneſs and good Will: For a Man muſt be inhumane and ungrateful, as well as rude, if he does but ſo much as Offer, at the Eaſing, or the Believing of Himſelf. The Drift of this Fable at laſt, is to tell us, that *Good Books* and Good Thoughts are the *Beſt Company*, and that they are miſtaken, that think a Wiſe Man can ever be Alone. It prepares us alſo to expect Interruptions and Diſappointments, and to provide for 'em; but withal to take the beſt care we can to prevent the Plague of Ill Company, by avoiding the Occaſions of it. The Linking of a Man of Brains and Honeſty into a lewd, inſipid Converſation, is effectually but the Moral of that Tyrant, that bound the Living and the Dead together; and yet this is it which the *Impertinent* takes for the Relief of Solitude, and that he calls *Company*.

FAB. 328. A Wolf in a Sheep's Skin.

THere goes a Story of a *Wolf*, that wrapt himſelf up in a *Sheep's Skin*, and worry'd Lambs for a good while under that Diſguiſe; but the *Shepherd* met with him at laſt, and truſs'd him up, *Sheep's Skin and all*, upon an Eminent Gibbet, for a Spectacle and an Example. The Neighbours made a Wonderment of it, and ask'd him what he meant, to hang up his *Sheep?* Oh, ſays he, That's only the *Skin* of a Sheep,

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that was made use of to cover the Heart, Malice, and Body of a *Wolf* that shrouded himself under it.

The MORAL.

Hypocrisy is only the Devil's Stalking-Horse, under an Affectation of Simplicity and Religion. People are not to be judg'd by their Looks, Habits, and Appearances; but by the Character of their Lives and Conversations, and by their Works.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable is moraliz'd in the Holy Gospel it self. 'Tis with all Men that are notoriously wicked, of what Degree or State, or in what Point of Iniquity soever, much after the rate of the *Wolf* in this Fiction. Tyranny marches under the Mask of Care, Piety, and Protection. Injustice sets up the rigorous Letter of the Law to weigh against the Improbity of the Witness: The Pawn-Broker pretends Charity, and the Oppressor slays the Widow and the Orphan: And at the same time preaches Mercy and Compassion, with the very same Breath. Treachery covers it self under a Cloak of Kindness and Friendship; and nothing more frequent than *Wolves in Lamb-Skins*, even in the most solemn Offices of Church and State. This Fable extends to all the lewd Practices of *Hypocrites* and *Impostors*, under the colour of Pious and Charitable Works and Duties. Now if all our *Moral Wolves in Sheeps Cloathing*, were but serv'd as this *Hypocritical Wolf* in the *Fiction*, and Hung-up indeed, with their Crimes in Capital Letters on their Foreheads, Common Truth and Honesty among Men would be more Sacred.

FAB. 329. An Incorrigible Son.

IT was the hard Lot of a very good Man to have a Vicious Young Fellow to his *Son*; and he did what he could to reclaim him: But Sir, (says he) for Brevity's sake, 'tis only so much Time and Counsel thrown away: For all the Parsons about the Town have been baiting me I know not how long now, upon the same Subject, and I'm not one Jot the better for

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The MORAL.

Some Men live as if they had made a Covenant with Hell; Let Divines, Fathers, Friends ſay what they will, they ſtop their Ears againſt them: And good Counſel is wholly caſt away upon them.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable would go a great way, if it were wrought up to the height. As for the purpoſe, to all manner of graceleſs and hopeleſs Characters; ſome People are loſt for want of good Advice; others, for want of giving good heed to't; and ſome again, take up Reſolutions before hand never to mend. Nay, there are thoſe that value themſelves upon the very Contempt of all that is Sacred and Honeſt, and make it a Point of Bravery to bid defiance to the Oracles of Divine Revelation, the Motions of reaſonable Nature, and the Laws of Government. This Contradiction of the Duty of a ſober Man is yet farther heighten'd, by the Diſobedience of a Son to a Parent: And farther yet, by a ſpiteful Oppoſition to all the Precepts of *Morality* and *Religion*. There's ſomewhat of a *Droll-Mixture* in this *Bantering* way of *Liberty*, to make a body laugh where he ſhould cry: But 'tis paſt a Sporting Matter, when the moſt neceſſary Duties of Chriſtianity come to be the Queſtion. There's no room for Trifling in thoſe Caſes.

FAB. 330. A Sheep-biter Hang'd.

A Certain *Shepherd* had One *Favourite Dog*, that he had a particular Confidence in above all the reſt. He fed him with his own Hand, and took more Care of him, in ſhort, than of any of his Fellows. This Kindneſs went on a long Time, till in Concluſion, upon the miſſing of ſome Sheep, he fancy'd this Cur to be Falſe to him. After this Jealouſy, he kept a ſtrict Eye upon him, and in fine, found it out, that this Truſty Servant of his was the Felon. Upon the Diſcovery, he had him preſently taken up, bad him prepare for Execution. Alas! Maſter, ſays the *Dog*, I'm one of your Domeſticks, and 'twould be hard to put a Domeſtick to Extremities: Turn your Diſ-

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pleaſure upon the *Wolves* rather, that make a daily Practice on't to worry your Sheep. No, no, ſays the Shepherd, I'd ſooner ſpare *Forty Wolves* that make it their Profeſſion to kill Sheep, than *One Sheep-biting Cur* that's *Truſted* with the *Care* of them. There's ſomewhat of Frankneſs and Generoſity in the One; but the Other is the Baſeſt of Treacheries.

The MORAL.

No Perfidy like Breach of Faith and Truſt, under the Seal of Friendſhip: For an Adverſary under the Maſque, is much more Unpardonable than a bare-fac'd Enemy.

REFLECTION.

THERE are *Political Sheep-biters* as well as *Paſtoral: Betrayers of Publick Truſts*, as well as of *Private*; and *Human Curs* that are as *Wolviſh* as the *Other*. This Maxim however, holds in all Caſes; that Breach of Faith and Truſt, is the moſt odious, inhoſpitable, and inhuman, of Civil as well as of Moral Offences. A ſpecial Confidence in one more than in another, tho' from a King to a Subject, or from a Maſter to a Servant, has ſome Analogy in't of Friendſhip, but the Matter ſhould be thoroughly weigh'd and examin'd, before we put it to the utmoſt Trial and Teſt. A Man may be too hard or too eaſy, too adventurous or too wary, in paſſing a Judgment upon the Character of the Perſon: But above all Things, it will concern us perfectly to underſtand the Honour, the Practice, and the Converſation of the Man we propoſe for a Friend, before we lay any Streſs upon his Faith: Not but that we may believe well of a Man, and yet not think fit to truſt him: So that a Charity on the one Hand does not authorize a Confidence on the Other; it is not amiſs, however, to lay Baits for a Man in ſuch a Caſe, and to try him on the blind Side. As, if a Man be covetous, Profits or Bribes may put him to the Teſt: And ſo anſwerably in other Caſes. Powerful Temptations artificially diſpos'd, are the beſt Eſſay, and Aſſurance of a Man's Faith and Honeſty, that the Matter will bear. This *Dog* here would perhaps have *fought* for his Maſter in any other Caſe, though he *betray'd* him in this: But the Love of Mutton was his Weak-ſide: Which in ſome Sort anſwers to that which we call *Peccatum in Deliciis* in Mankind. This Infirmity however did not excuſe the Treachery; and the Kinder the Maſter, the more Unpardonable is the Traitor.

FAB.

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FAB. 331. A Bull and a Ram.

THere was one *Maſter-Ram* that beat all his Fellows out of the Field, and was ſo puff'd up with the Glory of his Exploits, that nothing would ſerve him but he muſt challenge a *Bull* to the Combat. They met, and upon the Firſt Encounter, there lay the *Ram* for *Dead*; but coming to himſelf again; Well (ſays he) This is the Fruit of my Inſolence and Folly, in provoking an Enemy, that Nature has made my Superior.

The MORAL.

Where People will be Provoking and Challenging their Superiors, either in Strength, or Power, 'tis not ſo much a Bravery of Spirit, as a Rude and Brutal Raſhneſs; and they pay dear for't at laſt.

REFLECTION.

'TIS not Courage, but Temerity, for Men to venture their Lives, Reputations, and Fortunes upon unequal Encounters; unleſs where they are oblig'd by an over-ruling Impulſe of Honour, Conſcience, and Duty, to ſtand all Hazards. That which the World accounts Brave, is in Truth, no better than Brutal, where there is not Reaſon, Juſtice, and Prudence to direct and govern it. 'Tis one Thing for a Man to be firm, and fearleſs, againſt honeſt Dangers, let them appear never ſo terrible, when his Honour for the Purpoſe, his Country, or his Conſcience, call upon him to encounter them: But to run his Head againſt Stone-Walls, or to put his Shoulders to a Scar-Breach, to attempt inſuperable Difficulties, and needleſly to provoke invincible Enemies, purely out of a vain Opinion of his own Strength: This would be juſt the Moral of the *Ram* here in the Fable.

FAB. 332. A Widow and a Green Aſs.

THere was a *Widow* that had a Twittering toward a Second Husband, and ſhe took a goſſiping Companion of hers to her Aſſiſtance, how to manage

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the Jobb. The Truth of it is, says she, I have a dear Mind to another Bedfellow: But the Deviliſh People would keep ſuch a Snearing, and Pointing at me, they'd make me e'en weary of my Life. You are a *Fine Widow i' faith*, ſays T'other, to trouble your Head for the Talk of the People, Pray will ye mind what I ſay to ye now. You have an *Aſs* here in your Grounds; go your Ways and get that *Aſs* painted *Green*, and then let him be carry'd up and down the Country for a Show. Do this, I ſay, without any more Words; for Talk does but *Burn Day-Light*. The Thing was done accordingly; and for the Firſt Four or Five Days, the *Green Aſs* had the whole Country at his Heels; Man, Woman and Child, ſtaring and hooting after him. In Four or Five Days more, the Humour was quite ſpent, and the *Aſs* might travel from Morning to Night, and not one Creature to take Notice of him. Now, (ſays the friendly Adviſer) *A New-marry'd Widow* is a kind of a *Green Aſs*: Every Body's Mouth will be full on't for the Firſt Four or Five Days, and in Four or Five more, the Story will e'en talk it ſelf aſleep.

The MORAL.

Common Fame is as Falſe and Impudent as a Common Strumpet. Let every Man live to his Conſcience, and never trouble his Head with the Talk of the People.

REFLECTION.

THERE is no Myſtery in telling us, that a *Widow* may be prevail'd upon to think of a *Second Husband*; but the Weight of this Emblem lies upon thoſe Caſes, where there occur a Thouſand Scruples and Difficulties, that may ſtartle People at firſt, and yet in the Concluſion, prove but a *Nine-Days-Wonder*. The Foolery of the *Widow* and the *Green Aſs*, ſhews pleaſantly enough, how eaſy a Matter it is for a bold Face, a good Aſſurance, and a reaſonable Stock of Wit and Addreſs, to put Common Fame it ſelf out of Countenance; and it is a Part of Prudence beſide, not to ſink under the Impreſſion of an ill Report: Provided there be Integrity and Innocence to ſupport that Firmneſs of Mind. A wiſe Man will not make his Happineſs

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pineſs precarious: He looks to his Conſcience, and leaves the World to take its courſe. 'Tis the Novelty, not the Quality of Things, that ſets People a gaping and a gazing at them: But when they come once to be familiar, the Wonder goes off, and Men return to their Wits again. The main Conſideration is this, whether the Matter in Queſtion be good or evil, honourable or diſhonourable: Not according to a vulgar Eſtimate, but in the genuine Truth, and Nature of it. 'Tis fooliſh either to fear, or to mind what the People ſay of a Man, in Caſes where he ſtands or falls to his own Conſcience.

FAB. 333. An Eagle and Rabbets.

THere was an *Eagle* that drew a Neſt of *Rabbets*, and carry'd them away to her Young. The *Mother-Coney* follow'd her with Tears in her Eyes, adjuring her in the Name of all thoſe Powers, that take care of the Innocent and Oppreſſed, to have Compaſſion upon her miſerable Children: But ſhe, in an Outrage of Pride and Indignation, tears them preſently to Pieces. The *Coney*, upon this, convenes a whole *Warren*; tells her Story, and adviſes upon a Revenge: For *Divine Juſtice* (ſays ſhe) *will never ſuffer ſo barbarous a Cruelty to eſcape unpuniſh'd.* They debated the Matter, and came to an Unanimous *Reſolve upon the Queſtion*, that there was no Way of paying the *Eagle* in her kind, but by Undermining the Tree where ſhe Timber'd. So they all fell to work at the Roots of the Tree, and left it ſo little *Foot-hold*, that the firſt Blaſt of Wind laid it Flat upon the Ground, *Neſt, Eagles and all.* Some of 'em were kill'd by the Fall; Others were eaten up by Birds and Beaſts of Prey, and the *Coney* had the Comfort at laſt, of deſtroying the *Eagle*'s Children in Revenge for her Own.

The MORAL.

'Tis highly Imprudent, even in the Greateſt of Men, unneceſſarily to provoke the Meaneſt, when the Pride of Pharaoh *himſelf was brought down by miſerable Frogs and Lice.*

REFLEC-

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REFLECTION.

THERE's nothing so Little as to be wholly despis'd: For the most Inconsiderable of Creatures may at some time or other, by some Means or other, come to revenge it self upon the Greatest; not by its own Force so much, as by the Working of Divine Justice, that will not suffer Oppression to pass Unpunish'd. In Cases of Powerful Injustice, the Greatest are not to presume, nor the Meanest to despair.

We are to distinguish upon this Fable, what the *Eagle* did as a *Tyrant*, and what she did as a *Bird of Prey*. And likewise betwixt a Passion which is purely Vindicative, and those Counsels where Divine Justice interposes toward the Avenging of the Innocent. Here is Power Triumphing over Weakness; a criminal Cruelty over helpless Innocence, and that Cruelty Inexorable too, and deaf to the Tears, Supplications, and Importunities of a tender Mother, on the Behalf of her Children. Now for the humbling of this unmerciful Pride in the *Eagle*, Providence has found out a Way, even by the most despicable of Means and Creatures, to the Wreaking of a Revenge; which shews likewise that Heaven takes the Cause of the Weak and the Guiltless into a particular Care.

This Counsel of the Rabbets has somewhat in it of the Debate of Popular Meetings, where the Number and the Agreement supply the Want of other Means: And we are taught from hence too, that States are not so much in Danger of Open Force, as of Secret Mines: For when the Foundation is once loosen'd, the least Breath of a Commotion lays the whole Building in Rubbish. We are taught also, that the only, or at least the main Support of Power is Justice, in the due Distribution of Reward and Punishment. Where these Two Principles are perverted, the Government is off the Ballance, and the Worse Part of it out-weighs the Other. But the Judgments of Heaven supply the Defects of Common Justice, and avenge the Cause of the Poor and Innocent upon the Heads of the Mighty. Vengeance, in fine, treads upon the Heel of Oppression, according to the Doctrine of this Fable of the *Eagle* and the *Rabbets* here.

FAB. 334. A Pike sets up for Sovereignty.

THere was a *Master-Pike*, that for his Bulk, Beauty and Strength, was look'd upon to be the Prin-

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Prince of the River; but the Sovereignty of the *Freſh Water* would not content him, it ſeems, unleſs he might engroſs to himſelf the Empire of the *Sea* too. Upon this Ambitious Deſign, he launch'd out into the *Ocean*, and put up his Claim to't. But a prodigious *Dolphin* took this Encroachment upon his Right in ſuch dudgeon, that he ſet upon the *Pike*, gave him Chace, and purſu'd him to the very Borders of his own Stream; inſomuch, that the *Pike* had enough to do to ſave himſelf: And from that time forward he had the Wit to keep within the Compaſs of his Own Dominions.

The MORAL.

Ambition has no other Bounds than what Providence has preſcrib'd to it, for the Good of Mankind. Here ſhall thy proud Ways ſtay. *And there muſt be no paſſing thoſe Limits.*

REFLECTION.

PROVIDENCE has aſſign'd every Man his Poſt and Station; and he that either relinquiſhes his own Natural Right, or invades another's, ſeldom fails of a Diſappointment in the Concluſion. Or however, in caſe of the moſt ſucceſsful Injuſtice, Oppreſſion and Uſurpation, there follows a reſtleſs Anxiety in the keeping of what is injuriouſly gotten; an inſatiable Thirſt after more and more ſtill, and nothing but Shame and Confuſion in the End, when it comes to caſt up Profit and Loſs at the Foot of the Reck'ning. This ambitious *Pike* is but the Figure of ſome Petty Prince, that ſets himſelf up to be troubleſome, and to give Laws to a more powerful Neighbour. The *Dolphin* repreſents ſuch a *Power* that's more than's Match, and beats him *Home again*. The Caſe of the *Fiſhes* in the *Fable*, is much the ſame with that of *Kings* and *States* in *common Practice*. And to carry the *Allegory* yet farther; As the *Ocean*, on the one hand, ſo the whole *World* on the other, is made the Field of Battle. Now all this in the Moral, ſerves only to bid us moderate our Deſires, keep our Affections within Bounds, and live contented with our Lot.

FAB.

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FAB. 335. A Sheep picks a Quarrel with a Shepherd.

A *Sheep* that was to be ſhorn, took it very ill of the *Shepherd* that he ſhould not ſatisfy himſelf with the Milk ſhe gave him, without ſtripping her of her Wool too. The *Shepherd*, upon this, without any more Words, took one of her *Lambs* in a Rage, and put it to death. Well, ſays the *Sheep*, and now y'ave done your Worſt, I hope: No, ſays the *Shepherd*, when that's done, I can cut your *Throat* too, If I have a mind to't, and throw ye to the *Dogs*, or to the *Wolves* at pleaſure. The *Sheep* ſaid not one Word more, for fear of a worſe Miſchief to come.

The MORAL.

When People will not ſubmit to Reaſon by fair Means, they muſt be brought to't by foul.

REFLECTION.

HE that is not Maſter of himſelf, or in his own Power, has no other Game to play, than to ſubmit himſelf contentedly to the Will of another. Struggling is ſo far from ſetting him at Liberty, that it only ties the Knot the harder. There muſt be no muttering at Heaven for the Loſs of Fortune, Children, or whatever elſe can be dear to us; for there are greater Afflictions in ſtore for thoſe that ſhall dare to preſcribe Rules and Meaſures to the Divine Providence. Wherefore we ſhould all ſet our Hearts at reſt, upon theſe two Conſiderations: 1*ſt*, That whatſoever comes from above, is for the beſt: And 2*dly*, That there's no Contending with it. The *Pot* muſt not chop Logick, and expoſtulate with the *Potter:* And for a *Sheep* to tell the *Shepherd* when he has kill'd her Lamb, that *now he has done his Worſt*; 'tis ſuch another kind of Defiance, as that of *Job*'s *Wife* was, when ſhe bid her Husband *Curſe God and Die*. We are not the Carvers of our own Fortunes; and this way of Proceeding is an Affront to all the Dictates, Lights, and Duties of Religion, Nature, and Reaſon.

FAB.

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FAB. 336. A Creaking Wheel.

A Waggoner took notice upon the *Creaking* of a *Wheel*, that it was the *worſt Wheel* of the *Four* that made moſt Noiſe, and was wondring at the Reaſon of it. Oh, ſays the *Waggon*, they that are Sickly are ever the moſt Piping and Troubleſome.

The MORAL.

'Tis with Creaking Wheels as 'tis with Courtiers, Phyſicians, Lawyers, (and with whom not?) They want Greazing.

REFLECTION.

WHEN People are Crazy, and in Diſorder, 'tis but Natural for them to Groan, and to Complain. This is a Far-fetch'd Alluſion, but it muſt ſerve for want of a better. The Uneaſineſs of a ſickly Habit of Body, is ſome ſort of Excuſe for being Troubleſome and Importune.

FAB. 337. A Man had a mind to try his Friends.

THere was a generous Rich Man, that kept a Splendid and an Open Table, and conſequently never wanted Gueſts. This Perſon found all People came to him promiſcuouſly, and a Curioſity took him in the Head to try which of them were *Friends*, and which only *Trencher-Flies* and *Spungers*. So he took an occaſion one Day, at a Full Table, to tell them of a Quarrel he had, and that he was juſt then going to demand Satisfaction. There muſt be ſo many to ſo many, and he made no doubt, but they'd ſtand by him with their Swords in their Hands. They all excus'd themſelves ſave only Two; which Two he reckon'd upon as his *Friends*, and all the reſt no better than *Hangers-on*.

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The MORAL.

We may talk of many Friends; but not One Man of a Thousand will ſtand the Teſt.

REFLECTION.

THERE's no Trial of a True Friend, but in Caſes of Difficulty; as Loſs, Trouble, or Danger: for that's the time of diſtinguiſhing what a Man does for my ſake, and what for his own.

It is an unhappy Thing, that Princes and Great Men, who ſeem to have the leaſt need of Friends, ſhould indeed have the greateſt, and yet at the ſame time the greateſt Difficulty of knowing them too, for want of Occaſions to put them to the Trial. There's no Proof of Friendſhip like frequent Experiment. Now Princes are above the want of thoſe common Offices that paſs for Friendſhip betwixt Man and Man, as in Matter of Money, Liberty, Protection and the like. People do not flock to Courts ſo much for their Maſter's Service, as for the making of their own Fortunes. How ſhall any Man diſtinguiſh now betwixt a Paraſite, and a Man of Honour; where they are All on the Receiving Hand, and where Hypocriſy, and Intereſt look ſo like Duty and Affection? He that well conſiders the Practice of the World, will find the Fiction of the Rich Man in this Fable to be in ſome Proportion the common Caſe of Mankind. An undiſtinguiſhable Facility ſhall never fail of meeting with an undiſtinguiſhable Infidelity; which is no other than a juſt Judgment upon an inconſiderate Bounty. 'Tis the Benefactor's Fate, in fine, to be either deſerted or betray'd by thoſe that he has fed, and with *Actæon*, to be worry'd by *his own Curs*. He, that keeps an Open Houſe for all Comers, ſhould do well to conſider, that there are *Oglio*'s of *Gueſts*, as well as of *Diſhes*, and that the Liberty of a common Table is as good as a tacit Invitation to all ſorts of Intruders; as *Buffoons*, *Spies*, *Tale-bearers*, *Flatterers*, *Epicures*, *Indigents*, &c. Now theſe are all but ſo many Flies that come and go with the Meat. And whereas the *Mythologiſt* lays the Streſs upon this Point, that the Maſter of the Houſe could find but *Two Friends* in ſuch a Crowd of People; 'tis my Admiration on the other hand rather, that he ſhould find ſo *many* in the Licenſe of a Converſation that was made ſo Scandalous by the Company.

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FAB. 338. A Fox Praiſing Hares Fleſh.

AS a *Dog* was preſſing hard upon the very Breech of a *Fox*, up ſtarts a *Hare*. Pray hold a little, ſays the *Fox*, and take that *Hare* there while ſhe is to be had: You never taſted ſuch a Morſel ſince you were born: But I am all over tainted and rotten, and a Mouthful of my Fleſh would be enough to poiſon ye. The *Dog* immediately left the *Fox*, and took a Courſe at the *Hare*; but ſhe was too nimble for him, it ſeems; and when he ſaw he could not catch her, he very diſcreetly let her go. The *Hare* had heard what paſs'd, and meeting the *Fox* two or three Days after, ſhe told him how baſely he had ſerv'd her. Nay, ſays the *Fox*, if you take it ſo heavily that I ſpoke well of you, what would you have done if I had ſpoken ill?

The MORAL.

A Deſign'd Back-Friend is the Worſt of Enemies.

REFLECTION.

THERE are ſome ſorts of Commendation; and ſome Caſes and Seaſons of applying it, that are more malicious, and miſchievous, than the Worſt of Calumnies. Here's a *Fox* at a Pinch; and what's his Bus'neſs now, but to ſtop the *Dog*'s Mouth with a piece of *Hare*'s *Fleſh*, for the ſaving of his own Skin! A *Puſs*, ſays he, is much better Meat than a *Fox*, and this good Office over the left Shoulder, is the Civility that he values himſelf upon. He gives her his good Word (as we call it) to the very End that ſhe may be eaten. How many Thouſands of theſe *Foxes Complements* do we meet with in our daily Practice and Converſation? But a Crafty Knave is never without ſomewhat or other to ſay for himſelf, and a bad Excuſe is better than none. The *Fox*'s Civility, in fine, was *Roguery* all over; and his praiſing the *Hare*'s *Fleſh* to the *Dog* was effectually no more than *a Letter of Recommendation to the Common Hangman.*

FAB.

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FAB. 339. A Plain Horſe wins the Prize.

THere were a great many brave Sightly *Horſes* with Rich Trappings that were brought out one Day to the Courſe, and only *One Plain Nag* in the Company that made ſport for all the reſt. But when they came at laſt to Trial, *This* was the *Horſe* that ran the whole Field out of Diſtance, and Won the Race.

The MORAL.

Our Senſes are no competent Judges of the Excellencies of the Mind.

REFLECTION.

HE that judges by the Outſide, and pronounces upon the bare Appearance of Things, runs a great many Miſtakes in One; for there's Temerity, Folly, Pride, and Ill Nature in't; eſpecially where the Cenſure is accompany'd with Mockery and Scorn. 'Tis inhumane, at the beſt, to make ſport with one another's Infirmities, which in Honour and Chriſtianity we are bound to cover. But it is pleaſant enough then, if People will be putting themſelves upon a Trial of Skill, to ſee a Bantering Pretender made an Aſs by the very Man that he himſelf has mark'd out for a Coxcomb: Which is no other, in plain *Engliſh*, than a fair Appeal to the Company, which is the arranter Fool of the Two. In one Word, there's nothing lays a Man more open, than Laughing, out of meaſure, and out of ſeaſon. To inſtance in a Cavalier of my Acquaintance that was up to the Ears in love with a very fine Lady, that wanted neither Air, Shape, Dreſs, Quality, nor any other of thoſe charming Circumſtances to recommend her to any honeſt Man to play the fool withal. He had his Miſtreſs to a Comedy once, where ſhe was wonderfully pleas'd, but had the ill hap to *laugh* ſtill in the *wrong Place*. The Poor Man obſerv'd it, and his Fancy fell ſo ſick upon't, that the Fit went off immediately, and he was his own Man for ever after. This comes of Judging by the Eye, without conſulting the Reaſon of the Matter; and of ſetting our Hearts upon the Shape, Colour and External Beauty of Things, without any Regard to the Internal Excellence and Virtue of them. The *Plain Nag* here was like

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to have been laugh'd out of the Field, as well as out of Countenance, till he came upon the Trial to prove those to be *Jades themselves* that made *Sport* with him.

FAB. 340. A Country-man and a Kid.

A *Country-man* that was hamper'd in a *Law Suit*, had a near Friend and Kinsman, it seems, that was a *Lawyer*, and to him he went again and again, for Advice upon the Point; but he was still so busy, and busy, that he must come another time. The poor Fellow took a delicate Fat *Kid* with him next Bout; and the Lawyer's Clerk, upon hearing the Voice of it at Door, let the Man in, and carry'd him to his Master, where he laid open his Case, took his Opinion, made two Legs, one to the *Counsel* for *Receiving* of him, t'other to the *Kid* for *Introducing* him, and so went his Way.

The MORAL.

Money is a Passe-par-Tout.

REFLECTION.

'TIS with *Money* as 'tis with *Majesty*; all other Powers and Authorities cease while that's in place. *'Tis That which makes the Pot boil* (as the Proverb says) *though the Devil pis's in the Fire.* Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, Sisters, Relations, Friendships, are but empty Names of Things, and *Words Butter no Parsnips.* 'Tis Interest that governs the World, and the Rulers of it, Ecclesiastical as well as Civil; for it works in all Degrees and Qualities of Men; and we have learnt by Experience, that the *Pulpit* may be made to have a Feeling in the Case as well as the *Bar*. *Money*, in fine, is an universal *Passport*, and all Doors fly open to't. It answers all Objections, resolves all Scruples, and turns up what Religion *Trump*, it pleases. In one Word, *Quid Dabitis & Tradam?* may be the Motto of Corrupt Nature. This Fable was excellently well Moraliz'd by a Famous Counsel of our Times. One gave him a Fee of Forty Broad Pieces: He took 'em, and counted 'em (as *a Man may count Money after his Father*, they say.) Well, says he, Here are *Forty*

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Pieces, Pugnabo FORTITER. Make them *Ten more*, and *Pugnabo* FIFTITER. *In Forma Pauperis* is no good Lawyers *Latin*. Kindred are no welcome Clients, where the Nearneſs of Relation gives them a kind of Title to have Advice *Gratis*; but where the *Couſin* cannot prevail, the *Kid* muſt.

FAB. 341. A Weak Young Man and a Wolf.

A *Creeping Young Fellow* that had committed Matrimony with a brisk Gameſome Laſs, was ſo alter'd upon't in a few Days, that he was liker a *Sceleton* than a *Living Man*. He was Baſking himſelf one time in the Gleam of the Sun, and ſome Huntſmen paſs'd by him upon the Chaſe of a *Wolf* that led 'em that Way. Why, how comes it (ſays he) that you don't catch that *Wolf?* They told him, that he was too nimble for 'em. Well (ſays he) If my Wife had the Ordering of him, ſhe'd ſpoil his Footmanſhip.

The MORAL.

Marriage, they ſay, breeds Cares and Cuckolds.

REFLECTION.

FLESH and Blood is but Fleſh and Blood; and the Indulging of inordinate Appetites is the Ruin of Body, Soul, and Eſtate. This Fellow ſhould have conſulted the Circumſtances of his Conſtitution, before he made That deſperate Leap; for when a Man is plung'd into that irrevocable State of Miſery, he has but a cold Bus'neſs on't to comfort himſelf with a Jeſt. And 'twas but a meaſuring Caſt at laſt neither, whether he meant his Wife ſhould have to do with the *Wolf* in *One* Senſe, or the *Wolf* with his *Wife* in *Another*.

FAB. 342. A Lad Robbing an Orchard.

AN Old Fellow took a *Boy* Robbing his *Orchard*. Sirrah (ſays he) come down the Tree, and don't ſteal my Apples. The *Lad* never minded him, but went on with his Work. Well (ſays the Maſter of the Ground)

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Ground) they ſay there are Charms in Herbs as well as in Words, and ſo he threw a Handful of Graſs at him; which was ſo ridiculous, that the Young Thief took the Old Man to be Mop'd. But in Concluſion, if neither Words, nor Herbs will do, ſays he, I'll try what may be done with Stones; for they ſay there's Vertue in Them too; and that Way he did his Work.

The MORAL.

Thoſe that will not be reclaim'd by Inſtruction, muſt be brought to a Senſe of their Duty by Feeling.

REFLECTION.

A Wiſe Man in all Controverſies, will try what may be done by Fair Means, before he comes to Foul: And where the One fails, the Other will certainly do the Work. The Fear of Hell does a great deal towards the keeping of us in our Way to Heaven; and if it were not for the Penalty, the Laws neither of God, nor of Man, would be obey'd; there would have been a Charm in Wood as well as in Stones, if the little Thief had but been ſoundly drubb'd with a good honeſt Cudgel: For where Conſcience and Argument will do no good, Puniſhment muſt: But as it is the Sureſt, ſo the Good Man here made it the Laſt Remedy.

FAB. 343. A Nightingale and a Hawk.

AS a *Nightingale* was Singing in a Buſh, down comes a Raſcally *Kite* of a *Sparrow-Hawk*, and whips her off the Bough: The Poor Wretch pleaded for her ſelf, that alas! her Little Carcaſs was not worth the while, and that there were bigger Birds enough to be found. Well, ſays the *Hawk*, but am I ſo mad, d'ye think, as to part with a Little Bird that I have, for a Great One that I have not? Why then, ſays ſhe, I'll give you a delicate Song for my Life: No, no, ſays the *Hawk*, I want for my Belly, not for my Ears.

The MORAL.

A Bird in the Hand is worth Two in the Buſh.

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REFLECTION.

THIS Fable carries Three Morals. *1ſt*, That we are not to part with a Certainty for an Uncertainty. *2dly*, That Men of Appetite are not mov'd by any Conſideration of Virtue. *3dly*, That Things of Uſe and Neceſſity, are to be preferr'd before Matters meerly of Delight and Pleaſure.

The *Nightingale* in the Foot of the *Hawk*, is the Caſe of many an innocent Creature in the Hands of Juſtice, when the very Equity of the Law bends under the Weight of an over-ruling Rigour. The Belly has no Ears, and ſo there's no charming of it. Arguments againſt Power, are but Wind, when Reaſon draws one Way, and Appetite another. There's no moving of any Creature contrary to the Nature of it. *Hang 'em all up*, (ſays a pleaſant Droll, upon *Venner*'s Riſing) *they are not worth the Begging*. 'Tis a Piece of State-Policy ſometimes, to let the Poor and the Friendleſs go to Pot; nay, and to reckon the Execution of 'em among the Triumphs of Juſtice too. There is This farther in't beſides; that the uttermoſt Severity upon Thoſe that have not wherewithal to bid for their Lives, raiſes the Price of the Market upon thoſe that have; and enhances the Value of the Deliverance, or, in plain *Engliſh*, of the Pardon. The poor *Nightingale* had nothing to give, that the *Hawk* car'd for, and ſo ſhe dy'd, in truth, becauſe *ſhe was not worth the Begging*.

FAB. 344. A Lion and a Hog.

A *Lion* that found it extreme irkſome to live Alone, gave the Beaſts of the Foreſt to underſtand, that he was reſolv'd to make choice of ſome or other of his Subjects for a *Friend* and *Companion*. There was a mighty Buſtle, who ſhould be the Favourite, and the Wonder of all the reſt: The *Lion* pitch'd upon a *Hog*: For, ſays the *Lion*, he is True and Faithful to his Friend, and will ſtand by him in all Times and Hazards.

The MORAL.

A True Friend can ne'er fail of being a Loyal Subject: And That's the Man that a Brave Prince will make choice of for a Particular Favourite.

RE-

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REFLECTION.

SOLITUDE is againſt Nature; but Ill Company is worſe than None. So that Life is not Life without the Bleſſing of a friendly and an edifying Converſation. The Difficulty only reſts in Choice; wherein the *Lion* here has taken his right Meaſures: That is to ſay, he has made a True Judgment of the Matter: For he only deſerves the Character of a *Friend*, that's Proof againſt all *Trials* and *Temptations*, either of *Profit* or *Loſs*.

FAB. 345. A Gnat and a Bee.

A *Gnat* that was half Starv'd with Cold and Hunger, went out one *Froſty* Morning to a *Bee-Hive*, to beg a Charity; and offer'd to Teach Muſick in the *Bee's Family*, for her Diet and Lodging. The *Bee* very civilly deſir'd to be excus'd: For, ſays ſhe, I bring up all my Children to my own Trade, that they may be able to get their Living another Day by their Induſtry.

The MORAL.

Lazy Beggars that can work and will not, have ſcarce a Right to Common Charity: And this Miſery befalls them for want of an Induſtrious Education.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a neceſſary Piece of Providence, in the Inſtitution of our Children, to Train them up to ſomewhat in their Youth, that may honeſtly entertain them in their Age. If the *Bee* had taken the Neceſſities of the *Gnat* into her Conſideration, as ſhe did the Profeſſion, ſhe would have thought her ſelf bound in Tenderneſs and good Nature, according to the Moral of the Fable, to have contributed to her Relief: But the Streſs is rather to be laid upon a Preference of an Education of Induſtry, to That of Pleaſure; and to ſhew, that we are in the firſt Place to conſult the Neceſſities of Life, rather than Matters of Ornament and Delight.

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FAB. 346. A Lion, Ass, and Hare.

UPon the breaking out of a War betwixt the Birds and the Beasts, the *Lion* summon'd all his Subjects from Sixteen to Sixty, to appear in Arms, at such a certain Time and Place, upon Pain of his high Displeasure; and there were a World of *Asses* and *Hares* at the Rendezvouz among the Rest. Several of the Commanders were for turning 'em off, and discharging 'em, as Creatures utterly unfit for Service. Do not mistake your self (says the *Lion*) the *Asses* will do very well for *Trumpeters*, and the *Hares* will make Excellent *Letter-Carriers*.

The MORAL.

God and Nature made nothing in vain. There is no Member of a Political Body so Mean and Inconsiderable, but it may be useful to the Publick in some Station or other.

REFLECTION.

THERE's nothing so great as not to stand in need of many Things, in common Appearance the most Contemptible: And there is nothing again, so despicable, but that at some Time, or in some Case or other, it may be of Use and Service to us. 'Tis true, that one Thing is preferable to another, in some Sort, or in some Respect; but 'tis true withal, that every distinct Being has somewhat peculiar to it self, to make good in one Circumstance what it wants in another. It is the Ignorance of the Nature of Things, that makes us despise, even the Meanest of Creatures. All Things are created Good in their several Kinds, as all Things severally are subservient in some Degree or other, to the Beauty, the Order, and the Well-being of the Whole. That which we find in the Course of Nature, holds likewise in Governments, where the Lowest has its Post allotted as well as the Highest. All Created Beings, in fine, are the Works of Providence and Nature, that never did any Thing in vain. And the Moral of this Parable of the *Lion*, the *Ass*, and the *Hare*, runs through the Universe; for there are *Hares*, *Lions* and *Asses* in Kingdoms and Common-wealths, as well as in Fields and in Forests: And the Drift of this Figure holds good in all the Parts of the Creation.

FAB.

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FAB. 347. Pigeons Reconcile the Hawks.

THere happen'd a Bloody Civil War once among the *Hawks*; and what did the poor peaceable, innocent *Pigeons*, but in pure Pity, and good Nature, ſend their Deputies and Mediators to do the beſt they could to make 'em Friends again: So long as this Feud laſted, they were ſo intent upon killing one another, that they minded nothing elſe; but no ſooner was the Quarrel taken up among themſelves, than they fell to their old Sport again of Deſtroying the *Pigeons*. This brought them to a Sight of their Error, and to underſtand the Danger of uniting a Common Enemy to their own Ruin.

The MORAL.

Good Men are never ſafe but when Wicked Men are at Odds. So that the Diviſions of the One, are the Security of the Other.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a hard Matter in this Caſe to reconcile Policy and good Nature; or to bring a plain-dealing Innocence into a Conſiſtency with neceſſary Prudence: For Singleneſs of Mind paſſes in the World for want of Brains; and where Knavery is in Credit, Honeſty is ſure to be a Drug; but every Man muſt ſtand or fall to his own Conſcience, and ſo divide the Matter, as neither to offend Chriſtian Charity, nor Civil Diſcretion. The Bleſſing that is pronounc'd upon the *Peace-Makers*, does not extend to thoſe Caſes, where the Effect of the Peace ſhall be the Ruin of the Reconcilers. 'Tis dangerous parting a Fray, whether it be Jeſt or Earneſt; for there are Sham-Quarrels as well as Bloody Ones: In the One a Man runs the Riſque of his Hat or his Cloak; in the Other, of his Life. We have liv'd to ſee this Fable remarkably Moraliz'd among our ſelves upon the like Occaſion; for ſtill as the Common Enemy were at Variance, we had a Sort of *Peace-making Pigeons* that would needs be reconciling them, though the only Security they had under the Sun, was their Diviſions.

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FAB. 348. A Woman that brought a Fire into the House.

THE Question was put to an honest Man newly marry'd, What might be the Meaning of his New Bride's bringing a *Torch* out of her *Father*'s House into her *Husband*'s? Why this, says he; I have eas'd my Father-in-law of a Fire-brand, to set my own House in a Flame.

The MORAL.

A Contentious Woman puts all into a Flame, wherever she comes.

REFLECTION.

THIS *Torch* may be an Allusion either to *Strife*, and *Contention*, or to the *Profusion* and *Consumption* of the *Husband*'s *Estate*. 'Tis to be hop'd, that there are Shrews, and wasteful Women enow in the World, to answer this Moral both Ways.

FAB. 349. A Corrupt Officer.

A Certain Governour of a Province that had a long Time Pill'd, and Oppress'd the People under his Charge, was call'd to Account in the Conclusion for Receiving of Bribes; and sentenc'd to Refund what he had wrongfully Taken. He came as unwillingly to the Point, as a Bear to the Stake, which gave Occasion to some Body's saying, that it was with this Man and his Money, as it is with Women and their Children; He was well enough pleased in the Getting of it; but it went to the very Heart of him when he Parted with it.

The MORAL.

Great Officers are but like Sponges; they suck 'till they are full, and when they come once to be squeez'd, the very Heart's Blood of them come away with their Money.

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REFLECTION.

IF Men could but ſeparate the Profit, and the Pleaſure of their Sins from the Sin it ſelf, and keep the Former, when they renounce the Other, what a Number of Penitents ſhould we have in this Wicked World! But the Doctrine of Satisfaction and Reſtitution lies ſo curſedly hard upon the Gizzards of our Publicans, that the Blood in their Veins is not half ſo dear to 'em as the Treaſure they have in their Coffers. The Man and the Money are in this Caſe as good as incorporated, and Fining is little leſs than Flaying him: But Juſtice however finds him out; and this, in few Words, is the Sum of the Moral. Avarice is as hard to part with any Thing, as it is eager to get it. When a Man is once in Poſſeſſion of an ill-gotten Eſtate *de Facto*, he never troubles his Head with the *de Jure* of the Queſtion; but looks upon the Propriety of what he has gotten by Rapine, to be transferr'd to him by Providence: The Money in ſhort, had chang'd the Maſter, and he'd rather part with an Eye out of his Head, than with a Peny out of his Coffers.

FAB. 350. An Old Man that was willing to put off Death.

THere goes a Story that *Death* call'd upon an *Old Man*, and bad him come along with him. The Man excus'd himſelf, that T'other World was a great Journey to take upon ſo ſhort a Warning, and begg'd a little Time only to make his Will before he dy'd. Why (ſays *Death*) you have had Warning enough, one would think, to have made ready before this. In truth, ſays the *Old Man*, this is the firſt Time that ever I ſaw ye in my whole Life. That's falſe, ſays *Death*; for you have had daily Examples of Mortality before your Eyes, in all People of all Sorts, Ages, and Degrees; and is not the frequent Spectacle of other Peoples Deaths, a *Memento* ſufficient to make you think of your Own? Your Dim and Hollow Eyes, methinks, the Loſs of your Hearing, and the Faltering of the Reſt of your Senſes, ſhould mind ye, without more ado, that Death has laid hold of ye already: And

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And is this a Time of Day, d'ye think, to ſtand ſhuffling it off ſtill? Your Peremptory Hour, I tell ye, is now come, and there's no Thought of a Reprieve in the Caſe of Fate.

The MORAL.

Want of Warning is no Excuſe in the Caſe of Death: For every Moment of our Lives, either Is, or Ought to be a Time of Preparation for't.

REFLECTION.

'TIS the great Buſ'neſs of Life to fit our ſelves for our End; and no Man can live well, that has not Death in his Eye.

'Tis a ſtrange Mixture of Madneſs and Folly in one Soleciſm, for People to ſay or imagine that ever any Man was taken out of this World without Time to prepare himſelf for Death: But the Delay of Fitting our ſelves is our own Fault, and we turn the very Sin into an Excuſe: Every Breath we draw is not only a Step towards Death, but a Part of it. It was born with us, it goes along with us: It is the Only conſtant Companion that we have in this World, and yet we never think of it any more than if we knew nothing on't. The Text is true to the very Letter, that *we Die Daily*, and yet we feel it not. Every Thing under the Sun reads a Lecture of Mortality to us. Our Neighbours, our Friends, our Relations, that fall every where round about us, admoniſh us of our Laſt Hour; and yet here's an Old Man, on the wrong Side of Fourſcore perhaps, complaining that he's ſurpriz'd.

FAB. 351. A Miſer and his Bags.

A *Covetous Rich Churl* finding himſelf at the Point of Death, caus'd his Coffers to be brought up, and his Bags laid before him. You and I, ſays he, muſt part, and I would willingly bequeath ye to Thoſe that will take moſt Delight in ye. Why then, ſay the *Bags*, you muſt devide us betwixt your Heirs, and the Devils. Your Heirs will have Drink and Whores for your Money, and the Devils will be as well

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vell pleas'd on the other hand, that they are to have our Soul for't.

The MORAL.

The Money of a Miser is the last Friend he takes his Leave of in this World.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a great deal of Pains that some People take to give others Satisfaction, and to torment themselves. But this verifies the Old Proverb, *Happy is the Son whose Father goes to the Devil:* For ill-gotten Goods and Estates are commonly squander'd away with as little Conscience as they were rak'd together. There goes a Canker along with them, when over and above the Iniquity of the Extortion and Oppression, the Blood of so many Widows and Orphans cries to Heaven for Vengeance. Now a less generous Chuff than this in the Fable, would have hugg'd his Bags to the last, and have envy'd that Satisfaction to his Heirs, which he himself could enjoy no longer. But it was his Care to transmit to his Posterity a Curse with his Money, and to bequeath them the Sin in the inordinate Love of Riches, together with his Treasure.

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THE FABLES OF POGGIUS.

FAB. 352. Industry and Sloth.

ONE was asking a Lazy Young Fellow, what made him lie in Bed ſo long? Why (ſays he) I am hearing of Cauſes every Morning; that is to ſay, I have two Laſſes at my Bed-ſide, ſo ſoon as ever I wake. Their Names are *Induſtry* and *Sloth*; One bids me get up; the other bids me lie ſtill; and ſo they give me Twenty Reaſons why I ſhould Riſe, and why I ſhould not. 'Tis the part in the mean time of a Juſt Judge to hear what can be ſaid on both Sides; and before the Cauſe is over, 'tis time to go to Dinner.

The MORAL.

We ſpend our Days in Deliberating what to do, and we end them without coming to any Reſolution.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable does naturally enough ſet forth an Expoſtulation betwixt Reaſon and Appetite, and the Danger of running out our Lives in dilatory Deliberations, when we ſhould be rather Up and be Doing. In all theſe Caſes, 'tis odds that the Paradox carries it againſt the true Reaſon of the Thing; for we are as partial to our Corruptions, as if our Underſtanding were of Counſel for our Frailties, and manage Diſputes of this kind, as if

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f we had a mind to be overcome. The *Sluggard*'s Caſe in this Fable, is the Caſe of Mankind in all the Duties of a virtuous nd a well-govern'd Life, where Judgment and Conſcience all us one way, and our Luſts hurry us another. We ſpend ll our Days upon frivolous *Preliminaries*, without ever com-ng to a Reſolution upon the main Points of our Bus'neſs. We *will*, and we *will not*, and then we *will not* again, and we *will*. At this rate we run our Lives out in Adjournments from time to time out of a fantaſtical Levity that holds us *off and on*, *betwixt Hawk and Buzzard*, as we ſay, to keep us brom bring-ing the Matter in queſtion to a final Iſſue.. And yet we know well enough what we ought to do, and what not, if we would but take the Light of reaſonable Nature for our Guide, and hearken to the Counſellor that every Man carries in his own Breaſt. But Men in the general, are either too lazy to ſearch out the Truth, or too partial, in favour of a ſenſual Appetite, to take notice of it when they had found it. They had rather be taſting the Eaſe and the Pleaſures of Life, than reforming the Errors and the Vices of it. Does not the Voluptuary underſtand in all the Liberties of a looſe and a lewd Converſation, that he runs the riſque both of Body and Soul on the one hand, and oppoſes all the Bleſſings that attend the Duties of Virtue and Sobriety on the other? Does not the ambitious, the envious, and the revengeful Man know very well, that the Thirſt of Blood, and Affectation of Dominion by Violence and Oppreſſion, is a moſt Diabolical Outrage upon the Laws of God and Nature, and upon the common Well-being of Mankind? But theſe People are *Hearing Cauſes* too, with our *Sing-a-bed* in the *Apologue*; that is to ſay, deliberating betwixt Paſſion and Conſcience, till in the End, they are call'd away, whether to *Dinner* or to *Death*, it makes no matter, for the Moral is ſtill the ſame.

FAB. 353. A Cock and a Fox.

A *Fox* ſpy'd a *Cock* at Rooſt with his *Hens* about him. Why how, my Friend, ſays *Reynard*, What makes you upon a Tree there? Your Bus'neſs lies upon the *Terra Firma*, and a *Cock* in the *Air* is out of his Element, methinks. But you don't hear the News perhaps, and it is certainly true: There's a General

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Peace concluded among all Living Creatures, and not one of them to presume, upon Pain of Life and Limb, directly or indirectly, to hurt another. The Blessedest Tidings in the World, says the *Cock*; and at the same time he stretches out his Neck, as if he were a looking at somewhat a great way off. What are you Peering at? says the *Fox*. Nothing, says t'other, but a Couple of Great Dogs yonder, that are coming this Way, Open-Mouth, as hard as they can drive. Why then, says *Reynard*, I fancy I'd e'en best be Jogging. No, no, says the *Cock*, the General Peace will secure you: Ay, quoth the *Fox*, so it will; but if these Roguy Curs should not have heard of the *Proclamation*, my Coat may come to be Pink'd yet for all that. And so away he scamper'd.

The MORAL.

In all the Liberties of Sharping and Tricking one upon another, there must still a Regard be had to the Punctilio's of Honour and Justice.

REFLECTION.

THIS is to tell us, that in some Cases one Nail must be driven out with another; and the deceiving of the Deceiver doubles the Pleasure. 'Tis a hard matter to make a false Man and a false Tale consist with themselves; and when they come to interfere, the Reason and the Argument of the Case returns upon the Head of the Impostor: So that it requires great Care and Skill for a Man that has a dark and a double Design upon another, to keep clear of clashing with his own Reasonings. Wherefore Parasites and Liers had need of good Memories. A *General Peace* would have secur'd the *Fox* as well as the *Cock*: But if the *Fox* would not stand the *Dogs*, the *Cock* had no reason to venture himself with the *Fox*. All People that are perfidious, either in their Conversation, or in their Kind, are naturally to be suspected in Reports that favour their own Interest; and when they can make nothing else on't, they find it the best of their Play to put it off with a Jest.

'Tis a common thing for captious People, and Double-Dealers, to be taken in their own Snares; as for the Purpose in the matter of Power, Policy, the Fundamentals, and the Maxims

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xirris of Government, &c. How many are there that limit Sovereignty in one Case to strain it in another, and so handle the same Question *Pro* and *Con*, at the same time? Government is to be Bounded, when it may serve one turn, and Absolute, when it may serve another. Insomuch that for want of Presence of Thought, Men affirm what they deny, and deny what they affirm, and run counter to themselves. If Sovereign Power cannot dispense, 'tis ty'd up, they cry; and if it may be ty'd up, 'tis no longer Sovereign Power; for that which Tyes it up, is Above it. At this Rate, one Doctrine interferes with another, and the very Foundation of Reason and Government sinks at last into a Paradox. When the *Fox* brings Tidings of a Peace, and preaches upon the Subject to the *Poultry*, Beware the *Geese*. Your *Foxes* Acts of *Amnesty* are no other than the old State-Politicks I know not how many Years ago. They pardon all in general, in the Beginnings; those that ought to be Hang'd, in the middle; and not one Honest Man in the Conclusion. So that 'tis Ten to One, the *Cock* was Excepted in the Proclamation; and that tho' the *Dogs* were not allow'd so much as to lick their Lips at a *Fox* upon their utmost Peril, *Reynard* had gotten a Proviso for Himself, yet to carry on his old Trade among the Lambs and the Poultry still. This is the Method of all popular Shams, when the Multitude are to be led by the Noses into a Fool's Paradise. The *State-Foxes* tell 'em what golden Days are now a coming. When *Every Man shall sit under his own Vine, and Eat the Fruit of his own Fig-Tree:* How Trade and Religion shall flourish, and the People in short keep Holy Day all the Year long. These are fine Words, but the *Fox*'s Bus'ness upon the Upshot, is only the Cramming his own Gut, without any Respect to the Publick.

FAB. 354. A Taylor and his Wife.

THere happen'd a Grievous Quarrel once betwixt a *Taylor* and his *Wife*. The Woman in contempt of his Trade, call'd her Husband *Pricklouse*; he gave her a Box o'th' Ear for't, which serv'd only to make her more outragious. When this would do no good, he set her up to the Chin in a *Horse-Pond*; but so long as her Tongue was at liberty, there was not a Word to be got from her, but the same Nick-Name in Derision over and

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and over again. Well (says he to himself) there's no way, I perceive, to quiet this Woman, but by stopping of her Mouth; and so he had her Duck'd next bout over Head and Ears. When she was under Water, and could call him *Prickloufe* no longer with her Lips, she held up her Hands over her Head, and did it with her Thumbs by the Knicking of her Nails; and when he saw that once, he was e'en glad to give her over.

The MORAL.

The last Two Things that die in an Impetuous Woman, are her Tongue and her Stomach, when she cannot have her Will.

REFLECTION.

'TIS the Fortune of many an honest harmless Man, to have this Fable Moraliz'd to him under his own Roof; but the better any thing is in its Perfection, the worse is the Corruption of it; as there's nothing more *Fetid* than a *Rotten Egg*. 'Tis the same thing betwixt a Temperate and an Impetuous Woman. Tempests and Sea-Breaches are nothing to her. There's no Place for Reasoning with her, neither is there any thought of curing her Will, by applying to her Body. But now for the Honour, and (in some sort) the Comfort of that Fair Sex, they don't suffer alone under the Scandal of this Figure; for Men have their violent Passions and Transports as well as *Women*, and Passions much more dangerous too than the other. The *Taylor's Wife* was only a *good hearty Shrew* under the Impotency of an Unruly Waspish Humour; *She would have her Will, ay marry would she*, and that was all the Harm in't. But 'tis another manner of Bus'ness when Men come once to be transported out of the Government of themselves, and beyond the Use of their Reason. Their Violences are mortal and outrageous, even to the Ruin of Kingdoms, Commonwealths, Families, Persons, *&c.* and like a Torrent, they bear down all before them, Friends, Relations, the common Principles of Religion and Nature, or whatever else stands in their Way. Nay, they make it a Point of Honour to be firm to their Wickedness, and with the *Old Covenant* in their Mouths, to Live and Die *Impenitent*. They'll do all the Mischief in fine that they can; and when they can do no more, they'll be troubled at it, and call *Prickloufe* with their Thumbs still, when they can do't no longer with their Tongues.

FAB.

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FAB. 355. A Woman Drown'd.

AN unfortunate Woman happen'd to be Drown'd, and her poor Husband was mightily in Pain to id out the Body; ſo away he goes along the Bank to the Courſe of the River, asking all he met ſtill they could tell him any Tidings of the Body of his ear Wife, that was overturn'd in a Boat at ſuch a ace below. Why, if you'd find your Wife, they y'd, you muſt look for her down the Stream. No, o, ſays the Man, my Wife's Will carried her againſt Vind and Tide all the Days of her Life; and now e's dead, which Way ſoever the Current runs, ſhe'll ſure to be againſt it.

The MORAL.

he Spirit of Contradiction in a croſs-grain'd Woman is incurable.

REFLECTION.

THIS falls hard upon the deſperate Obſtinacy of ſome Vomen; and the Freak of the Conceit does not yet derogate om the Uſefulneſs of the Fable. The Analogy is Pleaſant id Pertinent enough, betwixt a living Croſſneſs of Humour, id Oppoſition to the ordinary Courſe and Reaſon of Things, id the Fancy of a dead Boy ſwimming againſt the Stream. ind the Licence of couching the matter under this Figure, id of wording it after that manner, carries no Offence with either to Congruity or good Manners. Beſide, that the ery Turn and Point of the Illuſtration ſets a Mark upon't o be remember'd by: So that the Moral ſticks by us, and akes a deeper Root, when we call it to mind afterwards by uch or ſuch a Token.

There are ſome People that value themſelves upon being a kind of *Antipodes* to all Mankind, and in making other Mens Rules their Exceptions: Oppoſition and Contradiction is their Study and Delight. Now there's as much Pride and Vanity in ſetting up for the Ring-leader of a perverſe Practice, as in the Affectation of being the Firſt Broacher of an Heretical Opinion. Hence it comes, that half the Wit of the World is exercis'd upon *Paradox*; and that which we call *Good Humour*, is in truth but a ſort of *Slight of Hand* in Diſcourſe, or a

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Faculty of making Truths look like Appearances, or Appearances like Truths. Now this Gift of *Hocus Pocus*, and of Diſguiſing Matters, is ſo ſurpriſing and agreeable on the one hand, that it muſt of neceſſity be a very ſtrong Temptation to the Quitting of the Beaten Road on the other. Mankind was all caſt in the ſame Mould, made liable to the ſame Affections, enlightened with the ſame Principles, and we have all of us the ſame Rule to walk by; the ſame Duties incumbent upon us in this World, and the ſame Pretenſions to our Part in the next; inſomuch that whoever affects a fantaſtical Singularity of Croſſneſs to all his Fellows, he puts himſelf in ſome degree out of the Pale of a common Providence and Protection: Beſide, that the Evil is as incurable in the Man to whom it is become Habitual, as it was with the *Woman* here in this Fable.

FAB. 356. A Biſhop and a Curate.

A Certain *Country Curate* had a *Dog* that he had a mighty Kindneſs for; the poor Cur ſickens and dies; and his Maſter in Honour of his Memory gave him Chriſtian Burial. This came to the *Biſhop*'s Ear, who preſently ſent for the *Curate*, rattled him to ſome tune, with Menaces to the higheſt degree for bringing ſuch a Scandal upon the Function. My Lord (ſays the *Curate*) if your Lordſhip had but known the Underſtanding of this Dog both Living and Dying, and eſpecially how Charitable an End he made, you would not have grudg'd him a Place in the Church-yard among his *Fellow-Pariſhioners*. How ſo, ſays the *Biſhop*? Why, my Lord, ſays the *Curate*, when he found he was drawing home, he ſent for a *Notarius*, and made his Teſtament. *There's my poor Lord Biſhop in Want*, ſays he, *and it is my Will to leave him an Hundred Crowns for a Legacy*. He charg'd me to ſee it performed, and I have it here in a Purſe for your Lordſhip ready Counted. The Biſhop, upon the Receipt of the Money, gave the Prieſt Abſolution, and found it a very good Will, and a very Canonical Burial.

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The MORAL.

Money corrupts both Church and State.

REFLECTION.

THERE may be ill Men in Holy Orders, and the Lewdneſs of the Perſon does not at all derogate from the Sacredneſs of the Function. Avarice on the one hand, is an Encouragement as well as a Protection to Licentiouſneſs on the other, when People know before-hand, that *Money* will compound all Differences. Nay, and *Money is a Proteſtant* Reconciler too as well as a *Popiſh*, when Paſſion and Corruption come once to be authoriz'd under the venerable Cover of a Sacred Character; only the *Biſhop* abſolves Himſelf in the one Caſe, as he does the *Curate* in the other. So that *Money* upon the main, ſerves for the Touchſtone of common Honeſty, Faith, Law and Religion: The Devil holds the Scale, and Profit or Loſs is made the Standard of Goſpel or Hereſy. It pleads all Cauſes, defends all Titles, and turns Chriſtianity it ſelf into a Moot-Point. It ſets Texts together by the Ears, as well as Divines, and makes the Voice of God to be of more Authority in the Mouths of the Multitude, than the Oracles of Holy Writ. 'Tis the Idol that Men of all Ranks and Profeſſions bow to; Stateſ-men, Swordmen, Lawyers, Eccleſiaſticks, *&c.* there's hardly any thing in Nature that has the Heart to withſtand it; bating here and here ſome ſingular Exception perhaps, from a General Rule. What are Courts more than common Markets, where Men re bought and ſold in the One, as Beaſts are in the Other? The Captain Fights for his Pay, the Lawyer Pleads for his ee, no matter for the Conſcience of the Cauſe; the one's a oldier of Fortune he tells ye, the other's a Lawyer of Fortune; and for the Buſineſs of Right or Wrong, 'tis not one cruple of the Queſtion. 'Tis Money, in fine, that like the evil, makes Men Sail with all Winds, and ſets all Wheels -going. Nay the very Altar it ſelf ſcapes not the Almighty 'ower of ſo irreſiſtible a Temptation; for we are taught in his Fable, that an Epiſcopal Habit is not one jot better Proof gainſt Corruption, than a Colonel's Buff-Coat. 'Tis not a nctimonious Pretence, under a Pomp of Form and Title, ithout the Grace of an inward Affection and Integrity that ill ſerve the turn: The Articles of the Chriſtian Faith, and e Doctrine of our Bleſſed Lord and his Apoſtles, are to Day,

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and to Morrow, and the ſame for ever; not to be moulded and accommodated to every Turn of State, but to be held and kept inviolate as a ſtanding Rule of all Ages. There are no ſuch Worſhippers of the Devil, as the Buyers and Sellers of Souls; there's nothing they'll ſtick at; but ſhuffle, cant, juggle, ſwear back and forward like ſo many ſpiritual Knights of the Poſt; ſerve all Turns and all Gods, even tho' Paganism it ſelf ſhould turn up Trump: For this ſort of Proſtitutes ſteer all their Actions by the Compaſs of *Videret Utilitas*, and for the *Dog's Legacy* Abſolve the Devil himſelf, and with this beaſtly avaricious Biſhop, pronounce the blackeſt Sin in Hell to be as white as Snow.

FAB. 357. A Husband, Wife, and Ghoſtly Father.

A Man of Quality had gotten a peeviſh Contentious Woman to his *Wife*, that was obſerv'd to go every Day to *Confeſſion*; and her Buſineſs was not ſo much to diſcharge her Conſcience of her own Sins, as to tell Tales of her *Husband*. The *Holy Father* would be ever and anon Chiding and Admoniſhing the Cavalier, telling him, that if he would but come to *Confeſſion*, he doubted not but to make him and his Wife Friends again. The Gentleman ſaid, *Yes*, *he would*, and he went accordingly. The Good Man then bids the Penitent be ſure to Examine himſelf thoroughly, and leave nothing out: Alas, Father, ſays he, for that matter, there will be no need on't: For you have had all my Sins in Confeſſion from my Wife already, and a Thouſand times more, perhaps than ever I committed.

The MORAL.

Calumny is half the Buſineſs of a Bigot: Bitterneſs paſſes for Zeal, and our very Devotions are in effect but Libels againſt our Superiours.

REFLECTION.

THERE's no ſuch Cloak as Religion for all manner of Wickedneſs, and the Man is a ſtark Fool that cannot imp[illegible] up

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upon his Neighbour, when he has once got the Maſtery of his own Conſcience: There's no Evidence of our Thoughts, but our Works; and, if any Hypocrite can but conceal himſelf from the Eyes of his Companions, he never troubles his Head to conſider how Open he lies to the Searcher of his Heart. What was the Penitent's Confeſſion here, but a Cover for her Calumny? And her Husband's Way after that of giving the Holy Father to underſtand the Truth of the Matter, was a Turn pleaſant enough.

'Tis a Field of a huge Latitude that the Devil has to dance and to play his Gambols in, when he ſets himſelf to preach upon the Text of Religion and Conſcience. In the Troubles of King *Charles the Firſt*, what with Humiliations and Thankſgivings, ſeditious Lectures and Pulpit-Invectives, the People had hardly any other Buſineſs at Church, than to tell God Almighty Tales of their Sovereign: So that this unhappy Prince might have anſwer'd his *Confeſſarius*, upon the ſhift of an Auricular *Confeſſion*, as our Husband anſwer'd his here in the Fable, That *Others had done it for him, and told more than All beforehand.* This was the Method of their Proceedings towards him, thro' the whole Courſe of his Diſtreſſes, from the firſt Odious Remonſtrance, to the Laſt Execrable Stroke upon the Scaffold. They began with blaſting him in his Reputation; they took up Arms againſt him, hunted and purſu'd him; Seiz'd his Revenues and his Perſon, depos'd him from his Royal Dignity, Uſurp'd the Government to Themſelves, and under the colour of a Formality of Law, put him upon a Judicial Trial, and took away his Life. And not one Step did they ſet all this while in the whole Track of this Iniquity, without *Seeking the Lord* firſt, and *going up to enquire of the Lord*, according to the Cant of thoſe Days. Which was no other than to make God the Author of Sin, and to impute the Blackeſt Practices of Hell to the Inſpiration of the Holy Ghoſt.

FAB. 358. An Old Man and an Aſs.

AN *Old Man* and a *Little Boy* were driving an *Aſs* before 'em to the next Market to Sell. Why have you no more Wit (ſays One to the Man upon the Way, than you and your Son to Trudge it afoot, and let the *Aſs* go Light? So the Man ſet the

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Boy upon the *Aſs*, and Footed it himſelf. Why, Sirrah, ſays another after this, to the *Boy*, You Lazy Rogue you, muſt you Ride, and let your Ancient Father go a Foot? The Man upon this, took down his *Boy*, and got up *Himſelf*. D'ye ſee (ſays a Third) how the Lazy Old Knave Rides *Himſelf*, and the poor Little *Child* has much ado to Creep after him! The *Father*, upon this, took up his *Son* behind him. The next they met, ask'd the *Old Man* whether his *Aſs* were his Own or no? He ſaid Yes. Troth there's little Sign on't, ſays t'other, by your Loading him thus. Well, ſays the Fellow to himſelf, What am I to do now? For I am laugh'd at, if either the *Aſs* be empty, or if *One* of us Rides, or *Both*; and ſo in the Concluſion, he bound the *Aſs*'s Legs together with a Cord, and they try'd to Carry him to Market with a Pole upon their Shoulders betwixt them. This was Sport to every Body that ſaw it, inſomuch that the *Old Fellow* in great Wrath threw down the *Aſs* into a River, and ſo went his Way Home again. The *Good Man*, in fine, was willing to pleaſe Every Body, but had the ill Fortune to pleaſe No Body, and loſt his *Aſs* into the Bargain.

The MORAL.

He that reſolves not to go to Bed, 'till all the World is pleas'd, ſhall be troubled with the Head-Ach.

REFLECTION.

SO many Men, ſo many Minds; and this Diverſity of Thought muſt neceſſarily be attended with Folly, Vanity, and Error: For Truth is one and the ſame for ever, and the Sentence of Reaſon ſtands as firm as the Foundation of the Earth. So that no Man can be either happy or ſecure, that governs himſelf by the Humour and Opinion of the Common People. 'Tis a Thing utterly impoſſible to pleaſe All. And none but a Mad Man will endeavour to pleaſe thoſe that are divided among themſelves, and can never pleaſe one another. A wiſe, and an honeſt Man lives by Rule, and conſults the Conſcience of his Actions,

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Actions, without any Regard to Popular Applauſe. Did ever any Mortal yet in his right Wits, adviſe with the *Mobile* about the Government of his Life and Manners? (or which is all one, with the common and profeſt Enemies of Reaſon and Virtue:) Did ever any Creature make a Friend or Confident of them? Why ſhould we be ſollicitous then to be thought well of by thoſe, that no prudent good Man ever thought well of? They are all Paſſion and Fancy, without either Judgment or Moderation: They neither underſtand what they do, nor why; but act with a kind of *Impetus*, that knows neither Conſideration nor Conduct. So that 'tis in Truth, a Scandal, and an ill Sign to pleaſe them; but a worſe yet, for a Man to value himſelf upon the Reputation of a Popular Favour. What are their Affections, but violent Tranſports that are carried on by Ignorance and Rage? What are their Thoughts of Things, but Variety of incorrigible Error? And what are they themſelves in their own Nature, but a *Herd* rather than a *Society?* Their Humour is very happily ſet forth in this Fable; and ſo is the Vanity of the *Old Man*'s endeavouring to keep fair with them; for they are ſtill unſatisfy'd with the Preſent State of Things, and conſequently never to be pleas'd. Now if a Man had nothing elſe to do, but to fool away his Days in the Purſuit of Phantoms and Shadows, and then at laſt lie down in the Duſt like a Brute, without any Fear or Danger of an After Reckoning, the Care were taken; but for a Reaſonable Soul to poſtpone the moſt neceſſary Offices and Duties of Life, and to hazard the very Loſs even of Heaven it ſelf, in favour of a deprav'd Appetite: What has he to anſwer for, that ſhall be found guilty of ſo impious a Madneſs? The very Dog's not worth Hanging, that runs out at Check, and lets every Cackling Crow or Daw to divert him from his Game and Buſineſs. To conclude; A due Conſideration of the Vanities of the World will naturally bring us to the Contempt of it; and the Contempt of the World will as certainly bring us Home to our ſelves. This was the Caſe of the Poor Man here, when he had try'd this, and that, and t'other Experiment, he threw all his Cares and Follies, together with his Aſs, into the River: And then he was at Reſt.

FAB. 359. A Man dreamt he found Gold.

A Man fancy'd in his *Sleep* once, that he was carried by the Devil into a Field to dig for *Gold*,

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where he found Great Treaſure; ſo the Devil adviſed him not to take it away with him at preſent; but rather leave ſome particular Mark upon the Place, that he might find it another Time. What Mark? ſays the *Dreamer*. E'en down with your Breeches, quoth the Devil, and lay your Tail there: My Life for yours do but keep your own Counſel, and no Body will look for Gold in that Place. The Fellow did as he was bid, and when he wak'd, he found that his Dream was out.

The MORAL.

He that conſents to deal with the Devil for Money in his Sleep, 'tis to be fear'd he would do it Waking too, if it lay for his Hand.

REFLECTION.

IT is a *School Queſtion* how far a Man is anſwerable in many Caſes for his Dreams: Now here was a Deliberation, Diſcourſe, and Conſent: So that both the Underſtanding and the Will had their Parts in the Story: Where Avarice was at one End on't, 'twas no wonder that the Devil ſhould be at the other. But Men go to the Devil for Money Waking as well as Sleeping: Nay, and Men of all Sorts and Qualities too, from the Prince to the Beggar. Churchmen, Statesmen, Tradeſmen, Lawyers, and who not? And if all that go to Hell upon that Errand, ſhould beſhit the Sheets, there would be a World of Work for the Waſh-Women.

FAB. 360. A Country-Fellow and a Hog.

IN a Certain Country, where it was the Cuſtom for any Man that kill'd a *Hog*, to invite the Neighbourhood to Supper with him; a *Curmudgeonly-Fellow* that had a *Hog* to Kill, adviſed with one of his Companions, how he might ſave the Charge of that Supper. Why (ſays he) do but give it out to Morrow Morning that the *Hog* was ſtollen the Night before; ſet a good Face on't, and your Work is done. Away

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Away goes this Man Open-Mouth, next Morning, bawling it about that his *Hog* was ſtollen. *Right, right*, ſays his Comrade, *Roar it out as I bade you.* Ay, but ſays the *Hog-Merchant*, with damn'd Oaths and Imprecations, My *Hog* is ſtollen in Good Earneſt. *Upon my Life*, ſays t'other, *Thou do'ſt it rarely.* So the one *Swore on*, and the other *Fool'd on*, 'till in the Concluſion the Churl found he was Banter'd out of his *Hog*, for the *Hog* was ſtollen indeed.

The MORAL.

Penny Wiſe, and Pound Fooliſh.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a Point of Decency and Diſcretion for a Man to comply with the Common Cuſtom of the Place, where he Lives, over and above the Rules of good Neighbourhood and Society. So that the Old Hunks here was well enough ſerv'd to be trick'd out of a whole Hog for the Saving of his Puddings: And it was ſo much the better too, that he was of the Plot to the Fooling of himſelf, and his own Jeſt turn'd upon him in Earneſt: For he was caught in his own Snare, and met withal, as we ſay, in his own Kind. And we may make this farther Uſe on't. That an ill-natur'd Thrift is next Door to Squand'ring: He was Cheated, and he was Laugh'd at, and he deſerv'd both; for he made himſelf a Party to the Picking of his own Pocket, and the very Sham that he deſign'd upon his Neighbours was turned upon himſelf. The Frolick was pleaſant and pertinent enough, but the Conſcience of the Caſe is another Queſtion; though there's this to be ſaid for't; that it was one Fraud paid with another, and that he himſelf went half-way in't by his own Conſent. 'Twas with the *Man* and the *Hog*, as with the *Boy* and the *Wolf*; he would be crying *a Wolf, a Wolf*, when there was none, and then could not be believ'd when there was.

FAB. 361. A Florentine and a Horſe-Courſer.

A *Florentine* bought a *Horſe* for ſo many Crowns, upon Condition to pay Half down upon the Nail, and be a Debtor for the reſt; the *Horſe-Courſer* comes

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comes to the *Florentine* next Morning for the Remainder of the Money. Soft, ſays the *Florentine*, a *Bargain*'s a *Bargain*, My Contract was to be your Debtor for the reſt, and if I pay it, I'm no longer your Debtor.

The MORAL.

Conceits and Witticiſms pay no Scores.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable is only a ſilly Tale told for the Tale's ſake, without any farther Myſtery or Meaning that I can perceive in't. If the *Florentine* had been Drubb'd, or laid by the Heels for the Fallacy, or but Laugh'd at for the Conceit, it would have ſerv'd for a Caution to People how they trifle and play the *Tonies* betwixt Jeſt and Earneſt, in Matters of Common Honeſty, Good Faith and Buſineſs. Or it would have born a Moral, to diſcountenance the Levity of *Punning* and *Jingling*; and the Childiſh Humour of fooling with Mental Reſervations and Double Meanings. But as it is, I can find nothing more in't than a frothy, empty Story. It may ſerve however as a *Buoy* to keep People at a Diſtance, and give notice of a Shelf or a Flat. For the Sillineſs of taking Delight in this vulgar Way of Sophiſm, is to me as arrant an Indication of an Innocent, as a Bib and a Bauble. So that the Doctrine of a Thing done here, teaches us what we are not to do; that is to ſay, we are neither to meditate Fraudulent Contracts, nor to take Childiſh Colluſions in Converſation for Current Payment.

FAB. 362. A Chriſtian and a Pagan.

A *Chriſtian* and a *Pagan*, that had been Old Acquaintants and Fellow-Travellers, had ſeveral Diſcourſes upon the Way together, about Religion; and coming into *Italy*, the Chriſtian adviſed the *Infidel*, for his better Satisfaction, only to go to Maſs once, and then tell him what he thought on't. The *Pagan* accordingly went to Church, and being afterwards ask'd his Opinion of the Ceremonies and Solemnity of the Office, his Anſwer was, That he ſaw but

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but one Thing there that he diſlik'd; which was, that it look'd a little Uncharitable for one Man to Eat and Drink by himſelf, and all the reſt to look on.

The MORAL.

'Tis much with Opinion as it is with Taſte, we can no more command our Judgments than our Palates.

REFLECTION.

THE Poiſon of this Fable, in the Liberty of Jeſting with Holy Matters, would need an Antidote to go along with it, if it were not that it is a *Pagan*'s Conceit, and conſequently ſuitable enough to the Character and Humour of an Infidel, to have the Offices of Chriſtianity in Deriſion. If we take it by that Handle it may ſerve for a Reproof to thoſe among our ſelves, (as we have but too many of them) that take the ſame Freedom of ſcoffing at Religion, and Religious Rites and Ceremonies. Theſe People paſs in the World under the Name of Chriſtians, but in their Hearts and Manners they are little better than *Pagans:* The Frolick of a Merry Word goes farther with them, than the Conſcience of their Profeſſion, and if they can but elude the Dint of a pinching Conviction by ſome trivial Jeſt, the Conceit they think attones for the Wickedneſs.

FAB. 363. An Aſs taught Grammar.

THere was a bold undertaking Pedant, wager'd his Neck againſt a certain Sum of Money, that in Ten Years time he would teach an *Aſs* to *Write*, *Read*, and *Chop Logick*. His Friends call'd him a Thouſand Mad-men for caſting away his Life upon ſo abſolute an Impoſſibility. Pray, Gentlemen, (ſays the Undertaker) have but a little Patience; for 'tis odds, that before the Term's out, either the *Prince* Dies (that's a Party to the Contract) or the *Aſs* Dies, or the *Adventurer* Dies, and then the Danger's over.

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The MORAL.

Colluſion without Malice is, in many Caſes, not only Laudable but neceſſary.

REFLECTION.

THERE are ſome Caſes wherein a Man may juſtify ſome ſort of Shuffling and Evading, without any Offence to Honour or Good Faith; as in a Caſe for the Purpoſe, where the gaining of Time may be as much as a Man's Life or Eſtate is worth. *Some Men* are but one Remove from *ſome Aſſes*, and the Difficulty of teaching the one, is next Door to the Impoſſibility of teaching the other. The very Propoſition is a *Whimſie* pleaſant enough, to ſhew the Vanity of attempting to make a Philoſopher of a Blockhead: Neither is it of a Quality to be underſtood according to the Letter. So that in ſuch a Caſe, if a Man can but ſave himſelf by a Shift, or a Figure, 'tis all that can be deſir'd; and the Conditions naturally implied, fall within the fair Equity of the Queſtion. There are certain Bounds and Terms of Raillery that may very well ſtand with the Rules of Honeſty and Good Manners; that is to ſay, where the Liberty carries neither Malice, Saucineſs, nor Ill-nature along with it: And the diſcreet Manage of ſuch a ſort of Freedom, betwixt Jeſt and Earneſt, ſeaſons the Entertainment of an agreeable Converſation. We ſhould ſay to ourſelves in all our Diſtreſſes upon the Apprehenſion of Temporal Difficulties to come, as this *Pedant* in the Fable did to his Relations and Companions; Let it be Bondage, Loſs of Friends, Beggary, Baniſhment, nay Death itſelf, [*This or that may intervene.*] It is an unaccountable Weakneſs for a Man to put himſelf upon the Torture at preſent for fear ſomebody elſe ſhould Torment him Seven Years hence. Is it not enough for us to be miſerable when the Time comes, unleſs we make ourſelves ſo beforehand, and by Anticipation? When we have gone as far as Conſcience, Honour, Induſtry, and Human Prudence can carry us toward the preventing, or the averting of the Danger that threatens us, we are to remit the reſt to Providence, and wait the good Pleaſure of Heaven with Patience, Humility, and Reſignation. This Man was to die at Ten Years end, unleſs he could bring to paſs a Thing impoſſible. Now ſooner or later, (and which of the Two is uncertain) we are all of us to die. Why are we not as ſollicitous now for the Certainty of the Thing, as for the Appointment of the Time, when a Thou-

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Thouſand Accidents may interpoſe to divert the one, and the other is wholly inevitable?

FAB. 364. A Prieſt and Epiphany.

TO Morrow (ſays the *Curate*) is to be celebrated the Feaſt of *Epiphany*; I do not know whether the Saint be a Man or a Woman; but the Day however is to be obſerv'd with great Solemnity.

The MORAL.

The Silline ſs of the Perſon does not at all derogate from the Dignity of his Character and Commiſſion.

REFLECTION.

THIS is a dry Fable, and there's nothing to be gotten out of it but by ſqueezing. It may paſs however with a little Force, for a Reproach upon the Ignorance of many People in their own Trade, provided always that there be no Reflection upon the Profeſſion itſelf, which is but too much the Practice of looſe Men and of Troubleſome Times; as if the Commiſſion were to blame for the Perſon's ſake that abuſes it. There are Men of all ſorts, Good and Bad, in all Functions and Societies: And the Order, or the Office, is never the worſe for the Failings of an Ill, or a weak Man that has the Execution of it. It was well turn'd by Mr. *Selden* upon an Alderman in the Long-Long Parliament, on the Subject of Epiſcopacy. Mr. Speaker, ſays the Alderman, *There are ſome Clamours againſt ſuch and ſuch of the Prelates, that we ſhall never be quiet till we have no more Biſhops.* Mr. *Selden* upon this, informs the Houſe, what grievous Complaints there were for High Miſdemeanors againſt ſuch and ſuch Aldermen, and therefore, ſays he, by a Parity of Reaſon, it is my Humble Motion that we may have no more Aldermen. Here was the Fault transferr'd to the Office, which is a dangerous Error; for not only Government, but Human Society itſelf may be diſſolved by the ſame Argument, if the Frailties or Corruptions of particular Men ſhall be reveng'd upon the whole.

FAB.

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FAB. 365. A Tavern Reckoning paid with a Song.

A Hungry Traveller ſtept into an Eating-Houſe for his Dinner, and when he had filled his Belly, mine Hoſt brought him his Reckoning. Well, ſays the Traveller, I muſt e'en pay you with a Song now; for I have not one Penny of Money. Pother told him in ſhort, that his Buſineſs was Money, not Muſick. But what if I ſhould give you a *Song* yet, that ſhall Content you? (ſays the Man again) Will you not take that for Satisfaction? Yes, ſays the Victualler, If I like it. So he fell to ſinging I know not how many Songs, one after another; but the Maſter told him in one Word, that Songs would pay no Scores where he had to do. Well (ſays the Songſter) let me try but once more now, and I ſhall go near to fit ye. So he took out his Purſe as if he would open it, and at the ſame time ſung him a Song with this *Bob* to't, *Out with your Purſe and pay your Hoſt.* How d'ye like this now? (ſays the Traveller!) Oh very well, ſays mine Hoſt. Why I thought I ſhould fit you at laſt with a Song that would pleaſe you, quoth the other, and ſo he went away.

The MORAL.

There are ſome ways of Fooling, that do the Buſineſs of Skill and Addreſs.

REFLECTION.

THE Conceited Sharper here in the Fable, ſets forth the Humour and Character of the Spunging Buffoons that a Man meets every Day in his Porridge-Diſh; that is to ſay, in Courts, and at Great Mens Tables, as well as elſewhere. Theſe ſame Jac-Pudding Smell-Feaſts are certainly the moſt Deſpicable Creatures under the Sun, unleſs perhaps their Patrons that protect and encourage them may be the more Contemptible Wretches of the two. They make Fooling their

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Bus'neſs and their Livelihood, and live like *Izeland Shocks*, by ſhewing Tricks for Bread. They turn Converſation into a direct Farce: Their Wit is either Scurrilous or Frothy, which they manage at ſuch a rate, as if Human Reaſon were a Faculty only to make Sport withal.

FAB. 366. A Frier, a Laick, and a Wolf.

A Certain *Mendicant* (one of thoſe that beg in the Name of St. *Anthony*) contracted with a Country-Fellow for ſuch a Quantity of Corn to Enſure his Sheep and his Husbandry for that Year. The Man depended ſo abſolutely upon his Security, that he e'en left the Sheep to look after themſelves; and the Wolf pick'd up I know not how many of them. This paſt on till the Holy Brother came for his next Year's Proviſion. Yes, ſays the Clown, You're a Truſty Spark indeed, to take Charge of my Sheep, and then let the *Wolf* eat them all up; your Promiſes are not worth a Fart, and I'll have no more to do with you. Ah! that ſame Villainous *Wolf*, ſays the Religious! Indeed, you muſt have a care of him; for he's e'en ſo wicked a Beaſt, that he ſhall not only deceive St. *Anthony*, but St. *Anthony*'s *Maſter* himſelf too, if he had it in his Power.

The MORAL.

All Promiſes are either broken or kept.

REFLECTION.

HERE's a Reproof to all Religious Cheats and Impoſtures, that promiſe more than they are able to perform, and Preach thoſe Doctrines to their Diſciples, which they do not Believe themſelves. When Church-men come once to be mercenary, and to proſtitute the Truth for Money, no wonder, after their Example, if the Laity govern their Conſciences too by the ſame Meaſure. It makes Religion look liker a Trade, or a Contrivance of State, than a divine Inſpiration: nay, it ſtaggers People in the very Foundations of their Faith, to ſee Miniſters at Variance

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riance with themſelves, and the Pulpits changing with the Times, and Paradoxing upon the Goſpel. Holy Men teach in their Lives, as well as with their Lips; and it draws an Irreverence upon the Function, where the one bears a Contradiction to the other. There muſt be no preaching of Salvation one Day, and Damnation another, upon one and the ſame Text. There are Quacks in Divinity, as well as in Phyſick, and Pretenders to the Abſolving of all Sins, as well as to Remedies for all Diſeaſes. But the Curate went beyond his Province, when he ſtretch'd his Patent for the Cure of Souls, to a kind of a Tutelary Guardianſhip over Goods and Chattels. When ſuch an Impoſtor has once forfeited the Credit of his Doctrine, 'tis a ſhrewd Temptation to his Diſciples to queſtion the very Authority of his Commiſſion, and to take the Stories he tells 'em of the next World, to be no better than a Trick of Spiriting Men away into a Fool's Paradiſe: But when he comes once to be detected, he has either the *Wolf* or the *Devil* to bring him off again.

FAB. 367. A Prieſt and a Sick Man.

A *Prieſt* that was willing to give a *Sick Man* a Word of Comfort in his Extreme Miſery, told him, *That whom the Lord loves he chaſtens.* 'Tis no wonder he has ſo few Faithful Servants then, ſays the Poor Man; and I'm afraid he'll e'en have Fewer if he goes this way to work.

The MORAL.

Ignorance is ſome ſort of Excuſe, for a Man that ſpeaks or does an ill Thing, with a good Intention, or without Underſtanding that he does or ſays amiſs.

REFLECTION.

A Man ſhould no more commit ſuch a Freak as this is, to the Publick, without ſomewhat of a Caution or Controul upon't, than he would throw Rats-bane up and down a Houſe where Children and Fools might come at it: For there are Liquoriſh and Inconſiderate Readers, as well as Children, and the one is in as much Danger of miſtaking Evil for Good, as the other is of taking a Doſe of *Mercury*, for a Sweetmeat. As for Example,

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here's a lewd Atheiſtical Fancy expos'd at random, which ſome People will be forward enough to take, as it ſtands, Uncorrected, for a very fine thing ſaid, and by that means give ſome ſort of Reputation to a Liberty that is not upon any terms to be endur'd. Now we are in Charity to preſume, that the Author never intended this extravagant Inſtance for a Precedent; and therefore the Imperfection of the Fable, muſt be help'd out by ſome pertinent Application of it in an Inſtructive Moral.

The Doctrine that ariſes from this Text, will fall under the Topick of *the Government of the Tongue*, and reach in the Latitude, to all the Tranſports and Exceſſes of that Unruly Member: As Blaſphemy, Calumny, Scurrility, Profaneneſs, Falſe, Vain, and Evil ſpeaking, and the like; which are all naturally enough reducible to the ſame Head, as they do effectually proceed from the ſame Root. He that has gotten a Habit of letting his Tongue run before his Wit, will rather loſe his Honour or his Friend, than his Jeſt; nay, and venture his Salvation over and above too, into the Bargain. As in the Caſe here before us, where we have a Libertine fooling even in his Laſt Agonies, with a Witticiſm betwixt his Teeth, without any regard to the Circumſtances of Sobriety and Conſcience. But this is a Wickedneſs only for Profligates and Mad-men to make ſport with, and Men of better Senſe to tremble at: For there muſt be no Quibbling and Trifling with the Majeſty and Judgments of the Almighty.

FAB. 368. A Phyſician that Cur'd Mad-Men.

THere was a Phyſician in *Milan*, that took upon him to Cure Mad-Men, and his way was this: They were ty'd Naked to a Stake, and then ſet upright in a Naſty Puddle, Deeper or Shallower, according to the Degree of the Diſtemper; and there to continue, till betwixt Cold and Hunger, they might be brought to their Wits again. There was one among the reſt, that after Fifteen Days Soaking, began to ſhew ſome Signs of Amendment; and ſo got leave of the Keeper for the Liberty of the Court and the Houſe, upon Condition not to ſet Foot over the Threſhold of

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the Street-doors. He paſt his Promiſe, and was as good as his Word.

As he was ſtanding one Day at the Outer-Gate, there came a *Falkner* riding by with his Kites and his Curs, and all his *Hawking-Trade* about him. Heark ye, Sir, ſays the Mad-Man, a Word with you; and ſo he fell to aſking him Twenty Idle Queſtions; What was *this*, and what was *that*, and t'other? And what was all this good for? and the like. The Gentleman gave him Anſwer to every thing in Form. As for Example, *This that I Ride upon* (ſays he) *is a* Horſe, *that I keep for my Sport*; *and this Bird upon my Fiſt is a* Hawk, *that catches me Quails and Partridges*; *and thoſe Dogs are* Spaniels *to ſpring my Game.* That's well, ſays the Fool; and what may all the Birds be worth now, that you catch in a Twelvemonth? Why, it may be, ſome *Ten or Fifteen Pounds*, perhaps, ſays t'other. Ay, but (ſays the Mad Fellow again) what may all your *Hawks*, *Dogs*, and *Horſes* coſt you in a Year? *Some Fifteen times as much*, *perchance*, ſays the *Falkner*. Get you out of the way then immediately (cries the Fool) before our Doctor gets ſight of you: For if he ſowc'd me up to the Middle in the Pond, you'll be in, as ſure as a Gun, up to the Ears, if he can but ſet Eye on ye.

The MORAL.

Every Man living is Mad in ſome reſpect or other, and the Doctors themſelves as mad as the Patients.

REFLECTION.

THIS Story gives us to underſtand in the Application of it, that there are more Mad-Men out of *Bedlam* than in't; and that according to *Horace*, we are all Mad, every Mother's Child of us, more or leſs; and therefore 'tis but Neighbourly Juſtice for one Mad-Man to bear with another. 'Twas well enough ſaid of a Fellow in a Mad-Houſe, that was ask'd in the Interval of his Diſtemper, how he came to be there? Why, ſays he, *The Mad Folks abroad are too many for us, and ſo they have maſter'd all the Sober People, and Coop'd 'em up here.*

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ere. There's an Alienation of Mind in the Moral, as well s in the Phyſical Acceptation of the Expreſſion; and he's as lad a Man that abuſes his Reaſon as he that has loſt the xerciſe of it: Beſide that, there's as great a Diverſity of reak and Extravagancy in the one Senſe as in the other; nd they have their *Paroxyſms* and their Intermiſſions both like. Every Man living, in fine, has his weak Side; and is but ſtriking the right Vein, to ſet the Humour a working.

The General Doctrine of this Parable, we find ſumm'd up 1 a very few Words here; that is to ſay, he that eagerly urſues any thing, and gives more for't than it is worth, is o better than a Mad-Man. Now the way to make a true ſtimate both of the Price and of the Purchaſe, is only to t the one againſt the other, and ſo to Ballance the Account.)ne Man's Head runs Riot upon Hawks, Hounds, Dice,)rabs, Drinking, Revelling, and for Brevity ſake, we may 'en take in the whole Roll of good-natur'd Sins and Plea- ures, (if I may call them ſo) that may ſerve to gratify a enſual Appetite. Let a Man conſider now the Time, Money, 'are, Labour, and Vexation that this Wild-Gooſe Chaſe has oſt him, and then ſay to himſelf on the other hand, what have gotten to anſwer all this Expence, but the Looſe, Giddy rolick of a few Mad Hours, attended with Claps, Gouts, alſies, Infamy, Beggary, Nauſeous Qualms, Surfeiting Sa- eties, Anxiety of Thought and Conſcience, and all attend- d with the Anguiſh of a Late and Unprofitable Repentance 1 the Concluſion? And it is the ſame thing too with the)iabolical Tranſports of Ambition, Pride, Envy, Revenge, nd the like; over and above the irreparable Loſs of a thou- und Bleſſed Opportunities, to the extreme Hazard of Eternity : ſelf. When 'tis come to this once, there's no way but the)octor's Diſcipline; that is to ſay, Mortification and Affic- ion, to bring us to our ſelves again.

FAB. 369. A Country-Fellow Climbing a Tree.

A Country-Fellow got an unlucky Tumble from a *Tree*: Why, this 'tis (ſays a Paſſenger) when People will be doing things Hand over Head, without either Fear or Wit: Now could I have taught you a way to climb a Thouſand Trees, and never hurt your

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ſelf with a Fall. Alas, ſay's t'other, the Advice com too late for this Bout; but let's have it however, for body may be the better for't another time. Why th (ſays the Traveller) *You muſt have a care for the fut whenever you Climb another Tree, that you come no fa down than you went up.*

The MORAL.

Do Nothing raſhly.

REFLECTION.

'TIS good Counſel rather to take Time and Leiſure Matters that will bear it, than to venture Neck and All overmuch Haſte.

All raſh and aſpiring Humours, fall under the Reproo this Moral: For there are Climbers in State, as well a Woods and Orchards; and Favourites run as great a rifqu mounting to Honours, Charges, and Preferments, as Fellow did here in Climbing an *Apple-Tree.* Their Ri commonly Gentle and Step by Step; but when they're o up, they're in danger of falling down again by their Weight: Wherefore *Slow* and *Sure* in theſe Caſes, is Counſel. 'Tis a Roguy kind of a Saying, that *He that be Rich before Night, may be hang'd before Noon.* High P are ſlippery, and it turns the very Brain of a Man to down from 'em. He that firſt call'd *Experience the Mi of Fools,* might at the ſame time have told us upon the Op ſition, that *Nature is the Miſtreſs of Wiſe Men:* Only the looks forward from the Cauſes into the Effects, and other traces the Truth, and the Reaſon of Things back from the Effects up to their Cauſes. That is to ſay, the teaches us Wit, by ſhewing us where we play'd the Fo and the other teaches us Wit, by keeping us before-hand fr playing the Fool at all. To apply this Moral to the Fa now, the Streſs of it reſts upon the Matter of Foreſight, After-Wit; and the Doctrine tells us, that he that wants one, muſt make his beſt of the other: This was the Caſe of the Man in the Orchard here, before and after Fall. Now Nature does nothing by *Starts* and *Leaps,* or a *Hurry,* as we ſay; but all her Motions are Gradual, R gular, and without Noiſe; which may ſerve us for a L and a Precedent, not to do any thing Raſhly.

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FAB. 370. One that had loſt his Money and Cloaths at Play.

A Fellow that had loſt his *Money* and *Cloaths* at *Play*, ſtood ſniv'ling at a Tavern Door to think what would become of him. One of his Acquaintance came to him, and ask'd him what he Cry'd for? For *Nothing*, ſays he. How come you to cry then, ſays t'other, if you have nothing to Trouble you? Why, for that very Reaſon, ſays he, becauſe I have *Nothing*. Now the one took it, that he had no Reaſon to Cry; and the other meant, that he Cry'd becauſe he had Nothing left him.

The MORAL.

Cautions are as Inſtructive as Precepts; the one ſhews us what we are not to do, and the other what we are.

REFLECTION.

THIS Quirk is little better than the Childrens Play of *Riddle me, Riddle me*; tho' the Conceit, I know, is celebrated among the *Apophthegms* of the Ancients. The Money and the Cloaths were Loſt on purpoſe to make way for the Jeſt; as the Gentleman dropt his Book into the River, off of *Maudlin-Bridge* in *Cambridge:* What's that, ſays one of his Acquaintance that was paſſing by? Alas, ſays t'other, 'tis *Juſt In*; now the Book was *Juſtin*. We may obſerve from hence, what Pains ſome Men take to make themſelves Ridiculous, and that Study may improve a Coxcomb as well as a Philoſopher. We may learn farther, that *Men do not know when they are well*, nor when they have enough; but ſhift and ſquander till they would half Hang themſelves at laſt, to be where they were again. It may be another Note too, the Unreaſonableneſs of Jeſting in Caſes of Diſtreſs: So that the Figure at laſt is, Fool all over. Upon the whole, the Fellow Plays, and loſes his very Back-ſide, and then Cries: And what is all this more now, than the laying of a Train for the bringing in by Head and Shoulders the miſerable Conceit of *Nothing* upon *Nothing*.

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FAB. 371. A Blinkard Buying of Wheat.

UPon a time when there was an Extreme Scarcity of *Corn* in *Florence*, a Poor Wretch with *One Eye* was ſent to the Market with a great Sack, to buy ſuch a Proviſion of Wheat: He goes to the Corn-Merchant, and asks him the Price of ſo many Meaſures. Why, ſays he, one of theſe Meaſures is as much as one of your Eyes is worth (meaning that Wheat was very Dear.) Why then, cries an unlucky Wag, that ſtood by there, a leſs Bag, methinks, might have ſerv'd your Turn, for One of thoſe Meaſures is as much as you are able to pay for.

The MORAL.

A Jeering Buffoon is the common Enemy of Mankind.

REFLECTION.

IT is a high Point of Ill Nature and Ill Manners, to make Sport with any Man's Imperfections, that he cannot help: And it holds as well too in the Caſe of our Misfortunes, if we have not brought them upon our ſelves by our own Fault. 'Tis enough, where any Thing of this falls out one way or t'other, that Providence and Nature will have it ſo: But Intemperate Wits will ſpare neither Friend nor Foe; and make themſelves the common Enemies of Mankind. Men that are given to this Licentious Humour of ſcoffing at Perſonal Blemiſhes and Defects, ſhould do well methinks to look into themſelves a little, and begin their Animadverſions at Home; for which is the Greater Scandal, the want of Charity, Modeſty, Humanity; or the want of an Eye? 'Tis the Reaſonable Soul that makes the Man, not the Body; and a Deformity in the nobler Part is Ten Thouſand Times more liable to Reproach, than an Imperfection in the other. We are not anſwerable for our Perſons, but for our Manners we are. The Scorner ſhould do well alſo to conſider upon the Sight of a Cripple, or a Monſter, that it was only the diſtinguiſhing Mercy of Heaven that kept him from being one too; and not render himſelf by his Ingratitude the more abominable Monſter of the Two. The Boy, in fine, did very Ill, and

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if he had but been ſoundly whipt for't, it would have perfected the Morality of the Fable.

FAB. 372. A Country-man with his Aſſes.

A *Country-man* that had been at Market with his Corn, and was driving his *Aſſes* Home again, mounted one of the Beſt of them to eaſe himſelf: When he was up, he fell to Counting, and ſo kept Telling them over and ever all the Way he went, but ſtill wanted one of his Number. Upon this, away he goes to the Market-Town, whence he came, (a matter of Seven Miles off, back again, enquiring of all he met, if any Body had ſeen his *Aſs*. He could learn no Tidings of him, and ſo home he went, late at Night, as arrant a Fool, as he ſet out. The Loſs went to the Heart of him; but upon Alighting, and his Wife's giving him the Hint, he found his Beaſt again, and that the *Aſs* he rode upon was forgot in the Reckoning.

The MORAL.

The Butcher look'd for his Knife when he had it in his Mouth.

REFLECTION.

'TIS many a Man's Caſe to fancy that he wants what in Truth he has; and then to tire himſelf out with Hunting after it abroad, when he carries it about him all this while, and may have it better cheap at Home. The bare Suppoſal of one Petty Loſs, makes us unthankful for all that's left. We are naturally apt to think our ſelves Miſerable, and the very thinking ſo, makes us ſo. This Conceit puts us upon the Ramble up and down for Relief, (and all in vain too,) 'till very Wearineſs brings us as laſt to our ſelves again, where we find the *Aſs* we ſought for, and the Cure of all our Misfortunes in our own Breaſts. A Man may be ſo intent upon one Thing, as to heed nothing elſe, as he that ſpent half a Day to look for his odd Stocking, when he had them both upon a Leg.

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FAB. 373. A Man that carried his Plough to Eaſe his Oxen.

A *Peaſant* that had Plow'd himſelf and his Oxen quite a-weary, mounted an *Aſs*, with the *Plough* before him, and ſent the *Oxen* to *Dinner*: The poor *Aſs*, he found, was ready to ſink under the Load, and ſo he took up the *Plough* and laid it upon his own Shoulders. Now, ſays he to the *Aſs*, Thou may'ſt carry *Me* well enough, when I carry the *Plough*.

The MORAL.

Some Brute-Animals, have more Underſtanding than ſome Men.

REFLECTION.

MAN and Wife are in many Caſes the *Plough-man* here, and his *Aſs*; they think to Eaſe one another, not conſidering that what either of them bears, is a common Burden to both. There was a Fudling Couple that ſold Ale, and their Humour was to Drink Drunk *Hand to Fiſt*, upon their own Liquor; They laid down their Club for what they had, and this they call'd *Forcing a Trade*. Now, ſo long as the Tipple was paid for, all went merrily on, they thought, without ſo much as Dreaming that 'twas their own Coſt. 'Tis much thereabouts betwixt Rulers and Subjects: The *Prince* may carry the *Plough* perhaps, but the Weight of both Plough and Prince lies upon the Peoples Shoulders.

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Miſcellany FABLES.

Fab. 374. A Fox and a Cat.

THere was a Queſtion ſtarted betwixt a *Fox* and a *Cat*; which of the Two could make the beſt Shift in the World if they were put to a Pinch. For my own Part (ſays *Reynard*) when the worſt comes to the worſt, I have a whole Budget of Tricks to come off with at laſt. At that very Inſtant, up comes a Pack of Dogs full cry towards them. The *Cat* preſently takes a Tree, and ſees the poor *Fox* torn to Pieces upon the very Spot. Well, ſays *Puſs* to her ſelf, One ſure Trick, I find, is better than a Hundred ſlippery ones.

The Moral.

Nature has provided better for us, than we could have done for our ſelves.

REFLECTION.

ONE Double Practice may be diſappointed by another; but the Gifts of Nature are beyond all the Shams and Shuffles in the World. There's as much Difference between Craft and Wiſdom, as there is betwixt Philoſophy and Slight of Hand. Shifting and Shuffling may ſerve for a Time, but Truth and Simplicity will moſt certainly carry it at the Long-run. When a Man of Trick comes once to be detected, he's Loſt, even to all Intents and Purpoſes: Not but that one Invention may in ſome Caſes be honeſtly Countermin'd with another. But this is to be ſaid upon the whole Matter, That Nature provides better for us, than we can do for our ſelves; and inſtructs every Creature more or leſs, how to ſhift for it ſelf in Caſes of ordinary Danger. Some bring themſelves off by their Wings, others by their Heels, Craft, or Strength. Some have their Cells or Hiding Places; and upon the Upſhot, they do more by Virtue of a Common Inſtinct toward their own Preſervation, than

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if they had the whole College of the *Virtuoſi* for their Adviſers. It was *Nature* in fine, that brought off the *Cat*, when the *Fox*'s whole Budget of *Inventions* fail'd him.

FAB. 375. The Dancing Apes.

A Certain *Ægyptian King* endow'd a *Dancing-School* for the Inſtitution of *Apes of Quality*: And when they came to be perfect in their Leſſons, they were Dreſs'd up after the beſt Manner, and ſo brought forth for a Spectacle upon the Stage. As they were in the middle of their Gambols, ſome Body threw a Handful of Apples among them, that ſet them preſently together by the Ears upon the Scramble, without any Regard in the World to the Buſineſs in Hand, or to the Dignity of their Education.

The MORAL.

The Force of Nature is infinitely beyond that of Diſcipline and Imitation.

REFLECTION.

MEN have their weak Sides as well as *Apes*, and it is not in the Power of Study and Diſcipline to extinguiſh Natural Inclinations; no, not ſo much as to conceal Them for any long time, but they'll be breaking out now and then by Starts and Surprizes, and diſcover themſelves. The *Apes* were taught their *Apes* Tricks by a Dancing-*Maſter*; but it was *Nature* that taught them to Eat Apples, and the Natural Inſtitution was much the ſtronger of the Two.

FAB. 376. An Aſs and Two Travellers.

A Couple of *Travellers* that took up an *Aſs* in a Foreſt, fell downright to Loggerheads, which of the Two ſhould be his Maſter: So the *Aſs* was to ſtand by, to ſee thoſe Two Boobies try their Title to him by a Rubber of Cuffs. The *Aſs* very fairly

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look'd on, till they had Box'd themſelves a-weary, and then left them both in the Lurch.

The MORAL.

'Tis a common thing, both in Love, Law and Arms, for Plaintiff and Defendant to lie battering one another for a Prize that gives them both the ſlip.

REFLECTION.

MANY People have fair Opportunities put into their Hands, and want Wit to make Uſe of them. Here was a ſilly Controverſy, as ſillily manag'd, and two Quarrelſome Fools outwitted by an *Aſs*. Why did they not keep him when they had him ſure? Or why did they not compound the Matter, and Divide, when the one had no more Right to him than the other? But this of the *Travellers* and the *Aſs* is a common Caſe, and a frivolous contentious Law-Suit is the Moral of it, when Plaintiff and Defendant are worrying one another about the Title, till they have ſpent the Eſtate. So the *Travellers* fought here for an *Aſs*, and the *Aſs* ran away with the *Stakes*.

FAB. 377. Mercury and Fiſhermen.

SOme *Fiſhermen* that had caught more Fiſh than they knew what to do withal, Invited *Mercury* to a part with them; but finding that the Invitation was not ſo much matter of Reſpect, as to get rid of the Glut they had taken, he very fairly left them to Eat by themſelves.

The MORAL.

In all the Good Offices of Human Society, 'tis the Will and the Affection that creates the Obligation.

REFLECTION.

'TIS the ordinary Practice of the World, for Men to be kind to other People for their own ſakes; or at leaſt to be frank of Civilities that coſt them nothing: Wherefore we are to diſtinguiſh betwixt Kindneſſes that are only matter of Courſe, and Friendly

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Friendly Offices that are done out of Choice and Good Will. Where's the Obligation, the Friendſhip, or the Reſpect of any Man's making me a preſent of what he neither cares for himſelf, nor knows what to do withal? And of that which I am to be never the better for neither? The Fellow here had taken more Fiſh than he could ſpend while they were Sweet, and ſo rather than they ſhould lie by to ſtink him out of the Houſe, he invited *Mercury* to the Eating of them; that is to ſay, to helping him off with them.

FAB. 378. An Eagle and a Beetle.

A *Hare* that was hard put to't by an *Eagle*, took Sanctuary in a Ditch with a *Beetle*. The *Beetle* Interceded for the *Hare*: The *Eagle* flapt off the former, and devour'd the other. The *Beetle* took this for an Affront to *Hoſpitality*, as well as to herſelf, and ſo meditated a Revenge, watch'd the *Eagle* up to her Neſt, follow'd her, and took her Time, when the *Eagle* was abroad, and ſo made a ſhift to roll out the Eggs, and deſtroy the Brood. The *Eagle* upon this Diſappointment, Timber'd a great deal higher next Bout; the *Beetle* watch'd her ſtill, and ſhew'd her the ſame Trick once again. Whereupon the *Eagle* made her Appeal to *Jupiter*, who gave her leave to lay her next Courſe of *Eggs* in his own Lap. But the *Beetle* found out a way to make *Jupiter* riſe from his Throne; ſo that upon the looſning of his Mantle, the Eggs fell from him at unawares, and the *Eagle* was a Third time defeated. *Jupiter* ſtomach'd the Indignity; but upon hearing the Cauſe, he found the *Eagle* to be the Aggreſſor, and ſo acquitted the *Beetle*.

The MORAL.

'Tis not for a Generous Prince to countenance Oppreſſion and Injuſtice, even in his moſt Darling Favourites.

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REFLECTION.

THE Rights and Privileges of Hoſpitality are ſo Sacred, that *Jupiter* himſelf would not countenance the Violation of them even in his own Minion, the *Eagle*. Nor is there any thing ſo deſpicable, (as we ſee in the Caſe of the *Beetle*,) but Acceſs is open to the Cries of diſtreſſed Innocence, to Divine Juſtice. Let no Man preſume, becauſe he is Great and Powerful, nor deſpair becauſe he is low and Poor; for the one may riſe, and the other may fall, and the meaneſt Enemy may find a way to a Revenge. Tyranny may proſper for a while, 'tis true, and under the Countenance of a Divine Permiſſion too, as the *Eagle* got leave here to depoſit her Eggs, (or her Cauſe) in Heaven: But *Jupiter*'s Lap itſelf, we ſee, is no final Sanctuary for an Oppreſſor. Though nothing is more common in the World than to miſtake Providences and Judgments, and call the Wicked and the worſt of Men and Things by Good Names.

FAB. 379. An Owl and Little Birds.

THere goes a Story of an *Owl* that was adviſ'd by the *Little Birds* to build rather among the Boughs and Leaves, as they did, than in Walls and Hollow-Trees; and ſo they ſhew'd her a young tender Plant for her Purpoſe. No, no, ſays the *Owl*, thoſe Twigs in Time will come to be Lim'd, and then you're all Loſt, if you do but touch 'em. The *Birds* gave little Heed to't, and ſo went on Playing, and Chirping among the Leaves ſtill, and paſſing their Time there in Flocks as formerly, till in the Concluſion the Sprigs were all dawb'd with Lime, and the poor Wretches clamm'd and taken. Their Repentance came now too late; but in Memory of this Notable Inſtance of the *Owl*'s Foreſight, the *Birds* never ſee an *Owl* to this very Day, but they Flock about her, and follow her, as if it were for a New Leſſon. But our *Modern Owls* have only the *Eyes*, the *Beak* and the *Plume* of the *Owls* of *Athens*, without the Wiſdom.

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The MORAL.

Good Counſel is loſt upon thoſe that have not the Grace to hearken to't; or do not underſtand it, or will not embrace and follow it in the proper Seaſon.

REFLECTION.

WHOLESOME Advice is worth nothing, unleſs it be (in Truth,) Given as well as taken in Seaſon. This Fable ſhews the Danger and the Miſchief of either rejecting, not heeding, or not entertaining it; and likewiſe at the ſame time, ſets forth how hard a thing it is to faſten profitable Advice upon Men that indulge themſelves in Eaſe and Pleaſure. They look upon it as ſo much time loſt to employ the Preſent upon the Thought of the Future; and ſo by one Delay after another, they ſpin out their whole Lives, till there's no more Future left before 'em. This dilatory Humour proceeds partly from a ſlothful Lazineſs of Temper; as I knew a Man that would not be got out of his Bed when the Houſe was a-Fire over his Head. Action is Death to ſome ſort of People, and they'd as live Hang as Work. It ariſes in a great meaſure too from an habitual heedleſs Inadvertency, when Men are ſo intent upon the Preſent, that they mind nothing elſe; and Counſel is but caſt away upon them. *Birds of Pleaſure*, and *Men of Pleaſure* are too Merry to be Wiſe. Wholeſome Advice comes in at one Ear, and goes out at t'other. Men, in ſhort, of *Blood* and Appetite, have no Foreſight; and ſo *Poſtpone* Prudence as a Virtue of another Seaſon.

FAB. 380. A Gourd and a Pine.

THere was a *Gourd* planted cloſe by a large well-ſpread *Pine:* The Seaſon was kindly, and the *Gourd* ſhot itſelf up in a ſhort time, climbing by the Boughs, and twining about 'em, till it topp'd and cover'd the Tree itſelf. The Leaves were large, and the Flowers and the Fruit fair; inſomuch, that the *Gourd* had the Confidence to value itſelf above the *Pine*, upon the Compariſon. Why, ſays the *Gourd*, you have been more Years a growing to this Stature, than I have

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I have been Days. Well, ſays the *Pine* again, but after ſo many Winters and Summers as I have endur'd, after ſo many Blaſting Colds, and Parching Heats you ſee me the very ſame thing ſtill that I was ſo long ago. But when you come to the Proof once, the firſt Blight or Froſt ſhall moſt infallibly bring down that Stomach of yours, and ſtrip ye of all your Glory.

The MORAL.

Nothing ſo Inſolent and Intolerable as a Proud Upſtart that's rais'd from a Dunghil; he forgets both his Maſter and his Maker.

REFLECTION.

THE *Gourd* here is an Emblem of vain Pride and Ingratitude; and the *Pine* bids Princes and Great Men have a care what Favourites they prefer, and what Friendſhips they entertain; and this for their own Sakes as well as for the ſake of the Publick. He's a Fool that takes himſelf to be Greater, Richer, Fairer or Better than he is; or that reckons any thing his own, which is either but borrowed, or may be taken away next Moment. He that lives barely upon borrowing, is effectually but a Beggar when his Debts are paid. This *Gourd* in ſhort, is a Proud Upſtart; his Growth is quick, but his Continuance ſhort: He values himſelf upon his Feather in his Cap; and in a Word upon thoſe Fooleries, that a Man of Honour and Subſtance would bluſh at. And nothing elſe will ſerve him neither, but to vie Excellencies with thoſe that took him out of the Dirt; nay, and to elevate himſelf (when all's done,) to the Diſhonour of the Supporters. And what's the Iſſue at laſt of encouraging theſe Minions, but his bringing of a Scandal upon Common Juſtice, by a moſt pernicious Example that ends in the very Starving, as well as the Defaming of their Benefactors? For 'tis impoſſible but they muſt Pine and Wither, that entertain ſuch Hangers-on. This *Gourd*, in fine, is the true Emblem of a *Court Leech*; he Faſtens and Sucks, without either Mercy or Meaſure, and when he has drawn his Maſter dry, he very fairly drops off, changes his Party, and ſo leaves him.

FAB.

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FAB. 381. A Raven and Wolves.

A *Raven* that had waited upon a Herd of *Wolves* a whole Day's Ramble, came to 'em at Night for a ſhare of the Prey they had got. The *Wolves* anſwer'd him, that if he had gone along with 'em for Pure Love, and not for his Gut, he ſhould have had his Part: But (ſaid they) a *Dead Wolf*, if it had ſo fall'n out, would have ſerv'd a *Raven*'s turn as well as a *Dead Sheep*.

The MORAL.

Moſt People Worſhip for the Loaves, from the very Plough-Tail to the Croſier and Scepter; and the World bows to him that's uppermoſt.

REFLECTION.

'TIS the Intention that qualifies the Action; neither is it for any Man to pretend to Merit, or to challenge a Reward for attending his own Buſineſs. The *Raven* Dogg'd the *Wolves* for his Supper: Now if theſe *Wolves* themſelves had been hounded by a Herd of *Tygers* that ſhould have worried *Them*, one ſort of Carrion would have been as good to the *Raven*, as another. This is the Caſe as well betwixt Man and Man, as of *Wolves* and *Ravens*, that ſuck the Blood of thoſe they follow and depend upon, under a Pretext of Service and Kindneſs. How many Examples have we ſeen of this, among thoſe that follow Courts, and the Leaders of thoſe Followers? If the Maſter gets the better on't, they come in for their Snack; and if he happens to fall in the Chaſe, his Temporiſing Friends are the foremoſt to break in upon the Quarry. Whether the *Wolves Took* or were *Taken*, was all a Caſe to the *Raven*.

FAB. 382. Arion and a Dolphin.

THIS Famous *Arion* was a Great Favourite of *Periander* the King of *Corinth*; he Travelled from thence into *Sicily* and *Italy*, where he gathered a great Maſs of Treaſure, and gain'd over and a-bove,

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bove, the Good-Will and Esteem of all People where-ever he came. From thence he put himself aboard a *Corinthian* Vessel, to go back again, where he got an Inkling among the Ship's Crew, of a Conspiracy to take away his Life. He discours'd the Mariners about it, and came in the end to this Composition; That if he would cast himself presently into the Sea, and let the Conspirators have his Money, there should be no farther Violence offer'd to his Person. Upon this Agreement he obtain'd Liberty to give them only one Song before he leap'd Over-board, which he did, and then Plung'd into the Sea. The Seamen had no Thought of his ever coming up again; but by a wonderful Providence, a *Dolphin* took him upon his Back, and carried him off safe to an Island, from whence he went immediately to *Corinth*, and presented himself before *Periander*, just in the Condition the *Dolphin* left him, and so told the Story. The King order'd him to be taken into Custody as an *Impostor*; but at the same time caused Enquiry to be made after the Ship, and the Seamen that he spake of, and to know if they had heard any thing of one *Arion* where they had been? They said, Yes, and that he was a Man of great Reputation in *Italy*, and of a vast Estate. Upon these Words, *Arion* was produc'd before them, with the very Harp and Cloaths he had when he Leapt into the Sea. The Men were so confounded at the Spectacle, that they had not the Face to deny the Truth of the Story.

The MORAL.

Money is the Universal Idol. Profit governs the World, and Quid Dabitis & Tradam *may be the Motto: But Providence yet in the Conclusion makes all things work for the Best.*

REFLECTION.

SOME Men are worse than some Brutes, and little less than Beasts in the Shape of Reasonable Creatures. This Fable shews us, that Men of Blood will stick at no profitable Villany; but they are Blind, Deaf, and Inexorable where Money's in the Case. The Charms of Reason, Art, and

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Innocence, are loſt upon 'em, and the Sea it ſelf, we ſee, had more Pity for *Arion*, than the Men. The *Dolphin* repreſents the Inſtrument of an Over-ruling Providence that interpoſes miraculouſly to our Deliverance, when ordinary Means fail us. The wonderful Diſcovery in the Concluſion, ſerves to ſhew us that *Murder will out.*

FAB. 383. A Spider and the Gout.

A *Spider* that had been at Work a Spinning, went abroad once for a Country-Air to refreſh her ſelf, and fell into Company with the *Gout*, that (by the Way) had much ado to keep Pace with her. When they came at Night to take up their Lodging, very inquiſitive they were into the Character and Condition of their Houſe: But the *Spider* without any more Ceremony, went into the Houſe of a Rich Burgher, and fell preſently to her Net-work of drawing Cobwebs up and down from one ſide of the Room to the other; but there were ſo many Brooms and deviliſh Houſe-Wenches ſtill at hand, that whatever ſhe ſets up this Moment, was ſwept away the next: So that this miſerable *Inſect* was the only Creature within thoſe Walls that felt either Want or Trouble. But the *Gout* all this while, was fain to Kennel in the very *Rendezvous* of common Beggars, where ſhe was as uneaſy as Hard Lodging, Coarſe Bread, and Puddle-Water could make her. After a tedious and a reſtleſs Night on't, they met again next Morning by Sun-Riſe, and gave one another the Hiſtory of their Adventure. The *Spider* tells firſt how Barbarouſly ſhe had been us'd; how curſedly Nice and Cleanly the Maſter of this Houſe was; how impertinently Diligent his Servants were, *&c.* And then the *Gout* requited the *Spider* with the Story of her Mortifications too. They were in ſhort, ſo unſatisfied with their Treatment, that they reſolved to take quite contrary Meaſures the next Night. The *Spider* to get into a Cottage, and the *Gout* to look out for a Palace. They did what they propos'd, and never

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never were Creatures better pleas'd with their Entertainment. The *Gout* had her Rich Furniture, Down-Beds, *Baccaſica's*, Pheaſants, Partridges, Generous Wines; the beſt, in fine, of every thing that was to be had for Money, and all with *Pure Heart and Good Will*, as we ſay. The *Spider* was as much at Eaſe on the other hand; for ſhe was got into a Houſe where ſhe might draw her Lines, Work, Spin, Mend what was amiſs, Perfect what ſhe had begun, and no Brooms, Snares or Plots to interrupt or diſturb her. The Two Travellers after this met once again, and upon conferring Notes, they were both ſo well ſatisfied, that the *Gout* took up a Reſolution for ever after to keep Company with the Rich, the Noble, and the Voluptuous; and the *Spider* with the Poor and Needy. What Wiſe Man, I ſay, upon theſe Terms, would not rather take up his Lodging with the *Spider* in the Fable here, than with the *Gout?*

The MORAL.

In Induſtrious Poverty in a Cell, with quiet Thoughts, and ſound Sleeps, is infinitely to be preferr'd before a lazy Life of Pomp and Pleaſure: For Courts are but Nurſeries of Diſeaſes and Cares.

REFLECTION.

ONE may be very Uneaſy with a Plentiful Fortune, and e Happy in a Mean Condition; for 'tis the Mind that akes us either the one or the other. A Luxurious Court the Nurſery of Diſeaſes; it Breeds 'em, it Encourages, ouriſhes and Entertains them. A Plain, an Honeſt, and a emperate Induſtry, contents it ſelf with a little; and who ould not rather ſleep quietly upon a *Hammock*, without ther Cares in his Head, or Crudities in his Stomach, than e carking upon a Bed of State, with the Qualms and Twinges at accompany Surfeits and Exceſs?

The End of the FABLES *in the Common* SCHOOL-BOOK.

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A SUPPLEMENT OF FABLES,

OUT OF

Phædrus, Avienus, Camerarius, Nevtletus, Aphthonius, Gabrias, Babrias, Abſtemius, Alciatus, Boccalini, Baudoin, De la Fontaine, Æſope en Belle Humeur, Meſlier, &c.

FAB. 384. A Lamb, a Wolf and a Goat.

A *Wolf* over-heard a *Lamb* Bleating among the *Goats*. D'ye hear Little One (ſays the *Wolf*) if it be your Dam you want, ſhe's yonder in the Field. Ay (ſays the *Lamb*) but I am not looking for her that was my Mother for her *Own* ſake, but for her that Nurſes me up, and Suckles me out of *Pure Charity*, and *Good Nature*. Can any thing be Dearer to you, ſays the *Wolf*, than ſhe that brought you forth? Very Right, ſays the *Lamb*; and without knowing or caring what ſhe did: And, pray, what did ſhe bring me forth *for* too, but to Eaſe herſelf of a *Burden*, and to deliver me out of her own Belly into the Hands of a *Butcher*? I am more beholden to her that took Pity of me when I was in the World already, than to her that brought me into't, I know not how. 'Tis

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Charity, not *Nature* or *Necessity*, that does the Office of a *Tender-Mother*.

The MORAL.

There's a difference betwixt Reverence and Affection; the one goes to the Character, and the other to the Person, and so distinguishes Duty from Inclination. Our Mothers brought us into the World; a Stranger takes us up, and preserves us in't. So that here's both a Friend and a Parent in the case, and the Obligation of the one, must not destroy the Respect I owe to the other; nor the Respect the Obligation. And none but an Enemy will advise us to quit either.

REFLECTION.

MEN are not so sensible of Laws and Duty, as they are of Kindness and Good Nature; beside, that the *Wolf*'s Pretence or Care for the poor *Lamb*, was a Charity that began at Home.

There is an *Affection* of *Nature*, and that which we call a *Filial Duty*; and there is an *Affection*, that is grounded upon the Moral Considerations of *Benevolence* and *Friendship*. In the one, we lie under an Obligation of Reverence and Respect to a *Parent*, be the Father or Mother what they will; in the other, we pay a Regard to *Civil Acknowledgments* and *Virtue*. Nature, and the Principles of Nature, must be kept Sacred; but Men cannot Love to what degree, or whom, or what they please: So that in many Cases, we pay a *Veneration* upon *One* Score, and an *Affection* upon *Another*; and this Fable does very well distinguish the *Gratitude* from the *Respect*. The *Wolf*'s Preaching to the *Lamb*, is no Ill Emblem of a *Scandalous Minister*; that *Discredits* a very *Good Sermon* with an *Ill Life*, and gives the Lie to his *Doctrine* in his *Practice*. The *Wolf* took the same Care of the *Lamb*, that the *Keepers of our Liberties*, in former Days, did of the Innocent People of *England*. They pretended to put us out of Harms way from others, that they might devour us themselves.

FAB. 385. Jupiter's Altar Robb'd.

A *Thief* kindled his Torch at *Jupiter*'s Altar, and then Robbed the Temple by the Light on't. As he was Packing away with his Sacrilegious Bur-

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den, a Voice, either of Heaven, or of Conſcience, purſu'd him. The Time will come (ſays that Voice) when this Impious Villany of Yours, ſhall coſt ye Dear; not for the Value of what ye have Stoll'n, but for the Contempt of Heaven and Religion, that you ought to have a Veneration for. *Jupiter* has taken care, however, to prevent theſe Inſolent Affronts for the time to come, by an Expreſs Prohibition of any Communication for the future, betwixt the Fire upon *his Altars*, and that of *Common Uſe*.

The MORAL.

Nothing more familiar than to cover Sacrilege, Murder, Treaſon, &c. with a Text. And we are alſo to learn from hence, that we have no greater Enemies, many times, than thoſe we have Nurs'd and Bred up; and that Divine Vengeance comes ſure at laſt, though it may be long firſt.

REFLECTION.

THE kindling of a Torch at the Altar, and then Robbing the Church by the Light on't, is an Old Invention, contriv'd betwixt the World, the Fleſh and the Devil; and will never be out of Date, ſo long as we hold any Intelligence with the Common Enemies of Mankind. There's nothing cuts Religion like Religion it ſelf. Texts are put up againſt Texts, and one Scripture made to fight againſt another; inſomuch that the Rule of Faith is perverted into a Doctrine of Hereſy and Schiſm; and the Goſpel of Peace is made a Voucher for Sedition and Rebellion. There's nothing commoner than to cite Holy Writ for the Overturning of Religion, and to Overrule one Divine Authority with another; nay, and when all is done, to juſtify the Sacrilege of Seizing and Employing the Revenues of the Church to Prophane Uſes. And whence comes this Confuſion and Self-Contradiction all this while? But that the Manage of Holy Matters falls many Times into the Hands of Men of more Polite Curioſity and Skill, than Evangelical Zeal and Affection. The School-men have ſpun the Thread too fine, and made *Chriſtianity* look liker a Courſe of *Philoſophy*, than a *Syſtem* of *Faith*, and *Supernatural Revelation*: So that the Spirit of it evaporates into Niceties and Exerciſes of the Brain; and the Contention is not for Truth, but Victory. The whole

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whole Buſineſs, in fine, is four'd into Altercation and Cavil; but all muſt be remitted to the Judgment of the Great Day, when every Man ſhall receive according to his Works: And Wo be then to the *Church-Robbers* that ſhall be found among them that ſerve at the *Altar*. But 'tis no new Thing for Men that call themſelves *Profeſſors* and *Diſciples*, to *Sell* and *Betray* their *Lord and Maſter*: For Men that wear the Livery of the Church, and eat the Bread of it, to offer Sacrilegious Violence to their Holy Mother. And this is the Caſe of *Jupiter's Altar robb'd* by the Light of his own Torch: When the Houſe of God is rifl'd and diſhonour'd by his own Domeſticks; that is to ſay, when the Sacrilege is countenanc'd by the *Authority* of a Holy Character, and the Violence ſupported by a Text.

FAB. 386. The Crows and the Pigeons.

THere happen'd a Suit in Law betwixt the Two Families of the *Crows* and the *Pigeons*; but for Quietneſs ſake, they agreed upon an Order of Reference, and the *Kite* was to be *Arbitrator*. The Cauſe was Heard, and Judgment given for the *Crows*.

The MORAL.

Ask my Brother if I'm a Thief. *One Criminal upon the Bench, will be ſure to bring off another at the Bar.*

REFLECTION.

INNOCENCE is almoſt ſure to be worſted, wherever it may be abus'd with Security and Advantage. *Guilty or not Guilty*, is not ſo much the Point in the Caſe here of the *Crows* and the *Pigeons*; for the Matter in Queſtion, is the *Perſon* or *Party*, not the *Fact*. The one's in the Plot, let him be never ſo Innocent; and the other is as white as the Driven Snow, let him be never ſo criminal. There are *Cabals*, *Ignoramus's*, *Falſe Witneſſes* among *Men*, as well as among *Birds*, with all the Pompous Formalities of countenancing Fraud and Corruption with the Sacred Name of *Juſtice*. Set a *Kite* upon the *Bench*, and 'tis Forty to one he'll bring off a *Crow* at the *Bar*. Briefly, there is nothing more in the Iniquity of this Fiction, than what we ſee every Day made good in common Buſineſs and Practice. 'Tis but dreſſing up a *Bird of Prey* in his *Cap and Furrs*, to make a

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Judge of him; and ſo for a *Knight of the Poſt*, 'tis but a dubbing him with the Title of a *King's Evidence*, and the Work is done: For in theſe Caſes *Judge*, *Jury* and *Witneſſes* are all of a Piece.

FAB. 387. A Gardiner and his Landlord.

A Man that had made himſelf a very fine Garden, was ſo peſter'd with a *Hare*, among his Roots, his Plants, and his Flowers, that away goes he immediately to his Landlord (a great Huntſman, it ſeems) and tells him a lamentable Story of the Havock that this poor *Hare* had made in his Grounds. The Gentleman takes Pity of his Tenant, and early the next Morning goes over to him with all his People and his Dogs about him: They call in the firſt Place for Breakfaſt, Eat up his Victuals, Drink him Dry, and Kiſs his Pretty Daughter into the Bargain. So ſoon as they have done all the Miſchief they can within Doors, out they march into the Gardens to Beat for the *Hare*: And there down with the Hedges; the Garden-Stuff goes all to Wreck, and not ſo much as a Leaf 'ſcapes 'em toward the Picking of a Sallad. Well, (ſays the *Gard'ner*) this is the Way of the World, when the Poor ſue for Relief to the Great. My Noble Friend here has done me more Damage in the Civility and Reſpect of theſe Two Hours, than the uttermoſt Spight of the *Hare* could have done me in twice as many Ages.

The MORAL.

Appeals are Dangerous from the Weaker to the Stronger, where the Remedy proves many Times worſe than the Diſeaſe.

REFLECTION.

HE that finds himſelf uneaſy, and propoſes to mend his Condition in what Caſe or in what Manner ſoever, ſhould do well to ſit down and compute within himſelf; *What do I ſuffer by*

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by this Grievance? Can I remove it or no? What will it coſt me? Shall I get or loſe by the Change? Will it be worth my while, or not? Now this is all Matter of Courſe in our ordinary Dealings upon the Truck, and in common Bargains; and yet where the Peace and Liberty of the Mind, or the Character of a Wife or a Good Man lies at Stake, we take up Reſolutions Hand over Head, without Calculating upon the Profit or Loſs of the Thing in Queſtion; as in the Inſtance of the poor *Gardiner* here. He might have Treated a Brace of *Hares* ſure, much cheaper than a *Troop* of *Horſemen*, with ſo many Packs of *Dogs*, and ſuch a Gang of *Ruffians* at the Heels of 'em. Had not he better have born *Wat*'s nibling of his Plants and Roots now, than the *Huntſman*'s Fooling with his Daughter, and the Eating of him out of *Houſe* and *Home?* The Breaking down his Fences; the Laying of his Garden Waſte, and taking his Children's Meat out of their Mouths, over and above? But all this befel him for want of Deliberating beforehand, and ſetting one againſt another. Now if the Alluſion of this Fable be ſo inſtructive to us, and ſo neceſſary to be well attended and apply'd, even in the common Affairs and Dealings of this World, what ſhall that Man ſay for himſelf, that's Guilty of the ſame Temerity and Imprudence over and over, in the caſe of *Temporal* and *Eternal!* Is it that we do not believe the Doctrine of a Future State, or that we do not think on't; or (which is worſt of all) that we do not mind it? For we Live as if we were more ſenſible of the *Hares*, than of the *Devils*.

FAB. 388. Jupiter's Two Wallets.

WHen *Jupiter* made Man, he gave him *Two Satchels*, one for his *Neighbour*'s *Faults*, t'other for his *Own*. Theſe Bags he threw over his Shoulders, and the former he carried Before him, the other Behind. So that this Faſhion came up a great while ago, it ſeems, and it has continu'd in the World ever ſince.

The MORAL.

Every Man living is partial in his own Caſe; but it is the Humour of Mankind to have our Neighbour's Faults always in our Eye, and to caſt our own over our Shoulders, out of ſight.

REFLEC-

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REFLECTION.

THAT which *Jupiter* does in the *Fable*, *Nature* does in the *Life*. We are here admoniſh'd of a *Double Fault*; want of Charity and Juſtice towards others, and want of a Chriſtian Scrutiny and Examination into our ſelves: So that here's the Sin of Detraction in making other People worſe than they are, and the Sin of Pride and Hypocriſy, in boaſting our ſelves to be better. It were well if we could place our *Tranſgreſſions* out of the Ken, as well of our *Conſciences* as our *Eyes*: But theſe are only Amuſements to put off the Evil Day a little longer, that will certainly overtake us at laſt. The *Mythologiſt* does well enough however, in aſſigning that to *Jupiter*, which we our ſelves are but too prone to do, upon a Propenſion of *Nature*; that is to ſay, of Nature corrupted; for there's both a Sin and a Frailty in't, to be over-Cenſorious of our Neighbours, and as Partial to our ſelves.

Out of Sight, out of Mind, they ſay; and at this Rate one Fault is made uſe of to excuſe another. We do not *Repent*, becauſe we do not *Think* on't; and ſo the Neglect is made an Excuſe for the Impenitence. We live like Spendthrifts, that know themſelves to be deſperately in Debt, and dare not look into their Accounts to ſee how the Reckoning ſtands. Nay, 'tis the Caſe of too many of us, that we keep no Books neither; or at the beſt, do not know where to find them. Self-Love is ſtill attended with a Contempt of others, and a common Miſtake of Matters at Home as well as Abroad; For we keep Regiſters of our Neighbours Faults, and none of their Good Deeds; and no Memorials all this while of what we do amiſs our ſelves. [*I am not as this Publican*] is the very Top of our Righteouſneſs.

Thus goes the World, and a lewd Practice it is, for one Man to value himſelf upon the Wickedneſs of another: But the Worſt of all is yet behind; that is to ſay, to think our ſelves ſafe, ſo long as we keep our Iniquities from the Knowledge of Men, and out of our own View and Memory, without any Awe of that Juſtice that never ſleeps, and of that All-ſeeing Eye and Wiſdom that obſerves all our Miſ-doings, and has them perpetually in Sight.

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FAB. 389. A King and a Rich Subject.

A Certain Prince that had a very wealthy over-grown Subject, found it convenient to make a Traitor of him, provided it could but handſomely be brought about: So the Man was taken into Cuſtody, and the *King's Evidence* produc'd againſt him for *Conſults* at this Place, and at that, againſt the Life of the King, and the Peace of the Government; and for Receiving, Comforting and Abetting the Enemies of the Crown. The Man had the Character of a very Loyal Perſon, and the People were almoſt at their Wits End to hear of ſo horrid an Accuſation againſt him. But the Witneſſes ſwore Home; and one of them extremely Poſitive, that if his Houſe at that very Inſtant were but narrowly Search'd for Men and Arms, they would find ſuch a Proviſion, that the Modern Diſcoveries at *Titchbourn* and *Flixham*, were Nothing to't. The pretended Criminal began now to Moralize upon the Story, and ſo away goes he to His Majeſty, caſts himſelf at his Feet, and promiſes that if he might but have as Ample a Pardon as other Witneſſes to *Conſults* have had before him, he would ſhew him the very Bottom of the Plot. I cannot deny, ſays he, but I have a great many of the Enemies of your Royal Crown and Dignity at this Time conceal'd in my Houſe; and if your Majeſty ſhall be pleaſed to appoint any Perſon to make Seizure of them, they ſhall be immediately deliver'd up. So the Prince order'd a Squadron of his Guards, and a Truſty Officer at the Head of 'em, to go along with him. The Gentleman led them very Frankly to his Coffers, and ſhew'd them his Treaſure. Theſe are the Traitors, ſays he, that you are to take care of; and pray be pleas'd to *ſee that they may be kept in ſafe Cuſtody, 'till they ſhall be Deliver'd by due Courſe of Law.*

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The MORAL.

We may gather from hence, That Riches are many times but a Snare to us; and that Money makes many a Man a Traitor: But if a Body will compound at laſt with his Eſtate to ſave his Life, when he has nothing left him, he may be at Reſt. For a Certificate of Poverty, is as good as a Protection.

REFLECTION.

THE Story of *Ahab* and *Naboth* comes directly to the Point of this Fable; that is to ſay, as the King and Subject, with the Iniquity of the Subornation and Practice: Only the one was a Poor Subject, and the other a Rich, which does not one Jot alter the Morality of the Caſe. The Old Saying, that (*Money does all Things*) is not much wide of the Truth: For it gives, and it takes away, it makes Honeſt Men and Knaves, Fools and Philoſophers; and ſo forward *mutatis mutandis*, to the end of the Chapter. There's not any Corruption in Nature, but Money is at one end on't; the whole World is under the Dominion of it; for all Things under the Sun are bought and ſold. But as it gives Men Reputation, ſo it brings People into Snares and Dangers too; it expoſes 'em to Factions, Robbers, Cheats, Knights of the Poſt, and the like: It fills their *Heads* and their *Hearts* with Cares and Diſquiets. And what at laſt are all the Bags and Poſſeſſions that Rich Men take ſo much Pride and Pleaſure in, but Spunges depoſited in their own Hands, 'till there ſhall be occaſion to ſqueeze them for the Publick Uſe!

FAB. 390. A Merchant and a Seaman.

A *Merchant* at Sea was asking the *Ship's Maſter*, What Death his Father Dy'd? He told him, that his Father, his Grandfather, and his Great Grandfather were all Drown'd. Well, ſays the *Merchant*, and are not you your ſelf afraid of being Drown'd too? No, not I, ſays the *Skipper*. But pray, ſays t'other again, What Death did *Your* Father, Grandfather, and Great Grandfather Die? Why they Dy'd all in their Beds, ſays the *Merchant*. Very good, ſays the

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the *Skipper*, and why ſhould I be any more afraid of going to *Sea*, than you are of going to *Bed?*

The MORAL.

He that troubles his Head with drawing Conſequences from meer Contingencies, ſhall never be at Reſt: And this is farther to mind us, that in an Honeſt Courſe of Life, we are not to fear Death.

REFLECTION.

'TIS much in our own Power how to Live; but not at all, when, or how to Die: So that our Part is only to ſubmit to Fate, and to bid Death Welcome at what time, and in what Place or Manner ſoever it ſhall pleaſe God to ſend it. The Reaſon and the Doctrine of this Fable is Clear, Strong, and Edifying: We are either not to Fear Death at all, or to Fear it every Moment of our Lives; nay, and in all the Forms that ever it appear'd in, which will put us to ſuch a ſtand, that we ſhall not dare even to Live for fear of Dying. We muſt neither Eat, nor Drink, nor Breathe, nor Sleep, if we come once to boggle at Precedents, and at the doing of thoſe things over again, that ever any Man dy'd of before. There is not one Inſtant of Life, in fine, but may be our Laſt. Beſide, that we Live, not only in the Daily Danger of Death, but in a continual Certainty of it: So that the Queſtion is not How, or of What this or that Man dy'd, but the inevitable Fate and Mortality of Mankind. One Man dies in his Bed, another at Sea, a Third in the Field; this Man of one Accident or Diſtemper, that of another: And what is there more in all this now, than ſo many ſeveral ways to the ſame Journey's End? There is no ſuch Preſervative againſt the Fear of Death, as the Conſcience of a Good Life; and if we would have it eaſy, we muſt make the Thought of it familiar to us.

FAB. 391. Mice, Cat, and a Bell.

THere was a Deviliſh ſly *Cat*, it ſeems, in a certain Houſe, and the *Mice* were ſo plagu'd with her at every turn, that they call'd a Court to adviſe upon ſome way to prevent being ſurpriz'd. If you'll be rul'd by me (ſays a Member of the Board) there's nothing like hanging

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hanging a *Bell* about the *Cat*'s *Neck*, to give Warning before hand, when *Puſs* is a-coming. They all look'd upon't as the beſt Contrivance that the Caſe would bear. Well (ſays another) and now we are agreed upon the *Bell*, ſay who ſhall put it about the *Cat*'s *Neck?* There was no body, in fine, that would undertake it, and ſo the Expedient fell to the Ground.

The MORAL.

The Boldeſt Talkers are not always the Greateſt Doers.

REFLECTION.

THIS is the Courſe of the World, to the very Life; we can never want Adviſers and Counſellors in Matters of the greateſt Hazard: But let the Reaſon be never ſo clear, we are ſtill at a Loſs for an Inſtrument to put dangerous Projects in Execution.

Deſperate Caſes require Deſperate Remedies; but let the Hazard of this or that Part of a Body be what it will, it is matter of Duty, Juſtice, and Policy to conſult the Good of the whole. It was the Intereſt of the *Mice* to have a *Bell* put about the *Cat*'s *Neck*, and they all agreed upon't to be a very good Expedient: But when it came to the Iſſue, the Counſel fell to the Ground for want of one to put it in Execution. This is no more than what we ſee frequently in Difficulties of State; but the true Reaſon of failing in that Caſe, proceeds rather from ſome Failings in the Adminiſtration, than from any want of neceſſary Inſtruments. As for the Purpoſe, where Reward and Puniſhment are inverted, and where Men of Faith and Zeal for the Honour and Service of the Common-wealth, are only made Sacrifices to the Paſſions and Intereſt of the Corrupt and Fearful. Where Matters are thus manag'd, I ſay, every Man is not of a Conſtitution to Leap a Gulf for the ſaving of his Country: Eſpecially, when over and above the Certainty of Ruin, Men are no leſs ſure of having their very Names and Memories abandon'd to Infamy and Contempt for their Pains: But on the other hand, where Chriſtian as well as Political Juſtice has its Courſe, every Part of the Community ſuffers by Conſent with the Whole: And ſuch a Government in the uttermoſt of Extremities, ſhall never fail of *Devotees.*

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FAB. 392. Uſurers and Curriers.

A Parcel of *Curriers* fell into Company with a Gang of *Uſurers*, and paſs'd this Complement upon 'em; What a Bleſſing they accounted it to meet with ſo many Worthy Men of their own Trade. One of the *Uſurers* was a Head-Man of the City, it ſeems, and took it a little in Dudgeon to be rank'd Cheek by Joul with a Scab of a *Currier*, and ſo aſk'd one of 'em what he meant, by ſaying they were all of a Trade? Nay, I muſt confeſs, ſays the *Fell-monger*, there is ſome difference yet betwixt your Trade and ours; for we deal but in Flaying of *Dead Horſes* and *Aſſes*, and the People of your Trade Flay *Living Men.*

The MORAL.

A Reproof has more Effect when it comes by a Side-wind, than if it were Levell'd directly at the very Vice or Perſon.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a very great Miſtake in the World, to give Reputation to many unconſcionable and notorious Practices, that ought rather to be puniſh'd. One would try all ways of ſetting People right in their Wits and Manners: Authority and Friendſhip work upon ſome; dry and ſober Reaſon works upon others: But theſe Means are only effectual, where there's Place for Modeſty and Conſcience. Some are reclaim'd by Puniſhment, ſome by Example, and ſome again are ſet right by good Nature, or upon Second Thoughts: But there are a ſort of Men that will not be *Reaſon'd* into their Senſes, and may yet be *Laugh'd* or *Droll'd* into them. A *Jeſt* works more many times than a *Text.* Every Man, in fine, has a weak Side, if a body could but hit upon't. The Figure of a *Currier* apply'd to an *Uſurer*, ſinks deeper with him, than all the *Woes* in Holy Scripture, upon the Topick of *Grinding the Faces of the Poor.* Men muſt *Angle* for *Converts* as they do for *Fiſhes.* There's no good to be done, without fitting the Bait to the liking of the *Fiſh*, and to the Courſe of the Seaſon: As the *Currier* here ſtruck the *Uſurer* upon the right Vein.

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FAB. 393. Two Travellers of differing Humours.

THere were Two Men together upon a Journey, of very differing Humours; one of them went ſlugging on with a Thouſand Cares and Troubles in his Head, exclaiming over and over, *Lord, What ſhall I do to live?* T'other jogg'd merrily away, and left his Matters to Providence and Good Fortune. Well, Brother (ſays the ſorrowful Wight,) *How can you be ſo Frolick now? As I am a Sinner, my Heart's e'en ready to break for fear I ſhould want Bread.* Come, come, ſays t'other, *Fall Back, Fall Edge*, the Reſolution's taken, and my Mind's at reſt. What Reſolution, ſays his Companion? Why a Reſolution, ſays he, to make the beſt ſhift I can, and commit my ſelf to Heaven for the reſt. Ay, but for all that, ſays t'other again, I have known as Reſolute People as your ſelf, that their Confidence has deceiv'd them in the Concluſion; and ſo the Poor Man fell into another Fit of Doubting and Muſing, till he ſtarted out of it all on a ſudden: *Good Lord*, ſays he, *What if I ſhould fall blind?* And ſo he walk'd a good way before his Companion with his Eyes ſhut, to try how 'twould be, if that Misfortune ſhould befal him. In this *Interim*, his Fellow-Traveller that follow'd him, found a Purſe of Money upon the way, which made good his Doctrine, of leaving things to Providence; whereas the other miſs'd that Encounter, as a Puniſhment of his Diſtruſt; for the *Purſe* had been *His*, if he had not put himſelf out of Condition of *Seeing* it.

The MORAL.

He that commits himſelf to Providence, is ſure of a Friend in time of Need; While an Anxious Diſtruſt of the Divine Goodneſs, makes a Man more and more unworthy of it; and miſerable beforehand, for fear of being ſo afterward.

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REFLECTION.

THE Two oppoſite Humours of a Chearful Truſt in Providence, and a Suſpicious Diffidence of it, with the ordinary Effects and Conſequences of the one and the other, are very well ſet forth here for our Inſtruction and Comfort. The Divine Goodneſs never fails thoſe that depend upon it, provided that according to the Advice of *Hercules* to the *Carter*, they put their own Shoulders to the Work.

The moſt wretched ſort of People under the Sun, are your *Dreamers* upon Events, your *Foreboders*, *Suppoſers*, and *Putters of Caſes*: They are ſtill calculating within themſelves, What if this, or that Calamity, Judgment or Diſaſter ſhould befal 'em? And ſo they form it in their own Imagination, for fear it ſhould come another way. It is moſt certain, that what we *fear*, we *feel*; beſide that, Fancy breeds Miſery as naturally as it does the *Small-Pox*. Set a whimſical Head once agog upon Sprights and Goblins, and he'll be ready to ſquirt his Wits at his own Shadow. I'll ſuppoſe my ſelf *Blind*, (ſays one of the Travellers) and try what will come on't: And what is this more, than the Experiment many and many a Man makes in the World? Well, I ſhut my Eyes, I ſtumble, I loſe my Way, break a Leg or an Arm perhaps, ſtep over a Bag of Money, for him to find that comes after me with his Eyes open: In one Word, I ſlip my Fortune in a Fantaſtical Freak, to no manner of purpoſe but for my own Ruin. There is no ſurer Remedy for this ſuperſtitious and deſponding Weakneſs, than firſt to govern our ſelves by the beſt Improvement of that Reaſon which Providence has given us for a Guide; and then, when we have done our own Parts, to commit all chearfully for the reſt, to the good Pleaſure of Heaven, with *Truſt* and *Reſignation*. Why ſhould not I as well comfort my ſelf with the Hope of what may be, as torment my ſelf with the Fear on't? He that diſtruſts God's Providence, does effectually put himſelf out of his Protection.

FAB. 394. An Agreement between the Wolves and the Dogs.

THE *Wolves* found themſelves in a great Streight once how to deal with the *Dogs*; they could do well enough with 'em one by one, they ſaw; but were

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ſtill worſted and over-born by Numbers. They took the Matter into Debate, and came at laſt to this concluſion: That unleſs they could make a Party among them, and by a parcel of fair Words and Pretences, engage them into a Confederacy againſt their Maſters and Themſelves, there was no good to be done in the Matter. Upon this, they ſent out their Spies among the *Dogs*, with Inſtructions to go to thoſe among them, that were neareſt their own Make, Size and Colour, and to reaſon the Matter with them, after this or the like manner. (*Why ſhould not we, that are all of a Colour, and in a manner all of a Kind, be all of a Party too, and all of an Intereſt? You'll ſay, perhaps, that your Maſters, and your Fellows will take it ill, and pick a Quarrel with ye.* Well, and what will they be able to *make on't* then, *againſt You and Us together? If it comes to that once, 'twill be but one puſh for all, and the Work is done.*) This Diſcourſe wrought as well as Heart could wiſh; for a great many of the *Wolf-Colour Dogs* cry'd out, *Well mov'd* upon't, and ſo went over to the other ſide. And what came on't at laſt, but that after the *Dogs* had Deſerted, the *Wolves* worry'd one Part of the Enemies by the Help of the *Curs* that went over to them; and they were ſtrong enough to deſtroy the Revolters themſelves.

The MORAL.

A Houſe divided againſt it ſelf cannot ſtand.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fiction may be match'd with a Thouſand common Caſes, where Parties are divided with Factions from abroad, into Feuds and Animoſities among themſelves. 'Tis an eaſy matter to form and to invent ſpecious Colours and Arguments to all manner of purpoſes, and to paradox the Multitude into what Opinion any Man pleaſes, that is but Maſter of Art and Addreſs, and in any ſort of Credit with the *Mobile*; for 'tis not the Reaſon of the thing in queſtion, but Paſſion and Prejudice that governs in the Caſe. What will not Ignorance and Credulity ſwallow, if they can be but once

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ice prevail'd upon to believe, that 'tis the common Intereſt all the *Dogs*, for one part of them to enter into an Alliance ith the *Wolves* againſt the other; and to draw Inferences om the Complexion of the Miniſters, to the Reaſon of the overnment; as the *Wolf-colour* of the *Dog* is made an Argu-ent for a Reſemblance in the *Nature* of 'em? But the very oppoſition points out the ready way to Deſtruction; and e dividing of the Guards, leads manifeſtly, Firſt, to the orrying of one another; and Secondly, to the utter Ruin the whole; only the *Dogs* of the *Conſpiracy* are to be *laſt ten.* The *Wolves* Propoſal was Practicable and Natural ough, and a perfect Emblem of the Confuſions and Poli-ks abroad in the World. The *Wolves* ſit in Council, and does the *Cabal*; and the Subject-Matter of both their De-es is *Diviſion.* The one ſends out their Spies and their ents, to tamper and ſeduce the *Dogs* from their *Faith* and *ty*; The other have *their Inſtruments* at work too, in their ubs and Pulpits, and to ſtagger the People in their Alle-nce. The *Dogs* are to be *debauch'd*; that is to ſay, the *ards* are to be *corrupted:* The *Wolf-colour'd Curs* to be lt with in the firſt place; that is to ſay, thoſe Courtiers icers, Soldiers, and others that have ſomewhat of Agree-nt in Principle and Perſuaſion with the Common Enemy. y, and the very ſame Argument is put in their Mouths , *We are all of a Colour:* And what's the Iſſue of all this laſt, but the ſame Fate to the People, where theſe Liber-are taken, that attended the Dogs and the Sheep here in Fable.

FAB. 395. A Wolf turn'd Shepherd.

THere was a crafty *Wolf* that dreſs'd himſelf up like a *Shepherd*, with his Crook, and all his Trade a-ut him, to the very Pipe and Poſture. This *Maſque-le* ſucceeded ſo well with him, that in the dead of Night once, when the Men and their Dogs were faſt aſleep, he would be offering at the *Shepherd*'s *ice* and *Call* too: But there was ſomewhat of a *Howl* the *Tone*, that the Country preſently took an *Alarm* and ſo they fell in upon him in his Diſguiſe, when was ſo ſhackled and hamper'd that he could neither ght nor Fly.

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The MORAL.

'Tis the higheſt Pitch of a Publick Calamity, when the People are Worry'd and Seduc'd by thoſe that ſhould Protect and Inſtruct them. No Impoſtor is ſo Exquiſite, as not to betray himſelf ſome way or other to a Diſcovery.

REFLECTION.

THIS is in ſome ſort the Reverſe of *Boccalini*'s Advice from the *Weſt Indies*, that the *Spaniards Dogs* there, that were ſent to preſerve their *Flocks* from *Wolves*, were grown *Wolves* themſelves. Now here's a *Wolf* turn'd *Shepherd*, with the ſame Deſign, only better dreſs'd up: For there's no Treachery ſo plauſible, as that which is cover'd with the Robe of a Guide or Governor. Nothing like a Mercenary *Bar-Gain* to make a Sedition warrantable; nothing like an Aſſembly of *Pye-Bald* Divines, to make it a Point of Conſcience; and nothing again like a Popular *Ordinance*, to make it both Law and Goſpel. There are hardly any more dangerous Inſtruments of Miſchief, than Corrupt Officers and Miniſters, that abuſe their Authority, commit publick Violence in the Maſter's Name, and do Wrong under a Colour of Right and Juſtice. But this does not come up yet to the Force and Point of the Fiction: For 'tis one thing to abuſe a Lawful Authority, to the Degree of Tyranny and Oppreſſion; and it is another thing to exerciſe a worſe Tyranny and Oppreſſion, without any Authority at all. The *Wolf* turn'd *Shepherd*, is only an *Uſurper* in the Shape of a *Protector*, a *Perſecutor* under the Cloak of a *Governor*; a Creature that's Cruel and Falſe by Nature, in oppoſition to all the Methods of Piety and good Manners. So that here's all ſumm'd up in a few Words, to make the Caſe Miſerable and Shameful. The Morality, in fine, of this Fable, may be fairly enough apply'd to the Errors on both hands: That is to ſay, of thoſe that put a *Lawful Authority* upon the ſtretch, to the Abuſe of that Power, under the Colour of *Prerogative*; and of thoſe that take upon them to exerciſe the Offices of Power, without any Right to't at all. But the Sheep, however, are well guarded in the mean time, that have a Wolf for their Keeper.

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FAB. 396. An Aſs and a Lion.

IN Old Time, when a Generous Beaſt made more Conſcience of his Word, than many a Modern Chriſtian has done of an Oath; a *Lion* ſhook Hands with an *Aſs*, and ſo they agreed upon't to jog on up and down in the Woods, Lovingly and Peaceably together. As they were upon this Adventure, they diſcover'd a Herd of *Wolves*; the *Aſs* immediately ſets up a hideous Bray, and fetches a Run at them Open-mouth, as if he would have Eaten 'em. The *Wolves* only ſnear'd at him for his Pains, but ſcamper'd away, however, as hard as they could drive. By and by comes the *Aſs* back again, Puffing and Blowing, from the Chaſe. Well, ſays the *Lion*, and what was that horrid Scream for, I prithee? Why (ſays t'other) I frighten'd 'em all away, you ſee. And did they run away from you, ſays the *Lion*, or from me, d'ye think?

The MORAL.

Noiſe and Bluſter is ſo far from doing Buſineſs, that inſtead of Awing and Frighting People, it ſerves only to make them Sport, when the Vanity of it comes to be diſcover'd.

REFLECTION.

THERE are *Braying Men* in the World, as well as *Braying Aſſes*; for, what's loud and ſenſeleſs Talking, Huffing, Damning and Blaſpheming, any other than a more faſhionable way of *Braying?* Only the one is that to the Ear, which the other is to the Mind; and a Man may better endure the Shocking of his Senſe, than the Affronting of his Reaſon. The *Lion*, 'tis true, might have kept better Company; but ſo long as it was only for his Diverſion, it gives us to underſtand how far Great Men may be allow'd to make themſelves merry with *Buffoons*. The *Wolves* running away from the *Aſs*, while the *Lion* was looking on, tells us in the *Allegory*, That *Favourite Aſſes* have the Privilege of *Favourite Dogs*; they may ſnap and ſnarl where they pleaſe *gratis*: But 'tis for their Maſter's ſake at laſt, that they

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come off with a whole Skin. And what's the Iſſue now of all this Noiſe in the Concluſion, but the making of the Noiſe-makers ſtill more Ridiculous?

FAB. 397. An Ape and a Mountebank.

THere was a *Mountebank* trick'd up as fine as a Lord; a certain *Ape*, that had a Mind to ſet up for a *Beau*, ſpies him out, and nothing would ſerve him, but he muſt have a Suit and Dreſs after the ſame Pattern; he preſs'd the Quack ſo hard for't, that at laſt he told him plainly, Upon Condition, ſays he, that you ſhall wear a Silver Chain about your Neck, I'll give you the very Fellow on't; for you'll be running away with the Livery elſe. *Jack* agrees to't, and is preſently rigg'd out in his Gold and Silver Lace, with a Feather in's Cap; and as Figures go now a-days, a very pretty Figure he made in the World, I can aſſure ye; tho' upon ſecond Thoughts, when the Heat of the Vanity was over, he grew Sick of his Bargain; for he found he had ſold his *Liberty* for a *Fool's Coat*.

The MORAL.

'Tis with us in our Lives, as with the Indians *in their Trade that truck Gold and Pearl, for Beads and Glaſſes. We part with the Bleſſings of both Worlds for Pleaſures, Court-Favours and Commiſſions; and at laſt, when we have ſold our ſelves to our Luſts, we grow ſick of our Bargain.*

REFLECTION.

A vain Fool can hardly be more miſerable than the granting of his own Prayers and Wiſhes would make him. How many Spectacles does every Day afford us, of *Apes* and *Mountebanks* in Gay-Coats, that paſs in the World for *Philoſophers* and *Men of Honour*; and 'tis no wonder for one Fool to value himſelf upon the ſame Vanity for which he eſteems another. He that judges of Men and Things by Senſe, governs himſelf by Senſe too; and he that well conſiders the Practices and Opinions of the Age he lives in, will find, that Folly and Paſſion have

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have more Diſciples than Wiſdom and Virtue. The Feather is a *Fool*'s *Cap* is a *Fool*'s Inclination; nay, it is his Ambition too; for he that meaſures the Character of another Man by his Outſide, ſeldom looks farther than the Buſineſs of Dreſs and Appearance in himſelf. Beſide, that ill Examples work more upon us than good; and that we are forwarder to imitate the one, than to emulate the other. This is now the higheſt Pitch of Infelicity, when we do not only ſquare our Lives in general, according to vicious Precedents, but ſet our Hearts in particular (with the fantaſtical *Ape* here) upon this or that Extravagance. No other ſort of Fool would pleaſe him, than the very *Counter-part* of this Quack. His Miſtake was double; Firſt, he plac'd an Opinion of Happineſs where there was no ground at all to expect it; ſecondly, he parted with his Liberty in Exchadge for't; which is the ſame Thing with Trucking the greateſt Bleſſing of Human Nature for the Handy-Work of a Taylor.

FAB. 398. Boys and Frogs.

A Company of Waggiſh *Boys* were watching of *Frogs* at the Side of a Pond, and ſtill as any of 'em put up their Heads, they'd be pelting them down again with Stones. Children (ſays one of the *Frogs*) you never conſider, that *though this may be Play to you, 'tis Death to us.*

The MORAL.

Hard-heartedneſs and Cruelty is not only an inhuman Vice, but worſe than Brutal: For ſuch Men take Delight in Blood, which Beaſts ſpill only in Self-defence, or in Caſe of Neceſſity to ſatisfy Hunger.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a dangerous and an ill-natur'd Liberty, the wonting or the ſuffering of Children to play with Birds or Flies. The Cudgelling of *Shroving Cocks* is a barbarous Cuſtom; and ſo is the common Licence that Roguy Boys take in the Streets, of tearing and tormenting of Puppies and Kitlings. The very Sport is Cruelty; for 'tis no longer a Laughing Matter, when the Life of a Creature comes to be concern'd. This is a Freedom not to be endur'd, ſo much as

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in the Spectacle, but much leſs to be approv'd or practis'd, eſpecially by thoſe that are born and train'd up to any conſiderable Figure in a Government: For Hard-heartedneſs in Boys will be Brutality and Tyranny in Men. Softneſs and Tenderneſs of Nature, are the Seeds of a generous Humanity; provided always that Children be taught to diſtinguiſh betwixt a Benignity and a Facility of Diſpoſition, and that may not confound Gracious with Effeminate. By this Means there may be a Foundation laid of worthy Thoughts, which will ripen in due time into Glorious Actions and Habits, to qualify Men for the Honour and Service of their Country. This *Foundation*, I ſay, of a Pious and a Virtuous Compaſſion, will diſpoſe Men afterward, inſtead of adding Affliction to Affliction, and of grinding the *Faces* of the Weak and Innocent, to miniſter Protection to thoſe that are Oppreſſed.

FAB. 399. A Council of Beaſts.

THE *Beaſts* (a great while ago) were ſo harraſs'd out with perpetual Feuds and Factions, that they call'd a *General Council*, in the Nature of a *Committee of Grievances*, to adviſe upon ſome Way for the Adjuſting of Differences, in order to a Publick Peace. After a great many Notable Things ſaid upon the Debate, *Pro* and *Con*, the *Hares* at laſt (according to the *Printed Votes* of thoſe Days) deliver'd their Senſe to this Effect: There can never be any Quiet in this World, ſo long as one Beaſt ſhall be allow'd Nails, Teeth or Horns, more than another; but the Weaker will ſtill be a Prey to the Stronger: Wherefore, we humbly propoſe an *Univerſal Parity*, and that we may be all upon the ſame *Level*, both for Dignity and Power; for we may then, and not 'till then, promiſe our ſelves a Bleſſed State of Agreement, when no one Creature ſhall be able to Hurt another.

The MORAL.

The Mobile *are ſtill for Levelling; that is to ſay, for Advancing themſelves: For 'tis as Broad as 'tis Long, whether they Riſe*

to

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to others, or bring others down to them. Beſide, that the Doctrine of Levelling ſtrikes at the very Order of Providence.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a fooliſh Thing for People to talk Boldly, without a Power to Execute; for upon the Upſhot, they ſerve only for Sport to their Superiors. The World is like to be well govern'd, where thoſe that have neither Reſolution nor Courage, ſhall take upon 'em to give Laws to't: When Fools ſhall correct the Works of the Heavenly Wiſdom, and paſs Reviews upon the Order of the Univerſe. It might be every Jot as cheap, New-made as Mended; and the whole Creation taken to Pieces and Rebuilt, as any Part of the Work of Providence Improv'd. If God pronounc'd upon every Thing that he made, that it was *Good*, who ſhall preſume to think that he can make it better?

The Queſtion is, the Procuring of an *Univerſal Peace*; and the *Hares* are of Opinion, that the Diſarming of *Lions*, *Tygers*, &c. and the bringing of Matters to a Level, would do the Work. Let it now be conſider'd, that there is an Ambition in the very Affectation of that Equality: For 'tis as broad as 'tis long, whether the Other ſhall be brought down, or they themſelves advanc'd. 'Tis ſottiſh, I ſay, to offer at Things that cannot be brought about; it is wicked to meddle towards the altering or unſettling of Things Sacred; and 'tis a Madneſs for the Weaker to talk of binding the Hands of the Stronger. The Simple are not to direct the Wiſe, nor the Inferiors to impoſe upon thoſe that are above them. 'Tis Nonſenſe to ſuppoſe a Level in the ſeveral Parts of the Univerſe, when the very Frame of it is only an Orderly Pile, or Scale of one Thing above another.

Now there are *Hares* in Councils and in Commiſſions of *State*, as well as in *Fields*, and in *Fables*, where the Multitude are for Levelling too, and for Paring the Claws and Drawing the Teeth of *Governors*, as well as of *Beaſts*. The True *Engliſh* of leaving no Power to do Hurt, is the leaving no Power to do Good neither; and to make ſhort Work on't, the leaving *no Power at all*. *'Tis a Juggle of the Levellers* (ſays Mr. *Selden*,) *They would have no Body Above them, they ſay; but they do not tell, they'd have no Body Under them.*

FAB.

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FAB. 400. A Cock and a Fox-Caſe.

THere was a *Fox-Caſe* ſet up near a *Hen-Rooſt*, to hold forth the Doctrine of Terror and Example. A *Cock* ſpy'd it, and ſcour'd away from't, as faſt as his Legs and his Wings could carry him, and the Birds hooted at him for't. Hark ye, my Maſters (ſays he) there are *Live Foxes* as well as *Dead* Ones, by the Token one of them had me by the Back but t'other Day, and a Thouſand Pound to a Nut-ſhell, I had never got off again. And pray tell me now, if any of you had but been in my Condition, whether the very Print of a *Fox*'s *Foot* would not have ſtarted ye; and much more the Image of him in his *Skin?*

The MORAL.

The Burnt Child dreads the Fire.

REFLECTION.

WE find this to be true upon daily Experience, that narrow Eſcapes out of great Dangers, make People take *Alarm* at leſs; eſpecially of the ſame kind. One had better be laugh'd at for taking a *Fox-Caſe* for a *Fox*, than be deſtroy'd by taking a *Live Fox* only for a *Caſe*. The very Fancy has ſomewhat of Reaſon in't; for 'tis but a meaſuring Caſt, upon ſuch a Suppoſition as this, whether it proves the one or the other. A *Lark* we ſee, will *Dare* at a *Painted Hobby*. I ſing'd the Toes of an *Ape* through a Burning-Glaſs my ſelf once, and he would never be brought to endure the Sight of a Burning-Glaſs after. I knew another *Ape* that was ſhot behind his Maſter in the Long Rebellion here, and would never after that endure the Sight of a Piſtol. Now there's no more in all this, than what's Natural, Reaſonable and Familiar.

FAB. 401. A Cobler turn'd Doctor.

A Bungling *Cobler* that was ready to Starve at his own Trade, changes his Quarter, and ſets up for a *Doctor*; and by the Force of Sour Looks and Hard

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Hard Words, Conjures himſelf into ſome ſort of Reputation with the Common People. His Maſter-piece was a Compoſition that he *Bill'd* about, under the Name of a *Sovereign Antidote.* This Phyſician came in time to fall ſick himſelf, and the Governour of the Place gave him a Viſit. He calls for a Cup, and a Doſe of his *Antidote*, puts a little fair Water in't, under a pretence of ſo much Poiſon, ſtirs it together, and gives it his Patient. This (ſays he) is only to try the Force of your Medicine; and if you out-live it, I'll give ye a conſiderable Sum of Money for your Receipt. The poor *Quack* had more Care of his Life than of his Credit; and ſo for fear of being poiſon'd, told the whole Truth of the Matter, and how he came to be a Phyſician. The Governor, upon this Diſcovery, call'd the People together, and bad them conſider the Folly and Madneſs of their Confidence, that would venture the patching up of their Carcaſſes, upon the Skill of an ignorant Fellow, that no body who knew him would truſt ſo much as with the mending of a Pair of Old Shoes.

The MORAL.

There's Quacking in all Trades: Bold Ignorance paſſes upon the Multitude for Science; and it is with Men as it is with Brutes, ſome are to Eat, and others to be Eaten. Confident Knaves live upon Credulous Fools.

REFLECTION.

NO Fable can be pleaſant, profitable or inſtructive in Emblem, that is not drawn to the very Life of Nature; and we have a Horror for the monſtrous Productions of the Brain, as well as for thoſe of the Body. Wherefore the Teſt of an edifying Parable, is a Congruity of the Moral to the Lines of Practice, and to the Image of Truth. The Reſemblance muſt be Touching, and a Man muſt have a Feeling of it to be mov'd with it. 'Tis never right, till I can ſay to myſelf, how many Inſtances have I ſeen in the World of this *Cobler* turn'd *Doctor?* How many *Underlayers*, that when they could not live upon their Trade, have rais'd themſelves from *Cobling* to *Fluxing*, and taken upon them to caſt the Water of a Body Politick, as well as of a Body Natural? This minds me of a

Cobling

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Cobling Colonel of famous Memory, (and he was a Stateſman too of the *Long Parliament Edition)* to a Lady of Quality in *Ireland.* She had been ſo terribly plunder'd, that the poor Woman went almoſt bare-foot: And as ſhe was warming her Feet once in the Chimney-Corner, the Colonel took notice that her Shooes wanted Capping; *Lord, Madam* (ſays he) *why d'ye wear no better Shooes?* Why truly, Sir, ſays ſhe, all the *Coblers* are turn'd *Colonels*, and I can get no body to mend 'em. Now to do right to the *Apologue*, there are ſeveral remarkable *Innuendo's* int: Here's firſt, a *Coxcomb* that Commences *Doctor.* Secondly, a kind of an *Individuum Vagum*, dreſt up in the Character of a Man of Quality. Thirdly, From being ready to ſtarve Himſelf, he makes a very good Living out of the Privilege of Poiſoning and deſtroying other People. Fourthly, it gives us to underſtand the Force of Impudence on the one hand, and of Ignorance on the other; for what was it but the brazen Face of the Quack, aſſiſted by the Silline's of the *Mobile*, that advanc'd this Upſtart from the Stall to the Stage? It is not to be imagin'd, the Power of Tumour and Pretence, bold Looks, hard Words, and a ſupercilious Brow, upon the Paſſions of the Multitude. To ſay the Truth on't, we are impos'd upon by *Botchers* and Men of Forchead, without Common Senſe, in all Trades and Profeſſions, even to the venturing of Soul, Body, Life and Eſtate upon their Skill, Honeſty and Credit. Can any Man look about him in the World now, and caſt his Eye and Thought upon every Day's Inſtances of ſome of theſe wonderful Improvements and Converſions, without ſaying to himſelf, The *Mythologiſt* pointed at all theſe Men in this Fable? For it holds as well from *Foppery* to *Policy*, from *Baſeneſs* to *Honour*, and from *Beggary* to *Superfluity*, as from *Patching* to *Purging*, and from the *Stall* to the *Urinal.* But a Trial of Skill at laſt puts him paſt his *Latin*; and when it comes to that once, he'll have more Wit than to venture his Life upon his *Antidote.*

FAB. 402. A Cobler and a Financier.

THere was a Droll of a *Cobler*, that led a Life as merry as the Day was long, and Singing and Joaking was his Delight. But it was not altogether ſo well with a Neighbour of his, though a Great Officer

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ficer in the Treaſury; for there was no Singing, nor hardly any Sleeping under his Roof: Or, if he happen'd to Doze a little now and then in a Morning, 'twas Forty to one the Jolly *Cobler* Wak'd him. How often would he be Wiſhing to himſelf, that Sleep were to be bought in the Market as well as Meat and Drink! While his Head was working upon this Thought, the Toy took him in the Crown to ſend for the Songſter. Come Neighbour, Says he, thou liv'ſt like a Prince here; How much a Year canſt thou get by thy Trade; Nay, Faith Maſter, ſays the *Cobler*, I keep no 'Count-Books; but if I can get Bread from Hand to Mouth, and make even at the Year's End, I never trouble myſelf for to Morrow. Well, ſays the Officer, but if you know what you can earn by the Day, you may eaſily caſt up what that comes to by the Year: Ay, ſays he, but that's more or leſs, as it falls out; for we have a World of *Holy-Days*, *Feſtivals*, and *New Saints*, that 'tis a woundy Hindrance to a poor Man that lives by his Labour. This dry, blunt way, took with the Officer, and ſo he went on with him. Come, my Friend, ſays he, you came into my Houſe a *Cobler*, what will you ſay now, if I ſend you out on't an *Emperor?* And ſo he put a Purſe of an Hundred Crowns into his Hand. Go your ways, ſays he, there's an Eſtate for ye, and be a good Husband of it. Away goes the *Cobler* with his Gold, and in Conceit, as rich as if the Mines of *Peru* had been emptied into his Lap. Up he locks it immediately, and all the *Comfort* of his *Life*, together with his *Crowns* in the ſame *Cheſt*. From the time he was Maſter of this Treaſure, there was no more Singing or Sleeping at our Houſe; not a *Cat* ſtirr'd in the Garret, but an Out-cry of Thieves; and his Cottage was ſo haunted with Cares, Jealouſies and wild Alarms, that his very Life was become a Burden to him. So that after a ſhort time, away trudges he to the Officer again: Ah Sir, ſays he, if you have any Charity for a miſerable Creature, do but let me have my Songs and Sleep again, and do you take back your Hundred Crowns,

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Crowns, with an Hundred Thouſand Thanks into the Bargain.

The MORAL.

The Poor Man, that has but from Hand to Mouth, paſſes his Time Merrily, and without any Fear or Danger of Thieves, Publick or Private; but the Houſe that has Money in't, is as good as haunted.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable makes Riches to be a great Enemy to our Repoſe, and tells us, that the Cares of Money lie heavier upon a Good Man, that the Inconveniencies of an Honeſt Poverty. He that ſets the Anxiety, Fears and Dangers that accompany Riches, againſt the chearful and the eaſy Security of a private Fortune and Condition, may very well be thankful for the One, without Repining at the Other. He that ſets his Heart upon any thing in this World, makes himſelf a Slave to his Hopes and Fears, and is as ſure of being Diſappointed, as he is of the Uncertainty of Human Affairs. Let it be Love, Preferment, Court-Favours, Popularity, or what elſe it will, ſome Rival or other he muſt expect to meet with in all his Pretenſions. The Proud Man's Inclinations is Glory, High Place in the World, and the Applauſe of People. The Envious Man's Heart is ſet upon doing ſhrewd Turns, defamatory Calumnies and Revenge. In few Words, Violent Affections never fail of being Uneaſy and Importune: But of all extravagant Paſſions, the Love of *Money* is the moſt Dangerous, in regard of the greateſt Variety of Difficulties that attend it. There may be ſome few Pretenders to a Beautiful Lady; ſome few Candidates for the Favour of a Popular Choice: But theſe are Competitions that intermit, and go off and on as it happens, upon this or that Occaſion. But *Money is an Univerſal Miſtreſs*; Men are always Watching, Spying, and Deſigning upon't; and all the Engines of Worldly Wiſdom are perpetually at work about it: So that whoſoever is poſſeſs'd of, and ſolicitous for that Intereſt, ſhall never cloſe his Eyes, ſo long as Craft, Violence, or Conſpiracy, ſhall be able to keep them Waking.

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FAB. 403. The Eagle, Cat and Sow.

THere was an *Eagle*, a *Cat* and a *Sow*, that bred in a Wood together. The *Eagle* Timber'd upon the Top of a high *Oak*; the *Cat* Kitten'd in the hollow *Trunk* of it, and the *Sow* lay Pigging at the *Bottom*. The *Cat*'s Heart was ſet upon Miſchief, and ſo ſhe went with her Tale to the *Eagle*. Your Majeſty had beſt look to yourſelf, ſays *Puſs*; for there is moſt certainly a Plot upon ye, and perchance, upon poor me too; for yonder's a *Sow* lies Grubbing every Day at the Root of this Tree; ſhe'll bring it down at laſt, and then your Little Ones and Mine are all at Mercy. So ſoon as ever ſhe had Hammer'd a Jealouſie into the Head of the *Eagle*, away to the *Sow* ſhe goes, and Figs her in the Crown with another Story; Little do you think what Danger your Litter is in; there's an *Eagle* watching conſtantly upon this Tree to make a Prey of your *Pigs*, and ſo ſoon as ever you are but out of the way, ſhe will certainly execute her Deſign. The *Cat* upon this, goes preſently to her *Kittens* again, keeping herſelf upon her Guard all Day, as if ſhe were afraid, and ſteals out ſtill at Night to provide for her Family. In one Word, the *Eagle* durſt not ſtir for fear of the *Sow*; and the *Sow* durſt not budge for fear of the *Eagle*: So that they kept themſelves upon their Guard till they were Starv'd, and left the Care of their *Children* to *Puſs* and her *Kittens*.

The MORAL.

There can be no Peace in any State or Family, where Whiſperers and Tale-bearers are encourag'd.

REFLECTION.

Buſy-Bodies and Intermedlers, are a dangerous ſort of People to have to do withal; for there's no Miſchief that may not be wrought by the Craft and Manage of a double Tongue, with a Fooliſh Credulity to work upon. There's hardly a greater

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greater Peſt to Government, Converſation, the Peace of Societies, Relations and Families, than officious Tale-bearers, and buſy Intermedlers. Theſe Pick-thanks are enough to ſet Mankind together by the Ears; they live upon Calumny and Slander, and cover themſelves too under the Seal of Secrecy and Friendſhip: Theſe are the People that *ſet their Neighbours Houſes on Fire to Roaſt their own Eggs.* The Sin of Traducing is Diabolical, according to the very Letter; and if the Office be artificially manag'd, 'tis enough to put the whole World into a Flame, and no body the Wiſer which way it came. The Miſchief may be promoted, by Miſ-repreſenting, Miſ-underſtanding, or Miſ-interpreting our Neighbours Thoughts, Words and Deeds; and no Wound ſo Mortal as that where the Poiſon works under a Pretence of Kindneſs: Nay, there are ways of Commendation and Inſinuations, of Affection and Eſteem, that Kill a Man as ſure as a Gun. This Practice is the Bane of all Truſt and Confidence; and it is as frequent in the Intrigues of Courts and States, as in the moſt ordinary Accidents of Life. 'Tis enough to break the Neck of all Honeſt Purpoſes, to Kill all Generous and Publick-Spirited Motions, and to ſtifle all Honourable Inclinations in the very Conception. But next to the Practice of theſe Lewd Offices, Deliver all Honeſt Men from lying at the Mercy of thoſe that Encourage and Entertain them.

FAB. 404. The Frogs and the Bulls.

THere happen'd a deſperate Duel betwixt a Couple of *Bulls*, upon a Point of Honour; for the Quarrel was about a Miſtreſs. There was a *Frog* at the ſame time upon the Bank of a Lake, looking on to ſee the Combat. Ah, ſays the *Frog*, What will become of us now? Why prithee, ſays one of his Companions, What are the *Bulls* to the *Frogs*, or the Lakes to the Meadows? Very much, I can aſſure ye, ſays the *Frog* again, for he that's worſted will be ſure to take Sanctuary in the Fens, and then we are to be trod to Pieces.

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The MORAL.

Delirant Reges, Plectuntur Achivi. *When Princes fall out, the Commonalty ſuffers, and the Little go to Wreck for the Quarrels of the Great.*

REFLECTION.

LET Ill Conſequences be never ſo Remote, 'tis good however, with the *Frogs* here in the Fable, to have the Reaſon of Things at Hand. The Deſign of many Actions looks one way, and the Event works another, as a Young Gameſter's couzen'd with a *Bricole* at *Tennis*. But Miſchiefs, whether meant or not, are to be provided againſt and prevented with as much Care and Induſtry, as if they had been deſigned from the Beginning; and the Application of Foreſight in the one Caſe, muſt ſupply the want of Foreſight in the other. 'Tis the Fool that lives *ex Tempore*, and *from Hand to Mouth*, as we ſay, without carrying his Thoughts into the Future. But a wiſe Man looks forward, through the proper and natural Courſe and Connexion of Cauſes and Effects; and in ſo doing, he fortifies himſelf againſt the Worſt that can befal him. The *Frogs* Caſe, in ſome Reſpect, is that of a Civil War; where People muſt expect to be cruſh'd and ſqueez'd in the Conſequence, toward the Charge and Burden of it. *The Lords make Merry, but 'tis the Commons muſt pay the Piper.*

FAB. 405. The Frogs and the Sun.

IN the Innocent Age of the World, when there were no Children in Nature, but thoſe that were begot in Lawful Wedlock, it was in every Body's Mouth, that the *Sun* was about to Marry. The *Frogs* in General were ready to Leap out of their Skins for Joy at it, till one Crafty Old Slut in the Company, adviſ'd 'em to conſider a little Better on't, before they appointed a Day of Thankſgiving for the Bleſſing. For (ſays ſhe) if we are almoſt ſcorch'd to Death already, with *One Sun*, What will become of us when the *Sun* ſhall have *Children*, and the *Heat* increaſe upon us with the *Family*.

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The MORAL.

We take many Things at firſt Bluſh, for Bleſſings, that upon Second Thoughts we find would be moſt pernicious.

REFLECTION.

IT requires great Care and Circumſpection, that we weigh and ballance Things before we pronounce them to be either Good or Evil: For Men are thankful many times for direct Maledictions; and mortify themſelves upon the Miſtake of Imaginary Bleſſings. 'Twas a Wiſe *Frog* that adviſ'd her Fellows to think well on't, before they rung the Bells for the *Sun's Wedding*. This Fancy looks toward the Caſe of a *Republican Humour* that has got a-Head in a *Monarchical State*. Now *Empire* is not to be ſhar'd in *Conſort*; and when *Sovereignty marries*, 'tis no longer *Single* but *Popular*; and ſtill the Greater the Number of Governors, the Heavier is the Weight of the Government. Now though the Order of Superiority and Subjection be of abſolute Neceſſity for the Good of Mankind, this does not yet hinder it in many Reſpects, from being Grievous to thoſe that live under it; every common Man would be Free, and thinks himſelf wrong'd if he be not ſo. Now this is for want of underſtanding the True and Natural Reaſon of the Matter; which is, that when One Government comes to be diſſolv'd, the firſt Thing to be done, is to fall to Cutting of Throats towards the ſetting up of Another.

FAB. 406. The Fox Condemn'd.

THere was a *Fox* (as the Story has it) of a Lewd Life and Converſation, that happen'd at laſt to be catch'd in his Roguery, and call'd to an Account for the Innocent Blood he had ſpilt of Lambs, Pullets, and Geeſe without Number, and without any Senſe either of Shame or of Conſcience. While he was in the Hands of Juſtice, and on his Way to the Gibbet, a Freak took him in the Head to go off with a Conceit. You Gentlemen, the King's Officers, ſays he, I have no Mind in the World to go to the Gallows by the Common Road; but if you'll carry me through the little

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little Wood there on the Right Hand, I should take it very kindly. The People fancy'd a Trick in't at first, and that there might be some Thought of a Rescue, or an Escape in the Case; till *Reynard* assur'd them, upon his Honour, that he had no such Design: Only he was a great Lover of Musick, that he had rather have one Chirping Madrigal in the Woods, than Forty *from Turks and Popes* upon the Ladder.

The MORAL.

Many People are hardened in an Habitual Defiance of Heaven and Hell, that they'll sport with them at the very Gallows, and value themselves upon Living and Dying all of a-piece.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable hits the Humour of a great many Loose People in the World, that are so Wicked as to value themselves upon their Ill Manners, and the Contempt of all Goodness; Nay, to the Degree even of taking a Pride in their Iniquity, and affecting a Reputation by it, in proportion to the Measure of the Extravagance. Some Men are so harden'd in Lewdness, that they make it a Point of Honour to be True to't, and to go to the Devil with a Frolick betwixt their Teeth. They have gotten a Habit of laughing Honesty and Good Manners out of Countenance, and a reprobated Hardness of Heart, does them the Office of Philosophy towards a Contempt of Death. Our common Executions yield but too many Instances of this kind; and it helps mightily to keep up the Humour, that instead of owning and professing an Abhorrence for these Affronts upon God and Nature, the Impiety is celebrated for a Jest. And whence comes it now, that Men should be so insensible, either of a present Calamity, or of a future Judgment; but from the Custom of a Scoffing Atheistical Life; where Licentiousness has so long pass'd for Sharpness of Wit, and Greatness of Mind, that the Conscience is grown Callous; and after this, it is by a Natural Congruity for Men to Dye as they have Liv'd. Now a Liberty in this Latitude, is not more execrable than the Example is pernicious; especially where it is attended with the Pleasure of a Frothy and a Surprizing Wit to recommend the Wickedness.

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FAB. 407. A Man at a Fiſh-Dinner.

A Certain Prince took a Learned Man to Dinner with him: It was a *Faſting-Day*, it ſeems, and a great deal of Large Grown *Fiſh* there was at the Table, only at the lower End, where the Philoſopher ſate, there were none but Little Ones. He took out ſeveral of them One by One, and firſt put his Mouth to the Fiſhes Ear, and then the Fiſhes Mouth to his own Ear, and ſo laid 'em in whole again, without ſo much as Taſting one Bit of 'em. Come, Sir, ſays the Maſter of the Feaſt, you have ſome pleaſant Thought or other in your Head now. Pray let the Company take part with ye. Why Sir, ſays he, my Father had the Ill Fortune about Two Years ago to be Caſt away upon this Coaſt; and I was aſking theſe Little Fiſhes if they could tell me what became of his Body: They ſaid No, they could not, for 'twas before their Time; but if I examin'd the Great Ones, 'tis poſſible they might be able to ſay ſomewhat to't. The Prince was ſo well pleas'd with the Fancy, that he order'd the Meſs to be chang'd, and from that Time forward, no Body welcomer to the Table than this Man.

The MORAL.

It is a Maſter-piece in Converſation, to intermix Wit and Liberty ſo diſcreetly, that there may be nothing in't that's Base, Coarſe, or out of Seaſon.

REFLECTION.

THIS is to tell us, that Good Humour goes farther many times in the Reputation of the World, than Profound Learning; though undoubtedly both together are beſt. There is a certain Knack in the Art of Converſation that gives a good Grace to many Things, by the Manner and Addreſs in handling 'em, which in the ordinary Way of bringing Matters about, would give great Offence to the common Rules even of Civility and Diſcretion. The Skill on't lies in the Nicety of Diſtinguiſhing, Firſt, what Liberty is neceſſary

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in ſuch and ſuch a Caſe. And Secondly, How to temper and accommodate that Freedom to a Conſiſtence with Good Manners: And this muſt be done too without Formality and Affectation; for a ſtudied and a labour'd Forecaſt toward the ſetting of ſuch a Humour abroach, is Putid and Nauſeous to the higheſt Degree; and better Fifty ſuch Conceits were loſt, than that any thing of Contrivance or Premeditation ſhould appear in't. There are a ſort of People, that when they have once hit upon a Thought that tickles them, will be ſtill bringing it in by Head and Shoulders, over and over in ſeveral Companies, and upon ſeveral Occaſions; but 'tis below the Dignity of a Man of Weight, to value himſelf upon ſuch a Levity; for it makes him look as if Trifling were his Maſter-piece. Now theſe Turns of Fancy and Entertainment, ſhould paſs off as they came on, Careleſly and Eaſily, without laying any ſtreſs upon them; for they are then only Happy and Agreeable, when they are play'd off *à la Volée* and *pra Re Nata*, and only made uſe of, in fine, as a Sauce to the Converſation. The Philoſopher in this Inſtance, was not without ſome Difficulty how to gain his Point: There were better Fiſh at the Table, and the Queſtion was, how to come at them, without being either Rude or Importune; and yet if he were not clear enough to be underſtood, he was in danger ſtill to loſe his Longing. So that he found out ſuch a way of aſking, as to provoke a Queſtion without ſpeaking a Word to't; and he did it in ſuch a Faſhion of Reſpect too, that it might not look like Begging on the one Hand, or Reproaching on the other. And he was much in the Right once again too, when the Riddle was already ſet a-foot rather to wait till the Explanation ſhould be deſir'd, than to prompt the Maſter of the Feaſt to call for't.

FAB. 408. Two Laden Aſſes.

AS Two *Aſſes* were Fording a River, the one Laden with *Salt*, the other with *Sponge*: The *Salt-Aſs* fell down under his Burden, but quickly got up again, and went on the Merrier for't. The *Sponge-Aſs* found it agreed ſo well with his Companion, that down lies he too, upon the ſame Experiment; but the Water that diſſolv'd the *Salt*, made the *Sponge*

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Forty Times Heavier than it was before; and that which eas'd the One, drown'd the Other.

The MORAL.

The Deceiver may be Deceived: Many People take falſe Meaſures for their own Relief, without conſidering that what's Good in one Caſe, may be Bad in another.

REFLECTION.

A Wiſe Man lives by Reaſon, not by Example; or if he does, 'tis odds, he goes out of his Way. We have a common Saying that holds in a Thouſand ordinary Caſes, where the ſame Thing ruins one, that ſaves another. It is the Part alſo of an Honeſt Man to deal above-Board, and without Tricks. The *Aſs* with the *Sponge* fail'd in both: For Firſt, he would be trying Concluſions, without examining either the Nature of the Thing in Queſtion, or what the Matter would bear. Secondly, He was Falſe to his Maſter too, in abuſing a Truſt for the Eaſing of his own Carcaſs; and then it coſt him his Life over and above, which was both his Miſhap and Puniſhment.

FAB. 409. A Black-Bird afraid of a Kite.

A Poor ſimple *Black-Bird* was frighted almoſt to Death with a huge flopping *Kite* that ſhe ſaw over her Head, ſcreaming and ſcouring about for her Prey. Come Siſter, ſays a *Thruſh* to her, Pluck up a good Heart, for all this Fluttering and Scrieking is but Fooling, and you ſhall ſee this Lazy Buzzard at laſt, e'en take up with ſome pitiful Frog or Mouſe to her Supper, and be glad on't too. No, no, the *Hawks* are the dangerous Birds, Child, that Bite, as they ſay, without Barking, and do Execution in Silence.

The MORAL.

The more Noiſe and Flutter, the leſs Danger.

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REFLECTION.

THERE's no great Danger in Men of Huff and Bluſter: Noiſe and Pretence without Execution, is only *much ado about nothing:* and yet this way of Trifling, is the very Buſ'neſs and Practice of many that paſs in the World for Great Men, tho' they are much miſtaken that think them ſo. But there are Reverend Appearers in all manner of Glorious Profeſſions, and Adventures, as in Arms, Letters, Religion, Law, Policy, *&c.* There are Quacks, in ſhort, of all Sorts, as *Bullies*, *Pedants*, *Hypocrites*, *Empericks*, *Law-Jobbers*, *Politicaſters*, and the like; and there are *Men* as well as *Blackbirds*, that are ſilly enough not to diſtinguiſh betwixt a *Hawk* and a *Buzzard.*

FAB. 410. A Fox and a Wolf.

AN Unlucky *Fox* dropt into a Well, and cry'd out for Help: A *Wolf* over-heard him, and looks down to ſee what the matter was. Ah (ſays *Reynard*) Pray lend me your Hand, Friend, or I'm loſt elſe. *Poor Creature!* ſays the *Wolf*, *Why, how comes this about? Prithee, how long haſt thou been here? Thou can'ſt not but be mighty Cold ſure.* Come, come, this is no Time for Fooling, ſays the *Fox*, ſet me upon *Terra Firma* firſt, and then I'll tell you the Hiſtory.

The MORAL.

When a Man is in Miſery, there muſt be no Trifling in the Caſe. 'Tis a barbarous Humour to ſtand Bantering out of Seaſon. 'Tis no Time, or Place for Raillery, when a Life's at Stake.

REFLECTION.

HERE are Three Calamities in One: Firſt, The *Fox*'s falling into a Pit, and not being able to get out again. Secondly, The Miſery of being put to beg Relief of an Enemy, for want of a Friend. Thirdly, The Affront of the Refuſal, as it was accompanied with Raillery and Scorn. 'Twere well if we had not too many of theſe brutal Mockeries in our daily Converſations; for we have Banterers in Religion, in Point of

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Honour, and upon all the Diſtreſſes of Human Life. He that has no Pity or Compaſſion for the Miſerable, is not in Truth, of a Reaſonable Make; for Tenderneſs of Nature is but a kind of Lay-Charity, and a Body can be no more a good Man without the one, than a good Chriſtian without the other. Let a Man be never ſo wicked, 'tis a Baſe and Unmanly Thing to inſult upon him in his Calamity. His Puniſhment may be juſt; and when he ſuffers Juſtice, 'tis all that a Good and a Generous Man can wiſh for in the Caſe.

The Scomms of Great Men, or Buffoons of Quality, are every Jot as Wolviſh in Converſation, as they are here in the Fable; tho' 'tis look'd upon I know, as a Mark of Breeding, and the Indication of a Man that has notable Skill in the World, to Turn the Earneſt of all Things and Duties, Sacred and Civil, into a Jeſt, and to put the common Principles of Faith, Truth, Juſtice and Reſpect out of Countenance. Now in all theſe Caſes, the Precedent is as Dangerous, as the Practice is Odious, where the Quality of the Droll ſerves to Authorize the Indignity: But from a *Fox*, that's made up of Trick and Treachery, there's no better to be expected.

FAB. 411. Two Travellers find an Oyſter.

AS Two Men were Walking by the Sea-ſide, at Low-Water, they ſaw an *Oyſter*, and they both pointed at it together; The one Stoops to take it up; the other gives him a Puſh, and tells him, 'Tis not yet decided whether it ſhall be Yours or Mine. In the *Interim*, while they were Diſputing their Title to't, comes a Paſſenger that way, and to him they referr'd the Matter by Conſent, which of the Two had the Better Right to the *Oyſter*. The Arbitrator very gravely takes out his Knife and opens it; the Plaintiff and Defendant, at the ſame time Gaping at the Man to ſee what would come on't. He looſens the Fiſh, Gulps it down, and ſo ſoon as ever the Morſel was gone the way of all Fleſh, wipes his Mouth, and pronounces Judgment. *My Maſters*, (ſays he, with the Voice of Authority) *The Court has order'd each of you a Shell, without Coſts; and ſo pray*

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pray, go Home again, and live Peaceably among your Neighbours.

The MORAL.

Referees and Arbitrators seldom forget Themselves.

REFLECTION.

THE Scope of this Fable, is to divert People from Contentious, Expensive and Vain Law-Suits. *Agree, Agree,* (says the Old Saw) *the Law is Costly.* The whole Business of the World is about *Meum & Tuum*; either by Right, in Good Earnest, or by Wrong, under the Colour of Right: And while the Clients are contending about the Title, the Counsel runs away with the Estate. This Litigious Humour, where Men are as well Stubborn and Wilful, as Captious and Quarrelsome, burns like the Fire of *Hell*, for 'tis never to be quench'd: Beside, that whoever is given to Wrangling, can never want Matter or Occasion for't. And this is not only the Case in Matters of Propriety, and in Legal Claims before a Bench of Justice, but it works a Thousand Instances of vain Disputations, Competitions, and other Trials of Mastery and Skill, where there's little more than Pride, Stomach, Will and Vanity, to uphold the Contest. Nay, and he that has the better on't at last, is only the more fortunate Fool of the Two. Let but any Man set before him the Vexatious Delays, Quirks, and Expences of most of our *Barretry Suits at Law*, and 'tis odds he finds at the Foot of the Account, *the Play not worth the Candle.*

FAB. 412. A Raging Lion.

THere was a *Lion* ran Stark Mad, and the very Fright on't put all the Beasts of the Forest out of their Wits for Company. Why, what a Condition are we in, they cry'd, to fall under the Power of a *Mad Lion*; when a *Lion* at the very Sobereſt, is little better than *Frantick?*

The MORAL.

Rage upon Rage is a Double Madness.

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REFLECTION.

GOVERNORS had need be very well Principled, and good Natur'd, to keep their Paſſions in Order and Obedience: But when an Abſolute Power ſhall come to be put upon the Stretch by an Outragious Humour, there's no Living under it. By a *Raging Lion*, is meant an Unruly and a Cruel Governor, which is a ſad Calamity, but not without ſomewhat of Dignity yet in the Misfortune; for 'tis a *Lion* ſtill, how Mad ſoever. Now if it had been a Raging *Ape*, the Fancy had been Ridiculous and Scandalous to the laſt Degree: And therefore the Moral is reſtrain'd to the True and Genuine Character of Sovereignty, without deſcending to the Counterfeit.

The Moraliſts that make this Raging of a *Lion* to be a Surcharge of one Madneſs upon another, muſt not be underſtood Simply, as if they took Government for a Burden and an Oppreſſion; but it refers to the Infelicity of that State where an impotent Will puts an unbounded Power upon the Tenter. But let the Oppreſſion be never ſo Sanguinary, there's no Appeal left from the Tyranny; for if a General Inſurrection had been thought Lawful, the Fable would not have made the Caſe ſo Deſperate: So that this is only to inſinuate the Sacredneſs of Power, let the Adminiſtration of it be what it will: And the Reaſon of it is ſo plain, that it is impoſſible for Human Frailty to be better ſecur'd than it is by the Determinations of Providence in this Particular. An unlimited Power, 'tis true, is a ſtrong Temptation, and where 'tis ſcrew'd up to the higheſt Pitch, 'tis a great Unhappineſs; but it is not for Men that have their Fortunes and their Stations in this World aſſign'd them, to take upon themſelves to be their own Carvers, and to Grumble at the Orders and Reſolutions of their Maſters and Rulers. 'Tis a great Unhappineſs to lie at the Mercy of a *Raging Lion*; but it is a Chriſtian Duty nevertheleſs to ſuffer patiently under the Juſtice of ſuch a Judgment.

FAB. 413. The Kingdom of Apes.

TWO Men took a Voyage together into the Kingdom of *Apes*; the one a *Trimmer*, the other a *Plain-Dealer*. They were taken into Cuſtody, and carried to the Prince of the Country; as he ſate in

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in State, and a Mighty Court about him. Well, ſays the King to the *Trimmer*, Look me in the Face now, and ſay, What do you take me to be? A Great Emperor, undoubtedly, ſays the *Trimmer*. Well, ſays his Majeſty, once again, and what d'ye take all theſe People about me for? Why, Sir, ſays he, I take them for your Majeſty's Nobility and Great Officers. The Prince was wonderfully pleas'd with the Civility and Reſpect of the Man, and order'd him a Buſhel of Pipins as a Singular Mark of his Royal Favour. His Majeſty, after this, put the ſame Queſtion to the *Plain-Dealer*, who fell to computing with Himſelf, that if his Companion had gotten a Reward for a damn'd Lie, certainly he ſhould have twice as much for a Plain Honeſt Truth; and ſo he told the King bluntly, that he took him for a very Extraordinary *Ape*, and all thoſe People about him for his *Truſty and Well-beloved Cozens and Counſellors*: But the Poor Man paid dear for his Simplicity; for upon a Signal from the Emperor, the whole Band of *Apes* fell Tooth and Nail upon him, and tore him one Limb from another.

The MORAL.

Where the Rules and Meaſures of Policy are perverted, there muſt needs enſue a Failure of Juſtice, and a Corruption of Manners: And in a Kingdom of Apes, Buffoons may well put in for Commiſſion-Officers.

REFLECTION.

THIS (ſays *Camerarius*,) is to reprove the Practices of Perverſe Courts, and Extravagant Princes.

It is the proper Buſineſs of *Mythology* to point out and Repreſent the Images of Good and Evil, and under thoſe Shadows to Teach us what we ought to do, and what not, either Severally and Apart, or as Members of a Society; that is to ſay, Simply, as Men in a State of Right Nature, or as Parents, or Children, Maſters or Servants. Husbands or Wives, Rulers or Subjects, Friends, Countrymen, Relations, and the like. Now as there are Good and Bad of all ſorts, ſo their Virtues and their Vices, their

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their good Behaviour and their Miſdemeanors are to be ſet forth, circumſtanc'd and diſtinguiſh'd in ſuch ſort, as by Rewards or Puniſhments, to Encourage the One, and to Diſcountenance the other, in Proportion to the Dignity of the Action, or the Degree of the Offence; by conferring Marks and Characters of Honour, Offices of Truſt, or Beneficial Commiſſions on the one hand; and by inflicting Sentences of Shame, Infamy, Pains, Corporal or Pecuniary, on the other. Without this Diſtribution, one main end of Emblem is loſt; neither is it the true Figure of Life. For, Wicked Men, Falſe Brethren, Unnatural Parents, Diſobedient Children, Barbarous Huſbands, Undutiful Wives, Tyrannical, Weak or Fantaſtical Governors, Rebellious Subjects, Cruel Maſters, Faithleſs Servants, Perfidious Kindred and Acquaintants: All theſe Lewd Characters are as abſolutely neceſſary to the Perfecting of the Deſign, as the moſt Laudable Excellencies in Nature.

In this Fable of the Kingdom of *Apes*, the Author, according to *Camerarius*, intended the Picture of an Extravagant Government, where he gives Flattery and Corruption the Advantages that in Policy and Juſtice belong to Services of Honour and of Truth: And at the ſame time delivers us a Man of Honeſty, Juſtice and Plain Dealing to be torn to Pieces. This Kingdom of *Apes* has been Moraliz'd a Thouſand and a Thouſand times over in the Practice of the World, and ſuch as the Fountain is, ſuch will be the Stream. Let Government itſelf be never ſo Sacred, Governors are ſtill but Men; and how neceſſary and Beneficial ſoever the Order is at all Hands confeſs'd to be, the Officers yet, and the Adminiſtrators are but Fleſh and Blood, and liable to the Paſſions and Frailties of other Mortals.

There are in fine, many Diſtempers, Errors, and Extravagancies, that ſhew themſelves in the Exerciſe of Political Powers; as an inexorable Rigour for the Purpoſe, or as a *Laſche* Demiſſion of Sovereign Authority. There are Caſes of Senſuality, Pleaſure, and Appetite, where Governors have only the Name of Rulers, while ſome over-grown Subject perhaps Uſurps upon the Prerogative in Effect, and does the worſt Things imaginable in the Name of the Publick. But this rarely happens, ſave where the Maſter wants Reſolution to check the Licenſe and Preſumption of a Daring Servant.

There is alſo a certain Manage that leaves all at Six and Seven, and thinks to ſupport Greatneſs without either Rule, Weight or Meaſure; and that's a dangerous Point, when Prudence and Fidelity ſhall turn to Loſs, and Wickedneſs be ſupported by the Reputation of Favour and Applauſe. The Miſery

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ſery of theſe falſe Meaſures is excellently well pointed out to us in this Fable; and conſequently the Bleſſings of a ſteddy Adminiſtration; where the Ends of Government are Conſcientiouſly obſerv'd, and the Divine Privileges of Power maintain'd; and where Truth and Juſtice are Impartially Aſſerted and Adminiſter'd, and as reſolutely Defended.

FAB. 414. An Aſs made a Judge of Muſick.

THere was a Queſtion ſtarted betwixt a *Cuckow* and a *Nightingale*, which of the Two had the Better Voice, and the better way of Singing. It came at laſt to a Trial of Skill, and an *Aſs* was to be the Judge; who, upon Hearing both Sides, gave it clearly for the *Cuckow*.

The MORAL.

'Tis a hard Caſe for Philoſophers to be try'd by Fools, and the Multitude to ſit Judges upon the Niceties of Honour and Government.

REFLECTION.

THE Old *Adage* of *Aſinus ad Lyram*, anſwers this Figure to the very Letter. The Fable extends to all Incompetent Judges, Umpires, or Arbitrators in what Caſe or Matter, or under what Incapacity or Diſability ſoever. It Points at the Folly and Scandal of the Choice too, as well as the Iniquity of the Sentence; for the Honour of the Governour, and the Well-being of the Government, depend in a great Meaſure upon the Fitneſs of the Officer, let his Commiſſion be Eccleſiaſtical, Civil, Military, or what elſe it will. Here's an *Aſs* made a Judge of *Muſick*; a Faculty that he neither Loves nor Underſtands; for there's *no Song to one Aſs, like the Braying of another*. Let any Man Fancy to himſelf how it would look to put a *Law-Caſe* to a *Jack-Pudding*; a Queſtion of *State* to a *Corn-Cutter*; a Point of *Conſcience* to a *Knight of the Poſt*. In ſhort, let every Man be conſulted and credited in his own Way and Trade. Neither can it be expected that a Fool ſhould Judge according to Wiſdom, Truth, Reaſon and Juſtice. There may be very proper Exceptions too upon the Matter, as well of Morals, as of Abilities. One would not truſt a Covetous Man in Money-matters,

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matters, where there's any thing to be gotten, either by Fraud or Corruption; nor a Vain Man, where there's a Temptation to Popularity. Falſe Men are not to be taken into Confidence, nor Fearful Men into a Poſt that requires Reſolution; nor Cruel, Inſolent Men into a Station where Power may be abus'd to Oppreſſion. All theſe Abſurdities fall within the Dint of this Fable; for want of Honeſty Makes a Judge as Incompetent, as want of Underſtanding.

FAB. 415. An Ape Judge betwixt a Fox and a Wolf.

A *Wolf* Charges a *Fox* with a Piece of Pilfrey. The *Fox* denies it. The *Ape* tries the Cauſe, and upon a fair Hearing, Pronounces them both to be guilty. You (ſays the Judge to the *Wolf*) have the Face to Challenge that which you never Loſt; and you (ſays he to the *Fox*) have the Confidence to Deny that which you have certainly Stoll'n.

The MORAL.

When both Plaintiff and Defendant happen to be a Couple of Crafty Knaves, there's Equity againſt them both.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable tells us what Credit is to be given to Witneſſes of a Falſe and Lewd Converſation, and that a known Liar is of no Authority in a Judgment of Law, even when he ſpeaks Truth. Where a Brace of Sharpers will be going to Law, none ſo fit as an *Ape* to try the Cauſe; and it was a Sentence worthy of ſuch a Judge, to pronounce them both Guilty; which in Equity they were, with a reſpect to their Character and Reputation; tho' in Law they could not be ſo, upon the Fact in Queſtion. If the *Ape* in this Fable had too little regard to the Letter of the Law, we have ſeen ſome Caſes where more Streſs has been laid upon the Rigour and Strictneſs of it, than Conſcientiouſly did belong to't: For when one Man of an Exemplary Improbity, Charges another of the ſame Stamp, in a Court of Juſtice, he lies under the Diſadvantage of a ſtrong Suſpicion, even before he's heard; and People are prepar'd to believe the Worſt of him

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by Anticipation, and before his Caſe is known. So that the bare Prejudice is ſufficient to turn the Scale, where it was Gold-Weight before; unleſs we balance the Improbity of the one with the Improbity of the other, as the *Ape* did here in the Fable.

We are to underſtand upon the whole Matter, that it is more adviſable to give too little Credit in a Court of Judicature to Men of Profligate Lives, than too much; for 'tis a Scandal to Publick Juſtice, to make uſe of ſuch Inſtruments for the Supporters of a State.

FAB. 416. An Ape and a Lion in his Kingdom.

WE are told of a *Lion*, that (after the Laudable Example of other Princes) paſs'd an Act of Grace upon his Acceſſion to the Crown, wherein he was pleas'd to declare himſelf wonderfully in favour of the *Liberties and Properties of his Subjects.* He did not hold in this Mind long; and yet he could not think it convenient neither, to make any Attempts upon the Beaſts by open Force; ſo that he choſe rather to take them one by one in Private to him, and ſift them all upon this General Queſtion; *Put your Noſe juſt to my Mouth*, ſays he, *when I Gape, and then tell me truly, is my Breath ſweet or no?* Some told him that it was not Sweet, others that it was; and ſo he pick'd a Quarrel with them both, The one Sort went to Pot for their Hypocriſy, and the other for their Inſolence. It came to the *Ape* at laſt, to deliver his Opinion upon the Matter; the *Ape* ſmelt and ſnuffled, and conſider'd on't: Why certainly, Sir, ſays he, You have ſome Rich Perfume in your Mouth, for I never ſmelt any thing ſo Fragrant ſince I was born. The Roguy *Ape*, in fine, Wheedled him ſo Artificially, that the *Lion* had not the Face to Chop him up immediately upon the Spot, and yet he was reſolv'd he ſhould not ſcape neither: So the *Lion* counterfeited Sick, and there was notable Puzzling among the Doctors, I warrant ye, about his Pulſe and his Water: But they told him, however, upon due Con-

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Conſideration, that they found no Mortal Symptoms about him, only a kind of heavy Indiſpoſition, that might be eaſily rectified by a Careful Diet; and ſo they deſir'd him by all Means to bethink himſelf what Fleſh he lov'd beſt, and e'en make a Hearty Meal on't. Why then (ſays the *Lion*) I have a ſtrange Fancy for a Mouthful of Good Sound *Ape's Fleſh*, if you find it proper for me: Nothing like it, they cry'd; and ſo the poor Flattering *Ape* was preſently Taken up, Dreſs'd and Eaten by way of Preſcription.

The MORAL.

There's no Hope for an Honeſt Man, where Flattery is Encourag'd and Rewarded, and Plain-Dealing Puniſh'd.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable gives us to underſtand, that where Men of Power happen to be Unjuſt and Cruel, all the Prudence and Innocence in the World will not ſave a Man: He that would a Thrive in ſuch a Court, muſt Govern himſelf betwixt Sincerity and Adulation. The Art of Pleaſing is not every Man's Talent; neither will the ſame way of Manage work upon all Humours alike. The Art of Pleaſing is in Truth but the Art of Living; and the Skill of cutting to a Thread, betwixt Flattery and Ill Manners; but ſo as to accommodate the Method and the Application to the *Genius* of the Man, or of the People, and to the Quality of the Buſineſs in Hand: Not but that there are ſome Caſes and Natures that a Man cannot ſo much as touch without Burning his Fingers; and where Truth, Flattery, and Trimming are all Mortal.

We may learn from hence alſo, that Juſtice is ſo awfully Sacred, that the moſt Faithleſs of Men have a ſecret Veneration for it; for their uttermoſt Cruelties are cover'd with a Semblance of it; and in the very Exerciſe of the Vice, they affect the Reputation of the Virtue. 'Tis neither prudent nor ſafe, in fine, to provoke Great Men, or indeed to have any Thing to do with them, if they be not Men of Honour, as well as of Power; for though their Hands ſeem to be Bound, they can yet untie themſelves, by Virtue of a certain Prerogative they have to play *Faſt or Looſe at Pleaſure.*

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FAB. 417. Two Laden Aſſes.

THere's an Old Story of *Two Aſſes* Travelling upon the Road, the one Laden with *Oats*, the other with *Money*; The *Money-Merchant*, I warrant ye, was ſo Proud of his *Truſt*, and of his *Bell*, that he went Juking and Toſſing of his Head, and Tabring with his Feet all the way, as if no Ground would hold him. The other Plodding on with his Noſe in the Breech of his Leader, as gravely as one Foot could follow another. While they were Jogging on thus upon the way, out comes a Band of *Highway-Men* from the next Wood, and falls upon the *Aſs* that carried the *Treaſure*. They Beat, Wound and Riſle him, and ſo leave him, without ſo much as taking the leaſt Notice of his Fellow. Well (ſays the *King*'s *Aſs*) and for all this Miſchief, I may e'en thank my *Money*. Right, ſays the other, and it has been my Happineſs that I was not thought worth the Robbing.

The MORAL.

Poverty is both Safe and Eaſy, and Riches a great Snare to People in many Caſes: As it far'd worſe here with the State-Aſs *than with the* Muletier's.

REFLECTION.

THE poor peaceable Man has nothing to fear, but does his Bus'neſs, and takes his Reſt, without the Trouble either of Thieves or of Alarms. 'Tis the Booty, not the Man, (ſave only for the Booty's Sake) that is in Danger. There's either *Money* or *Moneys-worth*, in all the Controverſies of Life; for we live in a Mercenary World, and 'tis the Price in ſome ſort or other, of all things that are in it; but as it certainly draws Envy and Hazard after it, ſo there are great Advantages go along with it, and great Bleſſings that attend the Right Uſe of it. And ſo for Poverty too; a narrow Fortune is undoubtedly a Cramp to a great Mind, and lays a Man under a Thouſand Incapacities of ſerving either his Country or his Friend; but it has the Comforts yet of being free from the Cares and Perils that accompany great Maſſes of

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Treaſure and Plentiful Eſtates. Beſide, that the Virtue of a Generous and a Charitable Tenderneſs of Nature, is nevertheleſs acceptable to him that takes the Will for the Deed, for want of Ability to put thoſe good Inclinations in Execution. This Fable, in ſhort, makes good the Old Saying:

No Man Sings a Merrier Note,
Than he that cannot change a Groat.

FAB. 418. A Boar Challenges an Aſs.

THere paſs'd ſome Hard Words betwixt a *Boar* and an *Aſs*, and a Challenge follow'd upon't. The *Boar* depended upon his Tuſks, and computed within himſelf, that Head to Head t'other could never be able to Encounter him. So he advanc'd upon his Adverſary: And the *Aſs*, ſo ſoon as ever he had him within Diſtance, turn'd Tail upon him, and gave him ſuch a Laſh over the Chops with his Iron Hoof, that he made him ſtagger again. The *Boar*, after a little Pauſe, Recover'd himſelf. Well (ſays he) I was not aware of ſuch an Attack from that End.

The MORAL.

No great Enterprize ſhould be undertaken, without conſidering beforehand the Good or the Ill that may come of it.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable ſhews the great Overſight of Engaging in Quarrels, without conſidering from what Quarter the Danger may come. Where Adverſaries are unequally Match'd, it will behove the Weaker to ſupply the want of Force and Courage by Invention and Addreſs. Preſumption can never juſtify either Temerity or Carleſneſs; for every Creature has its weak ſide, and lies open to be impos'd upon by Craft or Surprize: There's an Infamy in the very Challenge of ſo Baſe and Timorous a Creature; but then to be worſted by an *Animal* that's the Scorn of all the reſt, is Shameful and Ridiculous to the Higheſt Degree.

FAB.

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FAB. 419. A Cuckow and Little Birds.

A *Cuckow* was aſking ſeveral Little Birds, what made them ſo Shie of coming into her Com-pany. They told her, that ſhe was ſo like a *Hawk*, hey did not care to have any thing to do with her.

The MORAL.

A Wiſe Man Searches into the Nature of Things, and does not govern himſelf by outward Semblances and Appearances.

REFLECTION.

THERE ſhould a Regard be had in all our Actions and Counſels to the Nicety of the Matter in Queſtion. This is o tell us, that the very Appearances of Evil are to be avoid-d, and all the Semblances of Danger to be well Examin'd nd Conſider'd. Why ſhould not a Bird as well truſt a *Hawk* hat's like a *Cuckow*, as truſt a *Cuckow* that's like a *Hawk*? Two Likes may be miſtaken, and a Man cannot be too wary where the Error is mortal. There may be a Diſguiſe, 'tis rue, in the one Caſe, and a Miſapprehenſion in the other; ut it is ſafer yet to ſtand upon our Guard againſt an Enemy n the Likeneſs of a Friend, than to Embrace any Man for a Friend in the Likeneſs of an Enemy. There's no Snare like Credulity, when the Bait that's laid for us, is cover'd with he pretence of a good Office. Neither are there any Im-poſtures ſo pernicious, as thoſe that are put upon us by fair Reſemblances. He that is not certain, (in ſuch an Inſtance s this,) is in danger; and 'tis ill venturing (Neck and all eſpecially,) where a Body is not very ſure, whether it be a *Hawk* or a *Cuckow*.

FAB. 420. Hungry Dogs and a Raw Hide.

A Company of *Hungry Curs* diſcover'd a *Raw Hide* in the Bottom of a River, and laid their Heads together how to come at it: They canvaſs'd the Mat-ter one way and t'other, and brought it to this Iſſue in the Concluſion; that the only way to get it, was to

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Drink their way to to't. So they fell to Lapping and Guzzling, till in one Word, they burſt themſelves, and never the nearer.

The MORAL.

He that ſets his Heart upon Things Impoſſible, ſhall be ſure to loſe his Longing.

REFLECTION.

FOOLISH Counſel is not only Vain and Unprofitable in General, but in many Particular Caſes moſt Deſtructive and Deadly. This Fable lays open the Folly, the Vanity, and the Danger of preſſing too eagerly for any thing that's out of our reach. We ſpend our Strength and our Credit in clearing the way to't, and it flies before us like a Shadow, which we may well purſue, but can never over-take. It is much the Humour of Chymiſts, and a Thouſand other ſorts of Projectors, that propoſe to themſelves things utterly Impracticable, and conſume their Lives in hopeleſs and fruitleſs Undertakings. This falls out for want of computing upon the Proportion betwixt the Means, and the End; and for want of Examining and Conſidering what's Practicable, and what not; and for want again of meaſuring our Force and Capacity with our Deſigns.

FAB. 421. An Aſs and a Shadow.

ONE hir'd an *Aſs* in the *Dog-Days*, to carry certain Bales of Goods to ſuch a Town: 'Twas Extreme Hot, ſo that he lay down upon the way to Refreſh himſelf under the Shade of the *Aſs*. The *Muletier* bad him Riſe, and go on according to his Bargain. T'other ſaid, that the *Aſs* was his for the Time he had hir'd him. Right, ſays the other, You have hir'd the *Aſs*, but not the *Shadow*.

The MORAL.

Work for the Lawyers.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable plays upon the Contentious Humour of People that go to Law for Trifles. *De Aſini Umbra*, is effectually but:

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but this Fancy in an *Adage*. There needs no more to the ſetting of the whole World in a Flame, than a Quarrelſome Plaintiff and Defendant, and a Brace of *Chicaneurs* to blow the Coals. Wrangling is inſtructed as an Art or a Science on the one ſide, and made uſe of as an Exerciſe on the other. Some People can no more Live without Law, than without Air, and they reckon it better Husbandry to ſpend a Thouſand Pounds upon Counſel, to defend a Trivial or an Unwarrantable Cauſe, than to part with one ſingle Sixpence for the Payment of an Honeſt Debt. This Fable, in ſhort, is Moraliz'd in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, Forty Times over every Term.

FAB. 422. A Country-Fellow and a River.

A *Blockheaded Boy*, that was ſent to Market with Butter and Cheeſe, by the Good Old Woman his Mother, made a Stop at a Quick *River* in the Way, and laid himſelf down upon the Bank there, till it ſhould run out. About Mid-night, home he goes to his Mother, with all his Market-Trade, back again. Why, how now, Son, ſays ſhe, what have we here to do! Why, Mother, ſays this Booby, yonder's a Scurvy *River* that has been running all this Day, and I ſtaid till juſt now for the running of it Out, and there 'tis running ſtill. The Lord help thee, Son, ſays the Good Woman, for thy Head and mine will be laid many a fair Day, before this *River* runs Dry.

The MORAL.

We are not to expect that Nature will change her Courſe, to gratify the ſickly Freak of every Fantaſtical Humour.

REFLECTION.

THIS is to ſhew us the Miſchief and the Danger of Procraſtination. The Slothful and Irreſolute ſlip their Opportunities in the very Expectation of them. Some People are ſo unreaſonably Lazy, as to expect that Nature ſhould rather go out of her Courſe and Way for their Sakes, than they put them-

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themſelves to the trouble of moving one Step out of their own Way, for the ſake of Buſ'neſs and Nature. They'll rather wait the running of the River dry, than take Pains to look about for a Bridge or a Ford. They never conſider that Nature is a perpetual Motion, and that the Work of the Univerſe circulates without any Interval or Repoſe. Why ſhould not the Sun ſleep in the Firmament, or ſtand ſtill to attend our Affairs, as well as the Rivers ſtop their Courſes to give us Paſſage?

Nay, the Madneſs of this Folly is yet more Impious than any Thing elſe in't; for what Man in his right Wits, can pretend to wiſh, to hope, or to wait for ſuch Events, for the gratifying of a ſickly Fancy, as would be enough to put People quite beſide their Senſes if they ſhould come to paſs? So Ridiculous are Intemperate Curioſities, and Impotent Affections, that nothing leſs than Portents, and the Confounding of Nature in her Courſe and Cauſes, can content us. How can any Thing ſucceed well with People that are to be pleaſed with Nothing, unleſs the very Ball of the Univerſe may be Unravell'd, and the Laws of Providence Revers'd?

FAB. 423. A Bladder with Beans in't.

IN the Days of *Adam*, when (as the Story ſays) the World had here and there a Shrew in't, it fell to the Lot of a certain Philoſopher to have one of thoſe Smart Laſſes to his Wife: The Evil Spirit was often up with her, and never had any Quack or Operator ſo many Receipts for the Tooth-Ach, or a Quartern Ague, as he had Spells offer'd him for the Laying of it again: But when he found that neither ſaying Much, Little or Nothing; neither Choler nor Patience, neither Going nor Staying, would do any Good upon her, he betook himſelf to a *Bladder of Beans*, and the ſhaking of that *Bladder*, when the Fit was upon her, without One Syllable ſpeaking, was at any time a preſent Cure.

The

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The MORAL.

There is no way like raiſing one Devil to caſt out another: For there muſt be no anſwering of Noiſe, Folly and Reviling in the ſame Kind.

REFLECTION.

THE Husband here in the Fable found no Charm to lay the Devil in a Petticoat, but the ratling of a Bladder with *Beans* in't; and I my ſelf have known a *Cat-Pipe* us'd in the like Caſe with very good Succeſs. There's no contending with an Impetuous Woman by Authority or Reaſon. The Banging of it out in a Diſpute at Length, would be a Loſs both of Time and of Honour, and to no Manner of Purpoſe neither: For what ſhould a Man do, Reaſoning upon a Point where Reaſon does not ſo much as enter into the Queſtion? So that it is the beſt of a Brave Man's Game to make a Drawn Battle on't, where there's no Poſſibility of a Victory. He, in fine, that contemns a Shrew to the Degree of not deſcending to Word it with her, does Worſe than Beat her. But we live in an Age, when Women, we hope, are better Inſtructed, than to fly in the Face of Religion it ſelf, Law, and Nature: And theſe deſperate Encounters can never fall out betwixt a Man and his Wife, but where the Woman is loſt to all Senſe of Shame, Prudence, Modeſty, and Common Reſpect.

FAB. 424. A Fox and a Divining Cock.

A *Fox* that had ſpy'd out a *Cock* at Rooſt upon a Tree, and out of his Reach, fell all of a ſudden into an Extravagant Fit of Kindneſs for him; and to Enlarge upon the Wonderful Eſteem he had for the Faculties and Good Graces of the Bird, but more particularly for his Skill in *Divination*, and the Fore-knowledge of Things to come. Oh (ſays he) that I were but worthy the Friendſhip of ſo great a Prophet! This Flattery brought the *Cock* down from the Tree into the very Mouth of the *Fox*, and ſo away he Trudges with him in the Woods; reflecting ſtill, as he went, upon the ſtrange Force that Fair

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Words have upon vain Fools: For this Sot of a *Cock* (ſays he) to take himſelf for a *Diviner*, and yet not fore-ſee at the ſame Time, that if he fell into my Clutches, I ſhould certainly make a Supper of him.

The MORAL.

A Fool that will ſwallow Flattery, ſhall never want a Knave to give it him.

REFLECTION.

THE Power of Flattery, where it is once entertain'd, is well nigh Irreſiſtable; for it carries the Countenance of Friendſhip and Reſpect; and Fooliſh Natures are eaſily wrought upon, and Perverted, under that Semblance. When Pride, Vanity, and Weakneſs of Judgment meet in the ſame Perſon, there's no reſiſting the Temptation of a fair Tongue, and conſequently no avoiding the Secret and Malicious Deſigns of a Falſe Heart. Here's a credulous *Cock* already prepar'd for the Entertainment of the groſſeſt of Flatteries: Nothing ſo ridiculous, nothing ſo impoſſible, but it goes down whole with him, for Truth and Earneſt: Nay, and the Folly is ſo unaccountable, and the Madneſs ſo Notorious, that in this Humour the moſt ſpiteful Enemies we have in the World, paſs upon us for Friends. The *Cock* takes the Counſel of a *Fox*, and, like the *Squirrel* to the *Rattle-Snake*, puts himſelf into the Mouth of his Mortal Adverſary. How many ſuch Diviners do we meet with in our daily Converſation, that lay their Lives, Fortunes and Reputation at the Mercy of Paraſites? How many Sots that commence Philoſophers upon the Credit of theſe Fawning Slaves! There's no Fool to the great Fool that's fool'd by a little Fool; nor any Thing ſo ſcandalous as to be the Fool of a Fool.

FAB. 425. The Moon Begs a New Gown.

THE *Moon* was in a heavy Twitter once, that her *Cloaths* never Fitted her: Wherefore, Pray Mother, ſays ſhe, let the Taylor take Meaſure of me for a *New Gown*. Alas Child, ſays the Mother, How is it poſſible to make any one Garment to fit a Body that appears every Day in a ſeveral Shape?

The

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The MORAL.

'Tis the Humour of many People, to be perpetually Longing for ſomething or other that's not to be had.

REFLECTION.

THIS ſhews us the Vanity of Impracticable Propoſitions, and that there is no Meaſure to be taken of an Unſteady Mind. There's no Quieting of unſettled Affections; no ſatisfying of unbounded Deſires; no poſſibility in ſhort, of either Fixing or Pleaſing them. Let a Man but ſay what he would have, when, and how much, or how little, and the Moon's Taylor may take Meaſure of him; but to be Longing for this Thing to Day, and for that Thing to Morrow; to change Likings for Loathings, and to ſtand Wiſhing and Hankering at a Venture, how is it poſſible for any Man to be at Reſt in this fluctuant wandring Humour and Opinion? There's no fitting of a Gown to a Body that's of one Size when you take Meaſure of it, and of another when you come to put it on. 'Tis the very ſame Caſe with a Heart that's not true to it ſelf. And upon the whole Matter, Men of this Levity are condemn'd to the Miſery of Living and Dying Uneaſy.

FAB. 426. A Young Fellow about to Marry.

MArrying and Hanging, they ſay, *go by Deſtiny*, and the Blade had this Thought in his Head, perhaps, that deſir'd the Prayers of the Congregation, when he was upon the very Point of Matrimony. His Friends gave him no Anſwer, it ſeems, which put him upon Reaſoning the Matter with them. Why, Gentlemen (ſays he) if there had been but a *Snick-up* in the Caſe, you'd have cry'd, *The Lord bleſs ye, Sir*; and there is more Danger in *Marrying*, I hope, than there is in *Sneezing*.

The MORAL.

The Parſon was much in the Right ſure, that like the Hangman ask'd all People Forgiveneſs that he was to Marry, before he did Execution upon them.

RE-

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REFLECTION.

MANY a Man runs a greater Riſque in a Wife, than the World is aware of. The whimſical Freak of this young Bantering Spark, would have made no ill Ingredient into a Wife and Sober Man's *Litany*, and tho' it look like a Jeſt, there is ſomewhat in't yet that may be worth a Thinking Man's Earneſt. But there will need no more than the Experience of thoſe that have try'd the Circumſtances of this Bleſſed State, to Recommend the Morality of the Alluſion, to the Thought of others, that are not yet enter'd into the Matrimonial Nooſe.

FAB. 427. A Woman Truſted with a Secret.

THere was a Good Woman (in the Days when Good Women were in Faſhion) that valu'd her ſelf wonderfully upon the Faculty of Retention, or (for the ſake of Good Manners) upon the admirable Gift ſhe had in the keeping of a Secret. The Toy took her Husband in the Head once, to make Trial of her Virtue that Way; and ſo he told her one Morning upon Waking, in the greateſt Confidence imaginable, one of the ſtrangeſt Things, perhaps, that ever was heard of, which had that Night befall'n him: But, my Dear, ſays he, if you ſhould ſpeak on't again, I am utterly Ruin'd; and Women are generally ſo Leaky, that in the whole Courſe of my Life, I have hardly met with any one of the Sex that could not hold her Breath longer than ſhe could keep a Secret. Ah, my Life (ſays ſhe) but Your Woman, I aſſure ye, is none of that Number: What betray my Husband's Secrets! I'd die a Thouſand Deaths firſt. No, my Heart, if ever I do, may----- Her Husband, at that Word, ſtopp'd her Mouth, for fear of ſome Bloody Imprecation, and ſo told her: Come Wife, ſays he, *They that will Swear, will Lie*, and ſo I'll rather tell you, upon Honour; Look ye here, what has befall'n me: I have laid an Egg to Night;

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Night; and ſo he took the Egg from his Back-ſide, and bad her feel on't; but if ever this ſhould come to Light now, People would ſay that I was Hen-trodden, and the Diſgrace of it would make me a Scandal to Mankind. This Secret lay burning in the Breaſt of the poor Woman, and kept her *Waking*, till ſhe had Day-light enough to riſe by; and then, ſoftly out of the Bed ſhe ſteals, for fear of *Waking* her Husband, and ſo away Poſt-haſte to a Goſſiping Neighbour of her Acquaintance, hurries her out of her Bed, Charms and Swears her to Privacy, and then out comes the Secret, That her Husband had laid two Eggs that very Night. This Confident had another Confident, and there 'twas Three Eggs. The next made it Four, and ſo it went on (increaſing ſtill) from one Goſſip to another, till by Six a Clock in the Afternoon they had made it Forty Eggs.

The MORAL.

Three may keep Counſel when Two are away.

REFLECTION.

THERE's no ſuch way of Publiſhing and Proclaiming any thing, as by enjoining a Woman under the Seal of Confeſſion to keep it ſecret. They that are curious to *know* forbidden Secrets, are as frank of telling them again, and of enlarging them: So that whoever ſhews me a very inquiſitive Body, I'll ſhew him a Blab, and one that ſhall make a Privacy as Publick at a Proclamation. But if your Wife will have it ſo, and calls for a Categorical Anſwer, [*Will ye tell me, or will ye not?*] If you tell the Secret, 'tis odds but in Twelve Hours it ſhall be Town-Talk, and be made Thirteen times more than it is. If you refuſe to tell it, there's no enduring the Exclamations, for want of Truſt and Confidence, and the unaccountable Jealouſies that follow upon't. For there are a ſort of People that never conſider the many ſeparate Privacies of Truſt and Honour, that a Husband cannot honeſtly communicate to a Wife, nor a Wife to a Husband: That is to ſay, where there's a Third Party or Matter concern'd, apart from any thing in the Queſtion that is Conjugal betwixt them.

He

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He that can doubt of the Reaſon and the Neceſſity of this Guard and Caution, muſt be much a Stranger to the Hiſtory of the Great Rebellion under *Charles the Firſt of Bleſſed Memory:* when ſo many State-Intrigues paſs'd through the Hands of Women, who are, without diſpute, the beſt of Spies, and the moſt proper Inſtruments for Diſcovery and Intelligence; eſpecially if they be Women of Addreſs, Wit and Beauty; for the very Sex has certain Privileges upon the Point of a Cavalier Gallantry and Good Breeding, to cover them from the Strictneſſes of Search and Examination, that other Agents are commonly jubjected to.

Now to reconcile a ſeeming Contradiction here, in making Women at the ſame time to be both fit and unfit to be truſted; this Fable does not ſtick ſo much at the Futility of Women in general, as at the incontinent Levity of a Prying Inquiſitive Humour; and it falls in over and above, by way of a ſhort and pertinent Digreſſion, to ſhew that State-Matters are Morally excepted out of the Articles of Marriage.

FAB. 428. A Woman and Thruſhes.

IN the Days of Yore, when Men and their Wives agreed like Dog and Cat in a Houſe together, the Good Man had been a ſhooting it ſeems, and brought his Dame home a Dozen of *Black-Birds* with him. *Come, Sweet-Heart,* ſays he, *Prithee let's have theſe Black-Birds to Supper. Black-Birds!* ſays ſhe, the Lord bleſs us, why certainly the Man's a Changeling. Come, come, you ſhall have your *Thruſhes* for Supper then. *Well,* ſays he, *but I tell you again, I'll have theſe* Black-Birds *to Supper.* That's well, quoth the Woman, and I tell you again and again, that you ſhall have theſe *Thruſhes* for Supper. *Prithee, my Dear,* ſays the Man, *If I ſay they are* Black-Birds, *let 'em be* Black-Birds: *I'll allow you to think they may be* Thruſhes, *but don't contradict me.* Prithee my Dear, ſays ſhe, if I have a Fool to my Husband, is my Husband's Wife bound to be a Fool for Company? *Huſſy, don't provoke me,* ſays the Man, *but let the* Black-Birds *be Dreſs'd, and do as I bid ye;*

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ye; *Obey your Husband ye'ad beſt.* Lifelekins, ſays ſhe, I know no more Reaſon I have to Obey my Husband, than my Husband has to Obey me; and Sirrah, in the Teeth of ye, ſince ye are Huſſying of me, no other Woman would have the Patience to be abus'd thus. From theſe *Family-Words* they fell to *Blows*, and there was the *Wig* in one Corner, and the *Head-Gear* in another; upon the Queſtion, whether they were *Black-Birds* or *Thruſhes*. When the Bickering was over, they went very comfortably to Bed together, and ſo rubb'd on in a kind of a *Cater-walling Life*, till juſt *that Day Twelve-Month:* And then came the Hiſtory of the *Black-Birds* and the *Thruſhes* upon the Carpet again. Ah, ye Beaſt you, ſays the Woman, How did you beat your poor Wife, Sirrah, *this Day Twelve-Month*, about thoſe Damn'd *Thruſhes! Black-Birds, ye Jade*, ſays the one; *Thruſhes, ye Rogue*, t'other: And ſo in one Word, they play'd the ſame *Farce* over again; inſomuch, that for the time they Liv'd together, the Woman had an *Anniverſary Beating*, as duly as the Day of the Month came about every Year after.

The MORAL.

----Cœlum licet & Mare Terris
Confundas, Homo ſum----*What muſt be, muſt be.*

REFLECTION.

'TIS a Folly next to Madneſs, for Women to be trying Maſteries with thir Husbands; to ſay nothing of the Scandal they bring upon themſelves and their Families, by ſuch a Forfeiture of Honour, Diſcretion, Modeſty and Good Manners. Nay, and 'tis well too, if from ſome Men, and upon ſome Provocations, they ſcape the Diſcipline of a Good Drubbing into the Bargain.

There are divers Important Doctrines couch'd under this Fable; Firſt, The Iuſuperable Obſtinacy of a violent Woman. Secondly, The Scandal of the Example, as well as the Folly of the Competition. Thirdly, The Natural Iſſue of the Controverſy, where the Weakeſt muſt expect to go to the Wall. The World

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World, Heaven be thank'd, does not want Inſtances to illuſtrate this Figure; ſo that there will be leſs need of amplifying upon it. We are not here upon the Philoſophy of the Freak, but upon the Shameful Lewdneſs of the Practice. *Sirrah* (ſays a Woman to a Friend of mine, that took her off from beating her Husband, *I'm a* Worceſterſhire *Woman, and I won't be Abus'd. Juvenal's Homo ſum,* ſays all in Two Words. When the Devil of this Paſſion is rais'd, there's no Abiding the Storm, and there's no Laying on't. *One ſuch a Woman's Tongue* (ſays the Poet) *is beyond all the Pans and Kettles in the Country to bring the Moon out of an Eclipſe.* Keep up the Dialogue and ſhe Kills *you*; let it fall, and you Kill *her.* This was the very Caſe of a certain Divine that Chid a Woman for Striking and Reviling her Husband: She left her Husband immediately, and fell upon the Jacket of the Parſon, who ſtood gaping at her a full Hour and a Half together, without one Word of Reply. The Paſſion put her at laſt into Fits, and the firſt Word ſhe ſaid upon coming to herſelf again, was no more than this, *Ah Sir,* ſays ſhe, *Ever while you Live, anſwer a Woman.*

To come now to the Doctrine that's wrapt up in the Example. 'Tis Scandalous with a Reſpect to the Ordinances both of God and Man; 'tis a high Offence to common Decency in regard of the Sex, the Duty, and the Relation: And then 'tis moſt abominably indiſcreet; becauſe if the Man be not a Coxcomb, the Woman is ſure to be worſted; and if he be one, 'tis as good as *Noverint Univerſi,* that there's *a Fool and a Shrew well met.* The Word *Yoak-Fellow* goes a great way with a *Thruſh-Woman,* and ſo does the *Text* that ſays *They ſhall be both One Fleſh.* From whence ſhe infers an Equality at leaſt, if not a Right of Dominion; for the Rib ought to have ſome Preference above the Clay.

This is not to be taken for a General Character of Women, but for a Reproof only of ſome Eager-Spirited *Gypſies* of the Sex; and for the Honour alſo of thoſe Angelical Perfections, which render them both the Joy and the Bleſſing of Mankind, when they live Suitably in all Points to the Intent of their Creation.

FAB. 429. Two Soldiers go Halves.

THE Humour took Two Country-Fellows in the Head once to turn Soldiers, and ſo away they went to try the Chance of War, upon an Agree-

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ment to go Halves in the Adventure. The One fell ſick upon the way, t'other went forward to the Army, where he got himſelf both Money and Credit. At his Return, a while after, he found his Friend upon the mending-hand, and told him how and how, which he was extreamly glad to hear, becauſe of the Snip that he himſelf expected upon the *Dividend.* As they were talking of this and that by the bye, he took his time to put in a hint about ſharing the Booty according to their Agreement. That's all the reaſon in the World, ſays t'other; but then there are other things to be divided too, which I han't told you off, and when we come to reckon, we had e'en as good make one work on't, and count all together. This, ſays t'other to himſelf, muſt be ſomething of Plate, Jewels, or precious Plunder; and ſo he came bluntly to the Queſtion, what it was that his *Comrade* had gotten beſides? Why look ye, ſays the Soldier (ſhewing him his Naked Body) Here are Bruiſes, Wounds, Maims, and Scars, that are to be divided as well as the Money. Nay, ſays t'other, you may e'en keep all y'ave got to your own Uſe then, for I'll have no dividing upon thoſe Terms.

The MORAL.

Partners muſt go Half-Profit, Half-Loſs, 'tis no Bargain elſe.

REFLECTION.

'TIS Wiſdom not to give more for a thing than 'tis worth; and in common Equity, Partners ſhould take the Good and the Bad, one with another, or let both alone. People ſhould not enter *Hand over Head* into Partnerſhips or Adventures, either in War or Buſineſs; they ſhould conſider that the Blows and the Scars are to be divided, as well as the Piſtoles and the Ducats, and the Loſs as well as the Profit. The two Parties are as good as Man and Wife, where the Bargain is *for Better for Worſe.* Nay, there's Brawling as well as Kiſſing in the very State of *Matrimony* itſelf; and when People come to be us'd to both at once, let 'em ſet one againſt the other, and then put the Gain in their Eyes. If Life be a Journey, Men muſt

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muſt expect Foul Way as well as Fair, and content themſelves to Travel in all Weathers, and thro' all Difficulties; which is no more than the ſame Mixture that we meet with in all our Undertakings: Wherefore let no Man brag of his Bargain, till he has caſt up his Account, and ſet the Scars againſt the Booty.

FAB. 430. A Lion and a Man.

AMong other good Counſels that an old Experienc'd *Lion* gave to his Whelp, this was One, That he ſhould never contend with a Man: *For*, ſays he, *if ever you do, you'll be worſted.* The Little Lion gave his Father the Hearing, and kept the Advice in his Thought, but it never went near his Heart. When he came to be grown up afterward, and in the Flower of his Strength and Vigour, About and About he Ranges, to look for a Man to grapple with. In his Ramble he chances to ſpy *a Yoke of Oxen*; ſo up to 'em he goes preſently: *Hark ye, Friends*, ſays he, *Are you MEN?* They told him No; but their *Maſter* was a Man. Upon leaving the Oxen, he went to a Horſe that he ſaw *Bridled* and Ty'd to a Tree, and aſk'd him the ſame Queſtion; *No*, ſays the Horſe, *I am no Man my ſelf, but he that Bridled and Saddled me, and ty'd me up here, he's a Man.* He goes, after this, to one that was cleaving of Blocks; D'ye hear, ſays the Lion, You ſeem to be a *Man*. *And a Man I am*, ſays the Fellow. That's well, quoth the Lion, and dare you fight with Me? Yes, ſays the Man, I dare fight with ye: Why, I can tear all theſe Blocks to pieces, ye ſee. Put your Feet now into this Gap, where you ſee an Iron Thing there, and try what you can do. The Lion preſently put his Claws into the Gaping of the Wood, and with one Luſty Pluck, made it give way, and out drops the Wedge; the Wood immediately cloſing upon't, and there was the Lion caught by the Toes. The Wood-Man preſently upon this, raiſes the Country, and the Lion finding what

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a ſtreight he was in, gave one hearty Twitch, and got his Feet out of the Trap, but left his Claws behind him. So away he goes back to his Father, all Lame and Bloody, with this Confeſſion in his Mouth; *Alas, my Dear Father*, ſays he, *This had never been, if I had follow'd your Advice.*

The MORAL.

Diſobedience to Parents is againſt the Laws of Nature and Nations, Common Juſtice, Prudence and Good Manners; and the Vengeance of Heaven, ſooner or later, treads upon the Heels on't.

REFLECTION.

PEOPLE are not to Reaſon upon Obedience to Parents, and Submiſſion to Governors, provided there be nothing in the Command, or in the Impoſition, that is ſimply Evil. Reaſon in Man does abundantly ſupply the Defect of other Faculties wherein we are inferior to Beaſts; and what we cannot compaſs by Force, we bring about by Stratagem. The Intent of this Fable is to ſet forth the Excellency of Man above all Creatures upon the Earth; and to ſhew, that he is *Lord and Ruler over all the reſt*; their *Teeth*, *Claws*, *Stings*, and other means of Offence, notwithſtanding. The young Lion himſelf is Charged by his Sire not to contend with him; ſo that conſequently no Creature of leſs Force is upon any Terms to Encounter him. Not but that there are ſome ſpecial Inſtances to the contrary, in Exception to the General Rule. The *Moraliſt* makes the Event to confirm the Reaſon, and to ſupport the Authority of the Lion's Counſel. It may paſs likewiſe in ſome ſort, for a *Puniſhment* of Diſobedience to a Parent; but there's the Voice of Providence and Wiſdom in't, as well as the Voice of a Father; which is intimated in ſhewing us, that the Yoke of Oxen, and the Horſe that ſtood Bridled and Sadled, had a *Man* ſtill to their *Maſter*.

FAB. 431. A Hare and a Sparrow.

A *Sparrow* happen'd to take a Buſh juſt as an *Eagle* made a Stoop at an *Hare*, and when he had got

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her in the Foot, Poor *Wat* cry'd out for Help. Well (ſays the *Sparrow*) and why don't ye run for't now? I thought your Footmanſhip would have ſav'd ye. In this very Moment comes a *Hawk* and whips away the *Sparrow*, which gave the Dying *Hare* this Conſolation in her laſt Diſtreſs, that ſhe ſaw her Inſolent Enemy overtaken with a juſt Vengeance, and that the *Hard-hearted Creature* that had no *Pity* for *another*, could obtain none for herſelf neither, when ſhe ſtood moſt in need of't.

The MORAL.

'Tis with Men and Governments, as 'tis with Birds and Beaſts, the Weaker are a Prey to the Stronger, and ſo one under another, through the whole Scale of the Creation. We ought therefore to have a Fellow-Feeling of one another's Afflictions: For no body knows whoſe turn may be next.

REFLECTION.

HERE's a Juſt Judgment upon Ill Nature: Wherefore let no Man make ſport with the Miſerable, that is in danger to be miſerable himſelf, as every Man may be; and in truth, every Man deſerves ſo to be, that has no Tenderneſs for his Neighbour. It is a high Degree of Inhumanity not to have a Fellow-feeling of the Misfortune of my Brother; but to take pleaſure in my Neighbour's Miſery, and to make merry with it, is not only a Brutal, but a Diabolical Barbarity and Folly.

FAB. 432. A Fox and a Cock.

A Hungry *Fox* that had got a *Cock* in his Eye, and could not tell how to come at him, caſt himſelf at his Length upon the Ground, and there he lay winking and pinking, as if he had ſore Eyes. Ah (ſays he to the *Cock*) I have gotten a Thorn here, with creeping through the Hedge t'other Day; 'twould be the greateſt Charity in the World, if you would but help me out with it. Why truly, ſays the *Cock*, I am no Oculiſt, and if I ſhould go to *Help one Eye*, and *put out*

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cut t'other with my *Spur*, we ſhould have but an Untoward Buſineſs on't; but if you are not in very great haſte, I can fly Home in a Trice, and bring ye One that ſhall certainly cure ye. The *Fox* finding 'twas all but Banter; *Well* (ſays he) *'tis no great matter then; for the more Phyſicians, the more Danger, they ſay.*

The MORAL.

Shuffling and Fencing, are in many Caſes both allowable and neceſſary; eſpecially where Craft is to be encountred with Craft.

REFLECTION.

THERE's no truſting to a *Known Hypocrite* and an *Enemy Both* in *One*; and therefore the *Cock* was too crafty for the *Fox* here, and kept himſelf upon his Guard. There is this Miſchief in *Falſe Dealing*, that it forces People to be *Hard-natur'd* and *Suſpicious* in their own Defence: For Credulity is Mortal. Not but that many Men are impos'd upon to their Ruin by a miſtaken *Charity* and *Compaſſion*. It is a nice Point however, for a Man to take upon him to aſſign the many and various Caſes that occur upon this Topick, and ſo as to allot them their Juſt and Proper Limits, with ſuch a regard to *Good Nature* and *Diſcretion*, as neither to be wanting to *Our ſelves*, nor to *Others*: But yet the *Poſſible Danger* of *Relieving* a *Miſerable Perſon*, for fear he ſhould be a *Counterfeit*, will not *excuſe* a Man from doing Acts of *Humanity*, notwithſtanding that Pretence. But there is a double Hazard in't; for we may miſcarry either by *too little Caution One* way, or by *too much Preſumption* the *other*. Now the Smelling out of a Trick, and the *Defeating* of it, does not come ſo Home, as *Repaying* of it in *kind*; for the *Contempt* in the manner of doing it, gives a kind of *Sting* to the *Diſappointment*. But the *Fox* however, has the Grace of other *Bantering Buffoons*: That is to ſay, he is never to be put out of *Countenance*; and when he finds himſelf *Pinch'd*, he ſhifts it off with a *Droll*.

FAB. 433. **Joy and Sorrow are near A-kin.**

THere paſs'd a great many Bitter Words once upon a time betwixt *Joy* and *Sorrow*; inſomuch, that they mov'd the Court upon it, by Conſent, and made

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a *Chancery*-Cauſe on't. Upon a *Fair* and a *Full Hearing*, the Judge found ſome Colour of Equity on *both Sides*, and would fain have made 'em *Friends* again. You ſhould conſider, ſays he, how near y'are *a-kin*, and what a Scandal 'tis, to have theſe Heats and Squabbles among *Relations:* But all this went in at one Ear, and out at *t'other:* So that when he ſaw there was no Good to be done, he paſs'd this Sentence upon Them, That ſince they would not go Hand in Hand Amicably of *Themſelves*, they ſhould be *Link'd* together in a *Chain*; and Each of them in his turn ſhould be perpetually Treading upon the *Heel* of the *Other*; and not a Pin Matter then which went Foremoſt.

The MORAL.

No Man is to Preſume in Proſperity, or to Deſpair in Adverſity; for good and Ill Fortune do as naturally ſucceed one another, as Day and Night.

REFLECTION.

IT is the Lot of Mankind to be Happy and Miſerable by turns. The Wiſdom of *Nature* will have it ſo; and it is exceedingly for our Advantage that ſo it ſhould be. There's nothing Pure under the Heavens; and the Rule holds in the Chances of *Life*, as well as in the *Elements:* Beſide that, ſuch an Abſtracted Simplicity (if any ſuch thing there were) would be neither Nouriſhing to us, nor Profitable. By the Mediation of this Mixture, we have the Comfort of *Hope* to *ſupport* us in our Diſtreſſes, and the Apprehenſions of a *Change*, to keep a *Check* upon us in the very Huff of our *Greatneſs* and *Glory:* So that by this Viciſſitude of *Good* and *Evil*, we are kept ſteady in our *Philoſophy*, and in our *Religion*. The one minds us of *God*'s *Omnipotence* and *Juſtice*; the *Other*, of his *Goodneſs* and *Mercy:* The *One* tells us, that there's *No Truſting to our own Strength*; the *Other* preaches *Faith* and *Reſignation* in the Proſpect of an *Over-ruling Providence* that takes care of us. What is it but *Sickneſs* that gives us a Taſte of *Health? Bondage*, the Reliſh of *Liberty?* And what but the Experience of *Want*, that Enhances the Value of *Plenty?* That which we call *Eaſe*, is only an *Indolency* or a Freedom from *Pain*; and there's no ſuch thing as *Felicity* or *Miſery*, but by the *Compariſon*. 'Tis very true that

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that *Hopes* and *Fears* are the *Snares* of Life in ſome reſpects, but they are the Relief of it in others. Now for fear of the Worſt however, on either Hand, every Man has it in his own Power by the Force of Natural Reaſon, to Maſter the Temptation of falling either into Preſumption or Deſpair.

FAB. 434. The Owl and the Sun.

There was a Pinking *Owl* once upon a very Bright and a Glorious Morning, that ſate Sputtering at the *Sun*, and aſk'd him what he meant to ſtand ſtaring her in the *Eyes* at that *Rate*. Well, ſays the *Sun*, but if *your Eyes* will not bear the *Light*, what's your Quarrel to *my Beams* that *ſhed* it? Do you think it a Reaſonable Thing that the whole World ſhould be depriv'd of the Greateſt Bleſſing in Nature, to gratify the Folly, the Arrogance and the Infirmity of one Sot?

The MORAL.

There is nothing ſo Excellent, or ſo Faultleſs, but Envy and Detraction will find ſomewhat to ſay againſt it.

REFLECTION.

IT is no more in the Power of Calumny and Envy to blaſt the Dignity of a Wife and of an Honeſt Man, than it was in the Power of the *Blear-Ey'd Owl* here, to caſt a Scandal upon the Glory and Greatneſs of the *Sun*. The Principles of Good and Evil are as Firm as the Foundations of the Earth; and never had any Man living the Face yet to make an Open Profeſſion of Wickedneſs in its own Name. Not but that Men of Vicious Lives and Converſations, have found out ways of Impoſing their Corruptions and Imfirmities upon the World for Virtues, under falſe Semblances and Colours. But there's no Man all this while, that ſets up for a Knave or a Coxcomb in Direct Terms. Now the Myſtery of the Cheat lies in the artificial Diſguiſing of one thing for another, and in making Evil paſs for Good, and Good for Evil: As every Virtue has its Bordering Vice, and every Vice its Bordering Virtue. So that the Pretence is

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fair ſtill, let the Practice be never ſo Foul; and Men will be trying to bring down the Rule to the Error, where they cannot reconcile the Error to the Rule. When People have once Inverted the Meaſures of Moral Equity, and Natural Reaſon, and brought the Queſtion of Right and Wrong, as far as in them lies, to a falſe Standard, there follows in Courſe, an Envious Malevolence upon the Oppoſition. As for Example: A Fool naturally hates a Philoſopher: A Debauchee does as naturally hate a Man of good Government and Moderation. A Man of Conſcience and Religion is as much an Eye-Sore to a Profligate Atheiſt: And a Mercenary *Knight of the Poſt* has juſt as much Kindneſs for a Man of Probity and Virtue. To conclude the Moral, There are of theſe *Owls* in Palaces and Aſſemblies, as well as in Barns and Groves; but a Man of Honour and Integrity Shines on, like the Sun in the Firmament, Unconcern'd, and continues his Courſe.

FAB. 435. *Jupiter* and a Farmer.

Jupiter had a Farm a long time upon his Hand, for want of a Tenant to come up to his Price, 'till a Bold Fellow, at laſt, was content to take it, upon Condition that he himſelf might have the Ordering of the Air and the Seaſons, as he thought fit. So *Jupiter* Covenanted with him, that it ſhould be Hot or Cold, Wet or Dry, Calm or Windy, as the Tenant ſhould direct. In Concluſion, this Man had effectually a Climate of his own, that his very next Neighbours felt nothing of: And it was well they did not, for when they had a Plentiful Harveſt and Vintage, the Farmer himſelf had hardly any Corn or Graſs upon his Ground. He took other Meaſures the Year following, which (as it fell out) prov'd the more unkindly of the Two. He held on, however, 'till he was upon the very Point of Breaking; and when it came to that once, he was e'en glad to Petition *Jupiter* to Releaſe him of his Bargain; for he was now convinc'd, that Providence knows Better what is good for us, than we know what is good for our ſelves.

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The MORAL.

We ſhould do well to make it One Petition in our Litany, *that in many Caſes Heaven would be ſo gracious to us, as not to hear our Prayers; for we are otherwiſe in Danger to be Undone by our own Wiſhes.*

REFLECTION.

WHAT Work would Malevolents and Malecontents make in the World, if they might but have the Governing of it; and if Heaven were not more merciful to us, than to grant us our Wiſhes? Wherefore there muſt be no Preſcribing of Rules to the Divine Wiſdom. What a Confuſion would it bring upon Mankind, if all thoſe People that are unſatisfied with the Motions, Revolutions, and Influences of the Celeſtial Orbs; the Courſe of the Seaſons, and the Providential Diſtribution of Heats and Colds, Rain, Froſts, and Sun-ſhine, might be allowed to take the Government into their own Hands? There needs nothing more to convince us of the Vanity, the Malice and the Folly of theſe Intermedlers with the Works and Orders of an Over-ruling Power; and yet we muſt be making Articles and Conditions forſooth, in Matters where we have neither Authority nor Skill: And where in ſpite of our Hearts, we muſt Submit, as in Duty and Reverence we are oblig'd to Reſign, and to Obey.

FAB. 436. A Wolf turns Religious.

A *Wolf* that was paſt Labour, had the Wit in his Old Age yet to make the beſt of a bad Game: He borrows a Habit, and ſo about he goes, Begging a Charity from Door to Door, under the Diſguiſe of a Pilgrim; and for ought we know, this may be one of the Pilgrims that were to have Landed at *Milford Haven*, in the Year 1671. One of his Relations that had the Fortune to meet him in his Holy Garb and Pretence, took him up roundly, for ſtooping ſo much below the Dignity of his Family and Profeſſion. *Why, what would you have me do?* ſays the *Pilgrim-Wolf*, *my Teeth and my Heels are gone, ſo that I can*

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I can neither Run, nor Worry, and I muſt either Cant, and turn Religious, or Starve.

The MORAL.

When People can live no longer by downright Rapine and Villany, for want of Strength, Means, or Ability to go on at the old Rate, 'tis a common thing for 'em to drive on the old Trade ſtill, under a Semblance of Religion and Virtue. So that Impotence goes a great way toward the Converſion of an Old Sinner.

REFLECTION.

A *Proſelyte-Wolf* is a very Saint yet to a *Proſelyte-Chriſtian*, that makes his Belly his God, and renounces his Faith for Bread. Now over and above the Lively Image of the Practice of the World in this Wonderful Converſion, 'tis Pleaſant enough to conſider how gravely the *New Convert* is taken up by one of his *Fellow Wolves*, for bringing ſuch a Diſgrace upon his Character and Function, as to ſubmit to the Picking up of a Livelyhood in that *Strolling* way of Canting and Begging; which in the Moral gives us to underſtand, that the Hypocrite is the Fouler and the Baſer Beaſt of the Two. The Doctrine of this Fable, if the Matter were well Examin'd, would more or leſs run through the whole Race of Mankind; for Repentance and a new Life, is naturally the Diſcourſe and Retreat of Old Sinners, when they find they can live by Barefac'd Wickedneſs no longer: What a Hideous Roll would it make, if the Names of all the People that are pointed at under this Emblem of the *Pilgrim-Wolf* were written in their Foreheads!

FAB. 437. The Aſs's Skin.

A Miſerable *Aſs* that was ready to ſink under Blows and Burdens, call'd upon Death to Deliver him from that Intolerable Oppreſſion. Death was within Hearing, it ſeems, and took him at his Word; but told him withal, for his Comfort, that whereas other Creatures end their Misfortunes and their Lives together, You muſt not expect that it will be ſo with you; for (ſays Death) they'll make Drums of your Skin, when your Carcaſs ſhall be Carrion,

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Carrion, and never leave Drubbing of ye ſo long as one Piece will hold to another.

The MORAL.

Some People are Miſerable beyond the Relief even of Death it ſelf: That is to ſay, there are Men that lead reſtleſs Lives in this World, under a dreadful Apprehenſion at the ſame time, of being more wretched in the next.

REFLECTION.

THIS Moral does not lie ſo ſquare, as to bear any great Weight on't. 'Tis true, that our Fame and Memory ſhall out-live our Bodies; and that in that ſenſe a Man may be ſaid to be Miſerable after his Death; even in a Pagan way of underſtanding it, as well as with a Regard to the Immortality of the Soul in a Chriſtian Application. It holds forth to us the Pertinacy of Ill Fortune, in purſuing ſome People into their very Graves: But they that are born to a Fatality of Endleſs Misfortunes, muſt ſubmit to go through with them.

FAB. 438. A Fool and a Hot Iron.

A *Smith* threw down a Horſe-Shoe in his Shop that was but juſt come out of the Fire: A Fool took it up; it burnt his Fingers, and he caſt it down again. Why, ye Blockhead you, ſays the Work-man, could not you have try'd whether 'twas Hot or no, before you meddled with it? *How, try?* ſays the Fool. Why, *a Hot Iron* would have Hiſs'd, if you had but *Spit* upon't. The Fool carry'd this Philoſophy away with him, and took an Occaſion afterward to *Spit* in his *Porridge*, to try if they'd *Hiſs*. They did not *Hiſs*, it ſeems, and ſo he Guttled 'em up and Scalded his *Chops*. Well, ſays one that was by, and could not you have ſtaid till they were Cold? Why, I thought they had been Cold, ſays the Fool. You might have known they were Hot, ſays t'other, by their Smoaking. The Fool carry'd this in his Mind too, and going a while after to a Spring-Head to quench

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quench his Thirſt; he fancy'd that the Fountain Smoak'd too, and there he ſtaid till he was almoſt Choak'd, for fear of Burning his Chops once again.

The MORAL.

This very Innocent may ſerve to Teach Wiſe Men Caution, that they Examine Matters before they paſs a Judgment upon them; for otherwiſe, we live at a kind of Hap-Hazard, and without any Inſight into Cauſes and Effects.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a great Folly not to Diſtinguiſh betwixt things Extremely Differing in their Qualities and Nature; 'tis no wonder to find one Simplicity of this Kind follow'd with more; for Weak Men will be ſtill applying the laſt *Rule* to the next Caſe, for want of Reaſoning and Connecting upon the *Whole*. 'Tis an Odd thing now, that a *Mountebank* ſhould get a Reputation by the ſame Error that makes an *Idiot* yet more Ridiculous; that is to ſay, by Preſcribing the ſame Remedy to all Diſeaſes. There was juſt ſuch another Innocent as this, in my Father's Family: He did the Coarſe Work in the Kitchin, and was bid at his firſt coming to take off the *Range*, and let down the *Cinders* before he went to Bed. The poor Silly Wretch laid Hands on the Irons, when they were next to *Red-Hot* yet, and they ſtuck to his Fingers: *A Vengeance on ye*, ſays he, *Y'are as Warm as Wool*; and ſo ſhook 'em off again. Now this *Innocent*, I dare Anſwer for him, had never read *Camerarius*, ſo that he did not Burn his Fingers by that Copy.

FAB. 439. A Cock and Horſes.

A *Cock* was got into a Stable, and there was he Neſtling in the Straw among the Horſes; and ſtill as the Fit took 'em, they'd be Stamping and Flinging, and laying about 'em with their Heels. So the *Cock* very gravely Admoniſhes them; Pray, my Good Friends, let us have a care, ſays he, that we don't Tread upon One Another.

The

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The MORAL.

Unequal Converſations are Dangerous and Inconvenient to the Weaker Side in many Reſpects, whether it be in regard of Quality, Fortune, or the Like: Where the Weight of the One, ſinks the Other: And no matter whether we Embark out of Vanity, or Folly; for tis Hazardous both ways.

REFLECTION.

SO ſays many a Vain Fool in the World, as this Cock does in the like Caſe, and expoſes himſelf to Scorn as well as Deſtruction. 'Tis a neceſſary Point of Wiſdom for People to ſort themſelves with fit Company, and to make a right Judgment of their Converſation. I do not mean in the Matter of Morals only, where Vicious and Ill Habits are Contagious; but there ſhould a regard be had to the very Size, Quality and Degree of the Men that we frequent: For where the Diſproportion is very great, a Man may be ruin'd without Malice, and cruſh'd to Pieces by the Weight even of one that has a Kindneſs for him. Now where we misjudge the Matter, a Miſcarriage draws Pity after it; but when we are Tranſported by Pride and Vanity into ſo Dangerous an Affectation, our Ruin lies at our own Door.

FAB. 440. A Gard'ner and a Mole.

A Gard'ner took a Mole in his Grounds, and the Queſtion was, whether he ſhould put her to Death or no. The Mole pleaded that ſhe was one of his Family, and Digg'd his Garden for Nothing: Nay, ſhe Inſiſted upon't, what Pity 'twas to Deſtroy a Creature that had ſo ſmooth a Skin, and Twenty other Little Pretences. Come, come, ſays the Gard'ner, I am not to be fool'd with a Parcel of Fair Words: You have nothing for Digging, 'tis true; but pray, who ſet you at Work? Is it for my Service, d'ye think, to have my Plants and my Herbs torn up by the Roots? And what's your Buſineſs at laſt, but by doing all you can for the filling of your own Belly, to leave me nothing to Eat?

FAB.

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FAB. 441. A Man and a Weazle.

THere was a *Weazle* taken in a Trap, and whether ſhe ſhould die or not, was the Point: The Maſter of the Houſe Charg'd her with heavy Miſdemeanors, and the Poor Vermin ſtood much upon her Innocence and Merit. Why, ſays ſhe, I keep your Houſe clear of Mice. Well, ſays the Man, but you do't for your own ſake, not for mine. What Work would they make in the Pantry and the Larder (ſays ſhe) if it were not for me? And in the mean time (ſays the Maſter of the Houſe) you yourſelf devour the ſame Things that they would have Eaten, *Mice* and all: But you would fain ſham it upon me, that you do me a Service, when in Truth, you do me an Injury, and therefore you deſerve a Double Death; Firſt, For the Fault itſelf, and then for the Juſtification of it.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

'Tis according to the Courſe of thoſe Kind Offices in the World, which we call Friendſhip, to do one another Good for our own Sakes.

REFLECTION.

THERE's nothing Commoner in this World than the Caſe of the Mole here and the Weazle: That is to ſay, the Caſe of the People that value themſelves mightily upon Merit; when in the mean time they do only their own Buſineſs. What Virtue is it for me to do another Man good by Chance; or where's the Obligation of doing it for my own Profit? 'Tis the Will of a Man that qualifies the Action. A Body may do me good, and yet deſerve to be puniſh'd for't. He may ſave my Life for the Purpoſe, with an Intention to take it away. There is however ſome Regard to be had to the very Inſtrument that Providence makes uſe of for our Advantage. But this is out of a Reſpect to the Providence, not to the Man: And we are not yet come up to the Force of the Fable neither; for many People have the Confidence to plead Merit, when effectually they do us Miſchief.

FAB.

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FAB. 442. A Woman, Cat and Mice.

A Good *Woman* that was willing to keep her Cheeſes from the *Mice*, thought to mend the Matter by getting her a *Cat*. Now, *Puſs* anſwer'd the *Woman*'s Intent and Expectation, in keeping the *Mice* from Nibbling the Cheeſes; but ſhe herſelf, at the ſame time, devour'd the *Mice*, Cheeſe and all.

The MORAL.

This has been our Caſe within the Memory of Man: There were a matter of Half a Dozen Little Roguy Political Mice lay Nibbling at our Liberties and Properties, and all Peoples Mouths open'd for the Providing of ſome 500 *Cats to Deſtroy them. The End on't was this, They Kill'd the Vermine; but then they Gobbled up Privileges and all: And was not the World well amended?*

REFLECTION.

THE Preſent State of Things is beſt, unleſs we may be very well aſſur'd that the Danger of the Remedy is not greater than that of the Diſeaſe: Nay, it ſo falls out many times, that a Thing may be Good for the Diſtemper, and yet Mortal to the Patient. Wherefore Men ſhould never trouble their Heads about Innovations for ſlight Matters, without a ſtrict Calculation, upon the Profit or Loſs of the Exchange. The Fancy of the *Cat* and *Mice*, points very naturally at the Caſe of *Monarchy* and *Epiſcopacy* in the Days of King *Charles the Firſt*. There were Grievances of all ſorts complain'd of, and Popular Diſputes rais'd about Prerogative and Arbitrary Power, in the pretended Favour of Liberty and Property. Every thing was amiſs they cry'd, and nothing would ſerve the Turn but a General Reformation; and what was the Iſſue at laſt, but the *Cats* that ſhould have kill'd the Mice, eat up, as the Fable ſays, *Mice, Cheeſe and all.*

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FAB. 443. A Man in Tears for the Loſs of his Wife.

NEver had any Man ſuch a Loſs in a Woman certainly as I have had! Cries a Widower in the fluſh of his Extravagancies for a Dead Wife: Never ſo Dear a Creature! Never ſo Miſerable a Wretch! And ſo he runs Raving on, how he ſhould abhor the Sex itſelf, now ſhe is gone. As he was in the Tranſport of his Lamentations, and about half through the Farce, he ſtarted all on a ſudden, and call'd out to the Women about the Body, (who it ſeems, had gotten the beſt Piece of Linen in the Houſe for a Winding-Sheet;) Pray, ſays he, will you take another Cloth for the preſent, and let this be laid by for my next Wife, if it ſhould be the Lord's Will to have me Bury another. This ſet the Company a Laughing, for all their Sorrow, to ſee the Good Man ſo ſoon brought to his Wits again.

The MORAL.

Funeral Tears are but Matter of Form; and it is a diſtinguiſhing Mark of Hypocriſy, to take upon us to be Kind as well as to be Righteous, beyond Meaſure. But Time and Nature will bolt out the Truth of Things, through all Diſguiſes.

REFLECTION.

IT is Morally Impoſſible for an Hypocrite to keep himſelf long upon his Guard; for the Force is Unnatural, and the leaſt Slip or Surprize, either a Word, Look, or Action, lays him open through his Diſguiſe. But to ſum up the Caſe in ſhort, what with the Hazards of Conjugal Diſagreement, Ungracious Children, None at all, or the Loſs of them; with a Hundred other Uneaſy Circumſtances incident to that Condition, Happy is the Couple that in a Marry'd State have the Good Fortune to make a Saving Game on't.

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FAB. 444. A Rich Man that would be no Richer.

THere was a Huge Rich Man, that could neither Eat nor Sleep for fear of Loſing his Money: The whole Entertainment of his Life was Viſion and Phantom; Thieves, Earthquakes, Inundations; nothing in ſhort came amiſs to him that was Poſſible, Dangerous, and Terrible. In this Torment of a Reſtleſs Imagination, he call'd a Beggar to him, told him his Caſe; and now, ſays he, I muſt ſend you preſently of an Errand to *Fortune*. Go your ways to her immediately, (you'll find her in *Japan*,) and deſire her from me, that for the Future ſhe'll never Trouble herſelf farther upon any Account of mine, for I am abſolutely reſolv'd never to touch a Penny of her Money more. Be gone this very Moment, and I'll give you a Hundred Crowns for your Pains. Why truly Sir, ſays the Poor Fellow, 'tis a great way; but yet (after a little Humming and Hawing upon't) he agreed to undertake the Job. Do ſo then, ſays the Rich Chuff, and you ſhall have *Ninety* Crowns down upon the Nail. The Poor Creature ſtuck a while upon the other Ten that he promis'd; but at laſt came to his Price, and for *Ninety* he was to go. Well then, ſays the Miſerable Churl, *A Bargain's a Bargain*, and *Fourſcore Crowns* you ſhall certainly have. At this Rate he went Chaffering on, till by Bating Ten and Ten ſtill upon every New Demand, the Man was e'en fain to content himſelf with Ten *Crowns* at laſt for the whole Journey. And ſo away he goes to *Fortune*, finds her out, and delivers his Errand: And, ſays he, ſince that Rich Man will have no more, pray be ſo good as to give me that am ready to Starve, what you would otherwiſe have given to a Man that does not want it. No, ſays *Fortune*, as for his Part, I am reſolv'd to Plague him with Thrice as much more as he has already, in ſpite

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ſpite of his very Teeth; and then for your part, I'll e'en keep ye in a Starving Condition as I found ye, to the laſt Minute of your Life, and make Good the Old Saying to ye, *That he that's Born under a Three-Penny Planet, ſhall never be worth a Groat.* 'Tis true, y'ave gotten Ten *Crowns* in Hand, and you ſhould never have had that neither, if I had not been faſt Aſleep when they were Deliver'd ye.

The MORAL.

Not One Man in a Thouſand knows his own Mind. Some Man ſhall be Rich in ſpite of their Teeth. And then, all the Caring and Caring in the World, ſhall not keep another Man above Water.

REFLECTION.

THE Covetous Man is *never well* (as we ſay) *neither Full nor Faſting:* Avarice has a great deal in't of the *Dog-Appetite.* It is Greedy, Ravenous and Inſatiable; Raving Mad after what it has not, and Sick of what it has; for it Digeſts nothing, and the very Succeſs of the Wickedneſs is the Plague on't. Nay, and the Two Extremes of Want and Abundance are ſo near a-kin too, that the Miſery of both the Oppoſite States take its Riſe in a great Meaſure from the ſame Root. Only Men are ſolicitous in the one Caſe how to Get, that which they are as ſolicitous in the other Caſe how to Keep; and the Pain of the Diſappointment, whether in Miſſing or in Loſing, is much the ſame. For what is the Difference betwixt having Nothing at all Originally, and after ſuch or ſuch an Acquiſition, having Nothing at all Left? 'Tis but Nothing againſt Nothing both ways: And the Caſe has much in it of what we find in an Extreme Drought, or a Nauſeous Surfeit. Men are ready to Choak for want of Drink, and when they have over-charg'd themſelves with more than Nature will bear, they are ready to Die on that Hand too, till they have it up again. Now to carry on the Alluſion, here's a Covetous Man deliberating betwixt the Qualms of a wambling Stomach, and an unſettled Mind. Here is he defying *Fortune* and all her Works; he'll have no more to do with her, he ſays, and ſo he Talks and Does on, at the Rate of almoſt *Half a Chriſtian.* But he does not yet know his own Mind, it ſeems; for while he is Renouncing the World and the Devil on the one Hand, he ſtrikes a League

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with them on the other, and in the ſame Breath practiſes what he pretends to diſclaim, and couzens the Labourer of his Hire. We are not therefore to value our ſelves upon the Merit of *Ejaculatory Repentances*, that take us by Fits and Starts, and look liker Confeſſions upon the Torture, than Acts of Piety and Conſcience. 'Tis not for a deſultory Thought to attone for a lewd Courſe of Life; nor for any thing but the Super-inducing of a virtuous Habit upon a vicious one, to qualify an effectual Converſion. We are to diſtinguiſh betwixt this Miſer's being weary of the anxious Condition he was in, and his repenting the Iniquity of his Oppreſſion and Extortion: But *Fortune* will have him richer and richer ſtill, in ſpite of his Heart: That is to ſay, for his greater Condemnation and Puniſhment. And the laſt Touch is to ſhew us, in the Churliſhneſs of *Fortune*, what a Poor Honeſt Man has to truſt to in this World.

FAB. 445. An Eagle ſets up for a Beauty.

IT was once put to the Queſtion among the Birds, which of the whole Tribe or ſort of 'em was the greateſt Beauty. The Eagle gave her Voice for her ſelf, and carry'd it. Yes, ſays a Peacock in a ſoft Voice by the bye, You are a great Beauty indeed; but it lies in your Beak and your Talons, that make it Death to diſpute it.

The MORAL.

The Veneration that is paid to Great and powerful Men, is but from the Teeth outward, *not from the Heart; and more out of Fear than Love.*

REFLECTION.

THIS Beauty in the Fable, extends in the Moral to all the Advantages in *Human Nature* that one Man can pretend to have over another: Let it be matter of Honour, Title, Juſtice, Good Faith, Conſcience, *&c.* for *the longer Sword can do no Wrong*; and rather than fail, the Laws of God and Man ſhall take up Arms againſt *themſelves* in defence of the *moſt Extravagant* of Conqueſts. Religion is a kind of Two-edged Sword in the Hands of a *Man of Might*, that cuts both ways alike; and 'tis either right or wrong, or wrong or

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right, as occaſion ſerves. Take it by one Light, 'tis an Angel; by another, 'tis a Devil: And ſo 'tis *pro* and *con* at the ſame time. The whole World and the Buſineſs of it, is manag'd by Flattery and Paradox; the one ſets up Falſe Gods, and the other maintains them. Power, in ſhort, is Beauty, Wit, Courage, and all good Things in one, where Slaves and Paraſites are Judges.

FAB. 446. An Image Expos'd to Sale.

A Certain *Carver*, that had a *Mercury* lay a great while upon his hands, bethought himſelf at laſt of Billing it about in *Coffee-Houſes*, that at ſuch a Place there was a God to be Sold, a Merry Penn'-worth, and ſuch a Deity, as would make any Man Rich that Bought him. Well (ſays one) And why d'ye Sell him then? For he will make you Rich, if you Keep him, as well as he will make me Rich if I Buy him. You ſay very right, ſays t'other; but 'tis ready Money that I want, and the Purchaſer will have only an Eſtate in Reverſion.

The MORAL.

Ready Money goes as far in Religion as in Trade: People are willing to keep what they have, and to Get what they can, without Launching out into Lives and Uncertainties. They are well enough content to deal in the Sale of Reverſions, but they do not much care for Buying them.

REFLECTION.

THE Old Saying, *A Bird in the Hand is worth Two in the Buſh*, holds with moſt People in Religious Matters, as well as in Civil. A Sum of Money down upon the Nail, goes farther with them, than Heaven it ſelf in the Reverſion. Where we are in the Dark, we are but too apt to be Doubtful, and to reckon upon it the common acceptation of Fleſh and Blood, as the parting with a Certainty for an Uncertainty. Now the Moral of this Fable muſt be underſtood to tax the Vanity and Error of the common Practice and Opinion of the World in this Matter. The Fiction, methinks, has ſomewhat in't of the *French Libertine*'s Conceit

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a *ſevere Religious* upon the Point of Mortification: *Father* (ſays he) *What's the Meaning of all theſe Auſterities of Hard Living, Hair-Suits, Watchings, Faſtings, and I know not what?* Oh Brother (ſays the Holy Man) 'tis all for *Paradiſe*. Well (ſays the Licentious Droll again) but what if there ſhould be no *Paradiſe* at laſt, are not you finely brought to bed then? The Mockery of this Fable is ſomewhat a-kin to the Freak of this Story, and by no means to be allow'd of but in Reprehenſion of ſo Irreverent a Freedom.

FAB. 447. Demetrius and Menander.

WHen *Demetrius Phalereus* (a Tyrant and an Uſurper) took poſſeſſion of *Athens*, how was he ſet and Purſu'd with the *Huzza's* and *Acclamations* of the People! Nay, and the Leading Men of the City too, with Joy in their Looks, and Gall in their Hearts, ſtriving who ſhould be Foremoſt in the Solemnity, to cry *Vive Demetrius*, and Kiſs the Hand that Enſlav'd them. After them follow'd the Men of Eaſe, Luxury and Pleaſure, for fear of being thought Wanting in point of Affection and Reſpect. *Menander* the Famous Comical Poet, was one of the Number, but in ſo Looſe a Garb and Dreſs, and with ſo Unmanly a kind of March and Motion, that *Demetrius* had his Eye upon him preſently, and call'd aloud to know how ſuch an Effeminate Sot durſt preſume to appear in his Preſence. Somebody gave the Tyrant immediately a Whiſper, and told him, Sir, ſays he, This is the Poet *Menander*, that you your ſelf have been pleas'd to own ſo great an Admiration and Eſteem for. *Demetrius* recollects himſelf, and changes his Humour in the very Inſtant; calls *Menander* to him, and treats him with all the Inſtances imaginable of a ſingular Liking and Reſpect.

The MORAL.

This Fable ſets forth the ſlaviſh Humour and Practice of the World, upon all Violent Changes, let them be never ſo Impious and

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and Unjuſt: And it ſhews us again, that no Tyrant's Heart can be ſo hard, but it may be ſoften'd, and wrought upon by the force of Wit and Good Letters.

REFLECTION.

'TIS no wonder, where there's Power on the one Side, to find Flattery and Slavery on the other: Nor is there any Inference to be drawn from the *Outward Pomp* of *Publick Addreſſes* and Applauſe, to an inward Congruity of Affections in the Heart: For *Bleſſings* and *Curſings* come out of the ſame Mouth. Theſe *Noiſy Acclamations* are rather made of Mode and Ceremony, than of Zeal and Good Will; and the *Huzza's* of the *Rabble* are the ſame to a *Bear* that they are to a *Prince*, and ſignify no more to the one than they do to the other. The *Tyrant*'s Reproof here of *Menander* for his *Mien* and *Garb*, and his Recollection then upon his being better inform'd, are Firſt to the Honour of his Character, in being ſo Generous, as upon ſo ſolemn an Occaſion to own his Miſtake: And Secondly, Inſtructive to us, that we are not to Judge of the Man by his Outſide.

FAB. 448. A Conſultation about Securing a Town.

THere was a Council of Mechanicks call'd to Advice about the Fortifying of a *City*; a *Brick-layer* was for Walling it with *Stone*; a *Carpenter* was of Opinion, that *Timber* would be worth Forty on't: And after them, up ſtarts a *Currier*; Gentlemen, ſays he, when y'ave ſaid all that can be ſaid, there's nothing in the World like Leather.

The MORAL.

Charity begins at home, they ſay, and 'tis every Man's Buſineſs in the firſt place to look to his own Mother's Child.

REFLECTION.

HERE was a Debate ſet a-foot, but the Board came to no Reſolution, we ſee; and it could not be expected they ſhould, where the Adviſers were every Man intereſted for himſelf, and conſequently both Parties and Judges. This is the

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the Fate and the Iſſue of all Mix'd Councils, where the Members that are intruſted with the Protection, the Care and the Treaſure of the Publick, lie under the Temptation of Voting Honourable Charges to themſelves, and putting Money in their own Pockets. Theſe Men in ſome Caſes are call'd Penſioners, in others, Patriots; and in ſome again, Committeemen, according to the Humour of the Age they live in. Now, where a Sharper is allow'd both to Shuffle and Cut, the Devil's in him, if he does not deal himſelf a Good Game. The Diſpoſers of other Peoples Fortunes ſeldom forget themſelves; and all this is no more than the Common Liberty that every Cook has of licking his own Fingers.

FAB. 449. A Hedge Deſtroy'd for bearing no Fruit.

A Fooliſh Heir, that was now come to the Poſſeſſion of a Wiſe Man's Eſtate, caus'd all the *Buſhes* and *Hedges* about his Vineyard to be Grubb'd up, becauſe they brought him no Grapes. The throwing down of this Hedge, laid his Ground open to Man and Beaſt, and all his Plants were preſently deſtroy'd. My Simple Young Maſter came now to be convinc'd of his Folly, in taking away the Guard that preſerv'd his Vines, and in expecting Grapes from Brambles.

The MORAL.

There needs as much Care and Induſtry to the Preſerving of Things, as there does to the Acquiring of them, and the Centinel is as neceſſary to the Common Safety, as he that Fights the Battel.

REFLECTION.

THIS Parable of the *Hedge* and the *Vineyard*, may be aptly enough expounded of the Laws that ſecure a *Civil Community*. So long as the Encloſure is kept up, and maintain'd, the Peace and the Order of the Publick is provided for; but if it be ſuffer'd by Neglect, either to fall to Decay, or to be over-born by Violence, and laid in Common, the Beaſts of the Foreſts break into't, and of a Vineyard it becomes a Wilderneſs. This Fable marks out to us alſo the double Folly of thoſe, that firſt diſappoint the Intent, Uſe

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and Benefit of Things, for want of Underſtanding the Reaſons of them; and ſecondly, ground all this upon as groſs a Miſtake of 'em: For what's his Quarrel to the *Hedge*, but that his *Thorns* and his *Brambles* did not bring forth *Roſes*, rather than *Haws* and *Blackberries*.

FAB. 450. A Bull and a Gnat.

A *Gnat* that had Planted himſelf upon the Horn of a *Bull*, very civilly begg'd the *Bull*'s Pardon for his Importunity; but rather than incommode ye, ſays he, I'll remove. Oh, never trouble your Head for that, ſays the *Bull*; for 'tis all one to me whether you go or ſtay. I never felt ye when you ſat down, and I ſhall take as little notice of ye when you riſe.

The MORAL.

The Vanity of this Fly ſtrikes at a Humour that we meet with every Day in the World, in a Hundred trifling Nonſenſical People, that will be ſtill making themſelves more Conſiderable than they are.

REFLECTION.

THERE are a Thouſand Frivolous and Impertinent Pretenſions of Civility that are ſtruck at in this Fable; and they well deſerve to be Corrected; for 'tis certainly one of the moſt nauſeous, mawmiſh Mortifications under the Sun, for a Man of Senſe and Buſ'neſs to have to do with a Punctual, Finical Fop, that's too too Mannerly, and does every thing, forſooth, by Rule and Compaſs: Eſpecially where his Quality, Relation, or Authority, Entitles him to Reſpect.

FAB. 451. Rats that Eat Copper.

A Merchant that had gotten a Friend of his to lay up a conſiderable Quantity of *Copper* for him, comes afterward to have Occaſion for't, and ſo deſires he may have his *Copper* again. Alas, ſays his Friend, my Houſe is ſo peſter'd with Rats, that they have gotten

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gotten to your *Copper*, and Eat it all up. The First *Rats* of that Diet, says the Merchant, that ever I heard of. O Good Sir, says the Man; 'tis a common thing with 'em here in this Island. So away goes the Merchant, and the next Morning comes his Friend to him, Wringing his Hands, and Exclaiming, Oh what should he do! The *Kidnappers* had stollen away his only Child. Bless me, says the Merchant, this minds me of a Raven I saw yesterday, Steeple-high, just over your House, with a Child in's Foot, My Life for't, that was your Child. No, no, says t'other, a Raven fly away with a Child! that's impossible. Pardon me, says the Merchant, 'tis a common thing, where *Rats* Eat *Copper*, for *Ravens* to fly away with *Children*. The Man found himself beaten at his own Play, and so Compounded with the Merchant to give him Satisfaction for his *Copper*, upon condition that he might have his *Child* again; for he had smelt it out by this time, that the *Merchant* himself was the *Kidnapper*.

The MORAL.

'Tis a Dextrous Turn of Address, to Baffle one Banter with another: And the nearer the Resemblance of the Humour, the Hit is so much the better.

REFLECTION.

ONE Nail must be driven out with another. *Bantering* is only an old way of *Fooling*, under a new Name; but the Licence of the Age has perhaps given it more Credit in the World, in this Nation and Conjuncture, than ever it had. It is a Turn of Wit next to *Slight of Hand*; and the Play of *Jest* or *Earnest* is as arrant a *Juggler's* Trick, as little *Hocus's Fast or Loose*. It is a stroke of Wit, Pleasant and Agreeable enough, if it be kept within the Bounds of Sobriety, Candor and Respect: But when it comes to Lash out once at a venture, into Matters Holy as well as Profane; when it comes once, I say, to be intemperate, Ill-natur'd, Sceptical, Scandalous and Bitter, 'tis a way of Conversation for a *Merry Andrew* or *Buffoon*, rather than for a Man of Honour, or of Common Sense. It is not one jot

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better than Boys Play, when they cry, *I made 'em believe ſo*; and that's the very Point at laſt that they drive at. *The Rats have Eat your Copper*, ſays the *Truſtee* here to the *Merchant*. What was there more in this, than to try whether the *Merchant* was a Fool or not, and ſo to Couzen him if he found him one? Nay, and to make him a Fool upon Record too by his own Confeſſion, both in one. Now, if he had but put a *Damme* to the Truth on't, according to the modiſh Humour of the Times, ſome ſoft-headed, Conſcientious Fop might have ſwallow'd it perhaps; but the *Merchant* very dextrouſly turn'd the Conceit upon him, and ſav'd his Copper and his Credit both at once.

FAB. 452. A Woman Reviv'd with Beating.

THere was an Untoward Perverſe Piece of Woman's Fleſh that fell now and then under the Diſcipline of a little Family-Correction; and ſhe had got a Trick of throwing her ſelf down upon her Back, holding her Breath, and there lying at her Length for Stone-Dead. Her Husband, it ſeems, had been wonted to theſe Gamboles, and ſo in a Grave, Serious Way, as ſhe lay in a Fit once, calls for a Knife, Come, ſays he, when the Beaſt is Dead, we muſt e'en make the beſt of his Skin, and ſo fell to work, and began to flay her at the Heel. The Woman did not like that way of Fooling, but ſtarted up, and came to her ſelf immediately.

The MORAL.

This in the Fable, is one of thoſe Caſes wherein People that are to be Believed in nothing elſe, ought to be taken at their Words. My Heart's too big to bear this (*ſays a bluſtering Fellow.*) By the Lord, I'll Deſtroy my ſelf. *Sir, ſays the Gentleman, here's a Dagger at your Service; and ſo the Humour went off.*

REFLECTION.

HERE's Fooling againſt Fooling, and one Counterfeit anſwer'd with another. The Woman would needs perſuade the Good

Good Man that ſhe was Dead; and the Husband, in requital, gives her to underſtand, that ſhe muſt be Flay'd then; which was the only way the Poor Man had of making the beſt of a bad Game. 'Twas a Sham both ways, and ſo they Compounded the Quarrel upon't; and the Good Woman never Dy'd after this, till ſhe came to Die for good and all. There are ſome Peeviſh Caſes that will bear no other way of Conviction.

FAB. 453. Two Friends and Fortune.

THere goes a Story of Two Familiar Friends, that were often together, and had a great many Words upon the Subject of that which we call *Fortune.* They were both well enough to paſs, but of very Differing Humours; the one a Man of Project and Buſtle in the World, the other altogether for Eaſe and Quiet. The one had a Roving Rambling Head, the other was a Man of Privacy and Reſerve. The one, in fine, was for making his Court to *Fortune*, the other for *Lying by*, till *Fortune* ſhould make her Court to *Him* (according to the Freak of the reſt of the Sex.) Come, come, ſays the Ranger, we ſhall never make any thing on't at this rate of Living; here's neither Honour nor Money to be got by ſtaying where we are; and for my own part, I'm e'en for a Pilgrimage to the Temple of *Fortune.* Ay, but where's that? ſays t'other. Why, ſays the Rambler, we muſt e'en beat it out the beſt way we can. Pray, ſays his Companion, Adviſe well with your Pillow, before you Embark in this Adventure. You are going you know not whither, to find out you know not what, or whom: A Phantom, that ſlips out of your Arms in the very Graſping at it, a Common Proſtitute to Fools and Footmen. You muſt be a Knave to be a Favourite, and abandon all the Subſtantial Comforts of Human Nature for a Jilt and a Shadow: In one Word, if you'll needs be wandring, Pray'e, when we meet next, remember what I told ye; and in the mean time, I'll e'en lie down

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down in Peace, and keep myſelf juſt as I am, and where I am; and if ever you live to come back again, do but look for me, and there, if I'm Alive, you ſhall be ſure to find me.

Upon theſe Terms they parted, and away Poſts the Cavalier in the Queſt of his new Miſtreſs. His Firſt Jaunt is to Court, where he Enquires for Madam *Fortune*'s Lodgings: But ſhe ſhifted ſo often, they told him, that there was no Certainty of finding her. He never fail'd to make one at the Prince's *Levée* and *Couché*, where he heard over and over, how ſhe had been at this Place, and at that Place, but never could get ſight of her. They told him indeed, that at ſuch or ſuch a Time, he might be ſure of her at this *Minion*'s, or at that *Buffoon*'s Apartment; but ſhe was ſtill ſo Buſy and ſo Private, that there was no coming to the Speech of her. In fine, when he had hunted and waited like a Dog, Early and Late, I know not how long, one told him for certain, that ſhe had newly taken Wing, and was gone a Progreſs to a Temple ſhe had in *Terra Auſtralis Incognita*. Upon this he takes his Leave of the Court, and away immediately to Sea, where he meets with Pirates, Rocks and Shelves, and in ſhort, ſo many Dreadful Encounters, made him caſt many a heavy Look and Thought upon the Quiet Cottage and Companion that he had left behind him: But he goes preſſing forward ſtill for all this, till in the Concluſion, he was Fobb'd again with another Story; That *Fortune*, 'tis true, had been there; but ſhe was call'd away by an Expreſs, not above Two Minutes before, to the *Nor'ward*. Theſe Phantaſtical Amuſements and Miſcarriages, brought him by little and little to his Wits again, and to a Contempt of all the vain Promiſes and Pretences of Avarice and Ambition. With theſe Thoughts about him, he makes all the haſte he can back again, to his poor Bleſſed Home; where he finds his Old Friend and Acquaintant, without any Cares in his Head, Faſt aſleep; and that very

Fortune

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Fortune that had led him this *Wild-Gooſe-Chace* over the whole World, waiting like a Spaniel at the Door, and *Begging* to be let in.

The MORAL.

It is with Fortune as it is with other Fantaſtical Miſtreſſes; ſhe makes ſport with thoſe that are ready to die for her, and throws herſelf at the Feet of others that Deſpiſe her.

REFLECTION.

'TIS great Virtue and Happineſs for a Man to ſet his Heart wholly upon that Lot and Station which Providence has aſſign'd him, and to content himſelf with what he has, without Wandring after imaginary Satisfactions in what he has not. Fancy and Curioſity have no Bounds. Their *Motto* may be [*SOMEWHAT ELSE.*] And how ſhould it be otherwiſe with People that are never pleas'd with the Preſent? They want they know not what, and they look for't they know not where. We have had ſo many Occaſions already to handle this Moral, that it would be Time loſt to ſay any more upon't in this Place.

FAB. 454. A Boy that would not learn his Book.

THere was a Stomachful Boy put to School, and the whole World could not bring him to pronounce the Firſt Letter of the Alphabet. Open your Mouth, ſays the Maſter, and cry (*A*) The Boy Gapes, without ſo much as offering at the Vowel. When the Maſter could do no good upon him, his School-Fellows took him to taſk themſelves. Why, 'tis not ſo hard a thing, methinks, ſays one of them, to cry *A*:) No, ſays the Boy, 'tis not ſo hard neither; but if I ſhould cry (*A*) once, they'd make me cry (*B*) too, and I'll never do that, I'm reſolv'd.

The

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The MORAL.

There's no Contending with Obſtinacy and Ill Nature; eſpecially where there's a Perverſeneſs of Affection goes along with it.

REFLECTION.

THE *Spaniards* will have it, that *Apes* can ſpeak if they would, but they are afraid they ſhall be put to work then. The *Boy*'s Reaſon here, and the *Ape*'s are much at one; and 'tis the caſe of Counterfeit Cripples too, that pretend they cannot do this or that, when, in truth, they are Lazy, and have no mind to be put to't. The ſame Humour governs in a World of Caſes, where a Pretext of Diſability is made uſe of, either out of Croſneſs or Sloth. This Reſtiff Stubborneſs is never to be excus'd under any Pretence whatſoever; but where the thing to be done is that which we are bound, in Honour and Duty to do, there's no enduring of it. As in Caſes of Law, Conſcience, Church-Ceremonies, Civil or Natural Obedience to Princes, Parents, Husbands, Maſters, *&c.* If I ſhould do This, you'd make me do That, they cry; which is only a ſhort Reſolution that puts all the Functions and Offices of Order and Authority to a ſtand. He that ſays, I cannot do this or that, where the Thing is Lawfully impos'd and requir'd, and not *Simply Evil*, might e'en as well have ſaid, *I will not do't*; for the Exception is not to the *Thing Commanded*, but to the *Commanding Power*. If I yield *in one Point*, ſays the *Boy*, they'll expect I ſhould yield *in more*. Grant *One* Prerogative, and grant *All*, ſays the *Republican*. But then, ſays the *Sovereign* on the other hand, Part with *One* Prerogative, and part with *All*: So that the Conteſt is not matter of *Scruple*, but who ſhall be *Uppermoſt*. In one Word, *Stubborn Boys* and *Stubborn Subjects*, where they will not Comply upon *fair Means*, muſt be *whipp'd* into their *Duties*.

FAB. 455. Hercules and Pluto.

WHen *Hercules* was taken up to Heaven for his Glorious Actions, he made his Reverence in courſe to all the Gods till he came to *Pluto*, upon whom he turn'd his Back with Indignation and Contempt. *Jupiter* ask'd him, what he meant by that Diſ-

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Diſreſpect? Why, ſays *Hercules*, that *Son of Fortune* Corrupts the whole World with *Money*, Encourages all manner of Wickedneſs, and is a Common Enemy to all Good Men.

The MORAL.

This is only to ſhew the Oppoſition betwixt a Narrow, Sordid, Avaritious Humour, and the Publick-ſpirited Generoſity of a Man of Honour, Induſtry and Virtue.

REFLECTION.

MONEY has its Uſe, 'tis true; but generally ſpeaking, the Benefit does not countervail the Cares that go along with it, and the Hazards of the Temptation to abuſe it: It is the Patron and the Price of all Wickedneſs: It blinds all Eyes, and ſtops all Ears, from the Prince to the very Beggar. It corrupts Faith and Juſtice; and in one Word, 'tis the very Pick-Lock, that opens the way into all Cabinets and Councils. It debauches Children againſt their Parents; it makes Subjects Rebel againſt their Governors; it turns Lawyers and Divines into Advocates for Sacrilege and Sedition; and it tranſports the very Profeſſors of the Goſpel into a Spirit of Contradiction and Defiance to the Practices and Precepts of our Lord and Maſter. It is no wonder now, that *Hercules* ſhould ſo contemptuouſly turn his Back upon *Pluto*, or the God of Money, when the one's Buſ'neſs is to Propagate and Encourage thoſe Monſters, which the other came into the World to Quell and to Subdue.

FAB. 456. A Lion, Boar, and Vultures.

THere happen'd a deſperate Quarrel betwixt a *Lion* and a *Boar*: They fought upon't, and the *Vultures* came hovering over the Combatants, to make a Prey of him that ſhould be left upon the Spot: But it ſo fell out, that there was no Death in the Caſe, and the Vultures were not a little troubled at the Diſappointment.

The MORAL.

When Fools fall out, it ſhall go hard but Knaves will be the better for't.

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REFLECTION.

THERE are ſeveral ſorts of Men in the World that live upon the Sins and the Misfortunes of other People. This Fable may be Moraliz'd in almoſt all the Controverſies of Human Life, whether Publick or Private. *Plaintiff* and *Defendant* find Buſineſs for the *Lawyers*; Queſtions of *Religion* for the *Divines*; Diſputes about *Privileges* and *Liberties*, cut out Work for the *Soldiers*. A *General Peace*, in fine, would be a *General Diſappointment*; for the Wrangling of ſome, is the Livelihood of others; and where-ever there are like to be *Carcaſſes*, there will never fail to be *Vultures*.

FAB. 457. A Man that would never hear Ill News.

ONE came to a Country Grazier, and asked him if he ſhould tell him a Piece of News. Is't Good or Bad? (ſays he.) Nay, ſays t'other, 'tis not very Good. Pray, ſays the Grazier, keep it to your ſelf then, and ſo he went his Way. The Grazier was telling the next Day, that the Wolves had kill'd one of the Bullocks. That's like enough, ſays the ſame Man; for I ſaw him wandring from the Herd, and I was afraid on't. I would you had told me this in time, ſays the Grazier. Why, I came, I know not how far yeſterday, a-purpoſe to tell you the Story, and you would not hear on't.

The MORAL.

The Man is too delicate to be Happy, that makes it in his Bargain not to hear any thing that may give him preſent Trouble.

REFLECTION.

THIS way of conſulting a Body's Eaſe, makes a Man acceſſary to his own Ruin. There's an Attempt deſign'd, for the Purpoſe, upon the Perſon of a Man, and he ſhuts his Ears againſt any Intelligence, or Notice of it, till the Dagger is at his Heart. He that will not hear the worſt of things

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betimes, muſt expect afterward to feel the Effect of the bad News that he would not hear. Firſt, he loſes the Means of preventing Miſchiefs, by not ſuffering himſelf to be inform'd whereabout the Danger lies. Secondly, he lives in a continual Dread of all Accidents that may befal him in general, though of Nothing in particular, and leaves himſelf no Place for the Exerciſe of Prudence and Precaution. This ſort of People jog on in the World (for I cannot call it Living) without any Thought for To-morrow. Talk to them of Poverty, Perſecutions, Torments, Slavery, Sickneſs, nay, Death itſelf at a Diſtance, they'll put it off to the laſt Moment, and venture the Surpriſal, when it comes indeed, rather than abide but ſo much as the Hearing on't beforehand.

FAB. 458. A Miſer and Rotten Apples.

THere was a Stingy Narrow-hearted Fellow, that had a great deal of choice Fruit in his Ground, but had not the Heart to touch any of it, till it began to be Rotten. This Man's Son would every Foot and anon be taking ſome of his Companions into the Orchard with him, Look yé, ſays he, That's an Excellent Apple, and here's a Delicate ſort of Plum; Gather and Eat what you will of theſe, provided you don't meddle with any of the Rotten ones: For my Father (you muſt know) keeps them for his own Eating.

The MORAL.

This is to ſet forth the Wicked and the Scandalous Wretchedneſs of Avarice, that rather than make uſe of the Bounties of Providence in their Seaſon, ſuffers them to lie by and Periſh.

REFLECTION.

HOW miſerable are thoſe Curmudgeons, that ſpend their Lives in Carking and Pinching themſelves for things they have not the Heart to make uſe of! And in this Humour of Griping (which they call Saving) fall foul upon the very Extreme of Profuſion another way. They either Loſe or Spoil every thing by keeping it, till 'tis fit only to be thrown away, and that's their way of Spending it. Their Money lies as cloſe

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close in their Coffers, as ever it did in the Mine whence it was drawn. They'll rather venture the whole Stock, than be at one Penny Charge for the Saving of the rest. They pervert the very Intent, as well as they destroy the Bounties of Providence: Nay, they envy the common Enjoyment of those Blessings that were Intended for the Relief, Comfort, and Satisfaction of Mankind.

FAB. 459. The Devil Refused to Marry.

A Certain Devil had the hap to live for some time in a State of Wedlock, with a Spiteful, Vexatious Gipsy, that in truth was too hard for him. She dy'd at last of the Pip, and the Breath was no sooner out of her Body, but he fell to Blessing the Stars for his Deliverance; and so bound himself by a desperate Vow, that he would never Marry again. It fell out some time after, that a Poor Man was Possess'd with this very Devil, and that when an *Exorcist* had try'd all the ways of Charm, Prayer and Menace, to remove him, and found him Proof against all manner of *Exorcisms*, he bawl'd it out, once for all, *Either Come forth, or Marry*, The Devil immediately cry'd out for Mercy; *I go, Father*, says he, *to any Hell, but that of a Second Wife.*

The MORAL.

Take this Droll by the right Handle, and it gives to understand, that some Women may as well fright the Devil out of a Man, as others Conjure him up into one.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable is only a High-flown *Hyperbole* upon the Miseries of Marriage, under the Judgment of a Wayward, a Jealous and a Brawling Wife: And the Moral of it is directed to all the poor Husbands, that are Condemn'd to that Purgatory.

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FAB. 460. A Country-man and Jupiter.

A Poor Plain Fellow was ſo dazled and tranſported with the Pomp, the Splendor, the Plenty, State and Luxury that Great Men live in, that it was the Firſt Petition of his Daily Litany to *Jupiter*, to make him a *Lord*. *Jupiter* found he could not be quiet for him, and bad *Mercury* carry him Two Curious Baſkets with Honour and Money in them. They were both cover'd, the one with Purple, the other with Gold, and *Mercury* was order'd to let the Man Open and Examine them as ſtrictly as he pleas'd, but to bid him have a care not to meddle with them Raſhly, for fear of the Worſt. The Countryman was ſo charm'd with the Preſent at firſt Sight, that he took it away with him by *Conſent*, without aſking any Queſtions. But when he came afterward to conſider at leiſure the Cares, Anxieties, Fears, Doubts, and all manner of Troubles and Diſeaſes that were inſeparably to go along with his Bags and Dignities; he found himſelf much more uneaſy now than he was before, and that he had ſacrificed the Peace of his very Soul, to the Vanity of his Eye and Appetite.

The MORAL.

'Tis not for a Wiſe Man to ſet his Heart upon Gay and Glittering Appearances; the Devil himſelf baits all his Hooks with Pomp, Luſts and Pleaſures; and the very Glory of the Outſide, makes the Contents the more ſuſpicious for't.

REFLECTION.

A Man may bear the Want of Honours and Riches, before he has 'em, much better than the Loſs of them when he has obtain'd them. And they are, in ſhort, the Plagues of an Inconſiderate Life. He that wiſhes them for the Common Good, and applies them when he has them, to that Generous End, makes a right Uſe of the Divine Providence and Bounty: But he that ſeeks them for his own ſake, and converts them wholly to his own Profit, Defrauds the Publick.

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As if a Man ſhould apply an Eſtate that was made over to him in Truſt, to the wrong Uſes.

FAB. 461. A Bee that went over to the Drones.

TO what End (ſays a *Bee*) ſhould I Toil and Moil my ſelf out of my Life for a Poor Subſiſtence, when the *Drones* that do nothing at all, Live in as much Plenty every jot as I do? Upon this Thought, the *Bee* reſolv'd after their Example to work no longer. The Maſter, it ſeems, call'd her to Account for't; the *Bee* took Pet upon't, and without any more to do, went over to the *Drones* Party, where ſhe paſs'd the Summer eaſily enough, and to her Satisfaction. But upon the Winter's coming on, when the *Drones* were all diſpers'd into their ſeveral Holes, the *Bee* would fain have gone Home again; But the Cells of the Combs were all Clos'd, ſo that there was no Entrance, and the Poor *Bee* Starv'd to Death betwixt Cold and Hunger.

The MORAL.

It is all the reaſon in the World, that every Man in what Station ſoever, ſhould work in ſome ſort or other for his Living. Nature her ſelf is always at work; and a Prince has no more Prerogative to be Idle than a Beggar.

REFLECTION.

ACTION is a reaſonable Duty, how variouſly ſoever it may be Exerciſed, whether in the Functions of Power, or in the Offices of Subjection. A Reaſonable Soul can no more ſtand ſtill, than the Sun can ſtop its courſe. This Fable branches out into ſeveral Morals: Firſt, it ſerves for a Reproof of Sloth: Secondly, In the *Bee*'s being corrupted by the Practice of the *Drones*, it ſhews us the Danger and the Force of Ill Example; eſpecially where there's Eaſe and Senſuality to ſtrengthen the Temptation, which muſt needs be wonderfully Powerful, where the *Emblem* of *Induſtry* on the one hand, comes to be wrought upon by the very *Emblem* of

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of *Lazineſs* on the other. Thirdly, It leads us to a Conſideration of the End of an Unactive and an Unprofitable Life. The *Bee*'s Summer-Friends forſake her; thoſe of her own Family ſhut the Doors againſt her; and ſo ſhe's abandon'd to the wide World, as an Object of Deteſtation and Scorn.

FAB. 462. A Crow and a Raven.

THE Antients tell us, that the *Crow* was once *Minerva*'s Favourite, and the *Raven Apollo*'s; but the one of them was found to be ſo full of Tongue, ſo Over-officious and Inquiſitive; and the other ſo deſperately given to Croking and Foreboding upon Evil Things to come, that they fell both into Diſgrace for't.

The MORAL.

Great Talkers, Medlers, and Buſy-Bodies, are the very Peſt of Human Society.

REFLECTION.

THERE is no Peace to be expected, either in a Government, or in a Family, where Tale-bearers, and the Spreaders of Ill and of Falſe News, are Encourag'd. Now the Curioſity of Heark'ning after Privacies that do not concern us, and of Prying into forbidden Secrets, does not ariſe ſo much from a Deſire of knowing the Truth of Things ſimply for our own Satisfaction, as from an Itch of Screwing our ſelves into other Peoples Matters, that we may be Prating of them again; and then the Tale is very ſeldom or never without Calumny and Detraction at the End on't.

FAB. 463. The Bitch's Bed-maker.

YOU muſt needs make this Bitch's Bed immediately, ſays the Maſter of the Houſe to his Maid, for ſhe's juſt ready to lie down. It was not done, it ſeems, and the Man was very angry with the

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Wench for not doing as ſhe was bid. Alas, ſays the poor Girl, I'd have made her Bed with all my Heart; if I could but have told which way ſhe'd lie with her Head, and which with her Back-ſide.

The MORAL.

---There's no Pleaſing theſe that cannot Pleaſe themſelves.

REFLECTION.

A Steady Mind will admit Steady Methods and Counſels; but there's no Meaſure to be taken of a changeable Humour. Tell me where I may find ye, and I ſhall know where to fit ye: But otherwiſe, 'tis with us in the Levity of our Manners, and of our Humours, as it was with *Clark* the Famous Poſture-maſter, and his Tailor. When the Workman took meaſure of him, he was Crump-Shoulder'd, and the Right Side higher than the Left; when he brought home the Suit, the Left was higher than the Right: The Fellow was mad at himſelf, and made him another Suit; and that would not do neither; for his Body then was as Streight as an Arrow.

FAB. 464. A Truſty Dog and his Maſter.

THE Maſter of a Family, that had, as he thought, a very good Condition'd Dog, coming home from his Buſineſs once, found a *Cradle* Over-turn'd, the Dog's Mouth all Bloody, and his only Child miſſing. He draws his Sword immediately, and Kills the Dog, upon a Preſumption that he had Worried the Child, without any Regard to his Try'd Fidelity, and without allowing himſelf One Moment of time for a Second Thought. Upon a farther Enquiry, he found the Truth of the Matter to be this: The Child being left alone in the Cradle, there was a Serpent Winding it ſelf up the Side on't, to Deſtroy the Child. The Dog leaps upon the Serpent, and tears it to pieces; but in the Scuffle, the *Cradle* happen'd to be Over-turn'd: Upon the taking up of the *Cradle*, the Maſter found

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found the Child Alive under it, and the Serpent Dead; which, upon Reflection, convinced him of the miſerable Temerity of his Miſtake.

The MORAL.

The Repentance of a whole Life, is not ſufficient to Atone for the Miſcarriage of One Raſh Action.

REFLECTION.

ANGER without Conſideration, is little better than a downright Madneſs; it makes us take Benefits for Injuries, it confounds Truth and Falſhood; and we have but too many Inſtances of Outrages committed on the Perſons of the beſt of our Friends, upon a Falſe Perſuaſion of their being our Mortal Enemies. Charity bids us Hope and Believe the beſt of Things: Prudence bids us Examine the Truth of Things: Religion and Common Equity Preach to us upon the Text of *Do as you would be done by.* So that it's Uncharitable, Unreaſonable, Unchriſtian, and Inhuman, to paſs a Peremptory Sentence of Condemnation upon a Try'd Friend, where there's any room left for a more Favourable Judgment.

FAB. 465. A Fool and a Sieve.

AN Innocent found a Sieve, and preſently fell to Stopping the Holes, which he call'd Mending it. When he had been Puzzling a good while about it, he threw it away in a Rage: I ſhall never make any thing on't, ſays he; for I don't know which I am to Stop, and which to leave Open.

The MORAL.

It fares with the Pragmatical Sort of State-menders, much as it did with this Sieve-mender: They do not like things as they are, neither do they underſtand how they ſhould be. But they are for Change however, at a venture: And when they have once put Matters out of Order, there's no ſetting them to right again.

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REFLECTION.

THERE are none ſo forward as Fools, to mend Things that are Well already; tho' they find upon Experiment, that they make and they leave every Thing worſe than they found it. They are at firſt for ſtopping of Holes, and when they won't do, they are for making of 'em again. We have abundance of Fools in the Moral to anſwer this Fool in the Fable; that is to ſay, People that take upon them to Correct what they do not Underſtand; and that when they have Embroil'd the Publick, leave the main Chance to Fortune to Shuffle the Cards anew, and play the Game over again. This is the Fate on't, when Pedants will be medling with Politicks, and Botchers ſetting up for the Reformers of Providence.

FAB. 466. A Fig-tree and a Thorn.

A *Fig-Tree* and a *Thorn* were valuing themſelves once upon the Advantage that the One had over the Other. Well, ſays the *Thorn*, What would you give for ſuch *Flowers* as theſe? Very good, ſays the *Fig-Tree*, and what would you give for ſuch *Fruit* as this? Why, ſays the Other, 'twould be againſt Nature, for a *Thorn* to bring forth *Figs*. Well, ſays T'other again, and 'twould be againſt Nature too, for a *Fig-Tree* to bring forth *Flowers*: Beſide that, I have *Fruit* you ſee, that is much Better.

The MORAL.

Every Creature has a Share in the Common Bleſſings of Providence; and it is a Virtue as well as a Duty, for every Creature to reſt well ſatisfied with its Proportion in thoſe Comforts: But when we come once to Boaſt of our ſelves, and to Derogate from others, 'tis no longer a Virtue, but a Vanity; and eſpecially when we miſtake the Value of Things, and prefer the Advantages of Beauty before thoſe of Uſe and Service.

REFLECTION.

'TIS not every Man that can diſtinguiſh betwixt the Excellences of Beauty and of Virtue: And how in truth ſhould they diſtin-

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diſtinguiſh, when every Man that has Eyes in his Head, ſees the One, and not one Man of Forty underſtands the other? Nay, the very Oſtentation of the Thorn, is a Weakneſs, and I might have ſaid a Vice too; for the Vanity unhallows the very Virtue, eſpecially where 'tis accompany'd with Detraction.

FAB. 467. A Wolf and a Fox.

A *Wolf* had the Fortune to paſs by, as the Thief-Leaders were Dragging a Proper Goodly *Fox* to the Place of Execution. The *Wolf* took ſuch a Kindneſs for him, that he reſolv'd to employ his Intereſt with the *Lion* to ſave his Life; but by the Way, ſays he, what's the Malefactor's Crime? So the Officer told him, that he had not only Robb'd ſeveral Hen-Rooſts, but had the Impudence to Steal a Fat Gooſe, that was Reſerv'd for his Majeſty's own Table. Say ye ſo? ſays the *Wolf*, why then *the Caſe is alter'd*, quoth *Plouden*; and ſo he left him to take his Fortune.

The MORAL.

Intereſt is the very Teſt and Standard of Good and Evil. If I may gain by doing a Thing, 'tis Honeſt; if it be againſt my Profit, 'tis conſequently againſt my Conſcience. This is the Pro *and* Con *of Common Practice; and 'tis but caſting ſome Grains of Allowance into the Scale, to palliate the Fouleſt Iniquity.*

REFLECTION.

THIS Fable hits the Humour of the World to a Hair, and it holds from him that ſits upon the Throne, to the poor Devil that has ſcarce a Tatter to his Breech. Men are eaſy to pardon Offences committed againſt other People; but when they come to be touch'd once in their own Copy-hold, the *Lion*'s *Fat Gooſe* weighs down all the *Cocks* and *Hens* in the Country: And in that Caſe the *Wolf* leaves his Brother *Fox* at the Gallows. The Rogue has ſtoll'n a *Prerogative-Gooſe*, ſay he, and the King will never pardon him. This is according to Practice, how contrary ſoever to the true Meaſures of Generoſity, Honour, and Juſtice. *That's the verieſt Villain in Nature*, cries

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one, *for I'll tell ye how he us'd me. As Worthy a Man*, ſays another, *as ever trod upon a Shoe of Leather*; *for really I have been much beholden to him.* In ſhort, there is ſuch an Affinity betwixt our Prudentials and our Appetites, that they are like two *Uniſon Strings*, if you Touch the one, the other Moves by Conſent: There was a certain *Filacer* (an Officer of the Common Pleas) that in *Oliver's* Days was mightily concern'd upon the Subject of the Government, and Dilating in a kind of Rhetorical *Climax* upon the Iniquity of the Times: Well (ſays he) here's the beſt Church upon the Face of the Earth deſtroy'd; the Nobility and Gentry trampled under Foot, and beggar'd; the Commonalty enſlav'd, the Laws overturn'd, the Conſtitution of Parliaments diſſolv'd; a moſt Pious, Gracious King Murder'd; and now, to *Conſummate the Villany*, they ſay, they are putting down the *Filacers*. When it comes once to the *Filacers*, it touches the Quick.

FAB. 468. A Rich Man and a Poor.

AS a Poor Fellow was beating the Hoof upon the High-Way, and Trudging on Merrily in a bitter Cold Morning, with never a Rag to his Tail: A Spark that was Warm Clad, and Well Mounted (but his Teeth Chattering in his Head yet) called to this *Tatter-de-Mallion*, and ask'd him how he was able to endure this Terrible Weather? Why, ſays t'other, how does your *Face* endure it? My *Face* is us'd to't, ſays the Cavalier. And ſo is my Body, ſays the other; ſo that I am all Face. And then (ſays the Poor Cur) there's another Thing yet beſide; I have all the Cloaths I have in the World upon my Back, and that's enough to keep me warm: Do but you put on all yours too, and you ſhall be Warm as well as I.

The MORAL.

By Cuſtom, Practice, and Patience, all Difficulties and Hardſhips, whether of Body or of Fortune, are made eaſy to us. Mankind is all of a make; and if we ſhrink in the wetting, as we ſay, or in any Trial of Diſtreſs or Perſecution, 'tis our own Fault; for we are Conſulting our Skins and our Affections, when

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when we ſhould rather be attending to the Motions of our Reaſon, which would give us better Counſel.

REFLECTION.

IF Men would but inure themſelves to do thoſe Things by Choice, which 'tis Forty to One they ſhall be ſome Time or other forc'd to do by Neceſſity; it would exceedingly advance the Peace and Comfort of Human Life; for all thoſe Miſeries are only Viſionary and Fantaſtical, ſo far as we govern our ſelves by Opinion rather than by Reaſon. Our Bodies are not naturally more Tender than our Faces; but by being leſs expos'd to the Air, they become leſs able to endure it. Exerciſe makes Things eaſy to us, that would be otherwiſe very hard; as in Labour, Watchings, Heats and Colds; and then there is ſomething *Analogous* in the Exerciſe of the Mind, to that of the Body. 'Tis Folly and Infirmity that makes us Delicate and Froward. We are taught likewiſe in the differing Tempers and Conditions of the *Rich Man* and the *Poor* here, that a Man may be Happy with a Little, and Miſerable in Abundance.

FAB. 469. A Wolf and a Hog.

A *Wolf* that had liv'd many Years upon the Spoil, came at laſt to be troubled in Conſcience for the Spilling of ſo much Innocent Blood, and ſo took up a Chriſtian Reſolution to keep a long *Lent* for't; and not to Eat one Bit of Fleſh for a whole Twelvemonth. But Faſting, it ſeems did not agree with his Conſtitution; for upon the Sight of a *Hog* wallowing in a Muddy Puddle, he ran preſently to him, and ask'd him what he was? Why, ſays the *Hog*, I belong to a Neighbour here in the Village, and the Ancient *Romans* call me *Porcus*. In good time, ſays the *Wolf*; for I have read in *Littleton*'s *Dictionary*, that *Porcus is a Fiſh, that being taken, grunteth like a Hog*; and ſo he made a Supper of the *Hog*, without breaking his *Faſt*, and without any Offence to his Vow of *Mortification*.

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The MORAL.

In a long Practice of Wickedneſs, now and then a Faint Vow or Promiſe of Amendment, goes for nothing: And if a Body does have a mind to break a Commandment under ſuch an Obligation, it will be hard if he cannot bring himſelf off at laſt with ſome Salvo *or Diſtinction, and be his own Confeſſor.*

REFLECTION.

MEN that are habitually Wicked, may now and then by Fits and Starts feel certain Motions of Reflection that look toward Repentance; but thoſe Diſpoſitions are commonly ſhort-liv'd, and the ſame Meat ſhall be Fiſh or Fleſh, as it may beſt ſerve their Turn. We find this Fable Moraliz'd in our Daily Practice, not only among our *Falſe Converts*, upon the Matter of Truth, Steadineſs and Juſtice, but among *Politicians*, *Lawyers* and *Divines*, that ſhall make the moſt eſtabliſh'd Principles of Law, Prudence and Religion, *Felons of themſelves*; and by the help of a little *Sham* and *Paradox*, *blow Hot and Cold*, with the *Man* and the *Satyr*, out of the ſame Mouth. This *Wolf* now, was ſomewhat of the Man's Humour, who was Charg'd by his *Confeſſarius* for eating Fleſh in *Lent*: Father, ſays he, I have as Catholick a Faith as any Man in Chriſtendom, but a moſt confounded Heretical Stomach. So the *Wolf*'s Heart was right all this while; and by turning *Hog* into *Porcus*, he kept his Faſt in *Latin* ſtill, though he broke it in *Engliſh*.

FAB. 470. A Farmer and his Servant.

A Country Farmer miſs'd an Oxe out of his Grounds, and ſent his Man abroad one Day to look after him. The Simpleton went Hunting up and down, 'till at laſt he found him in a Wood; but upon Three Birds coming croſs him, away goes he Scampering after them. He ſtaid ſo long upon the Errand, that his Maſter wonder'd what was become of him, and ſo abroad he goes to look for his Man; and there was he in a Field hard by, running as hard as he could drive, and Staring up into the Air. Well, ſays the Maſter, what News? Why, Maſter, ſays

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ſays the Tony, I have found them. Ay, but ſays the Farmer again, where are they? And what have ye found? Why, look ye, there they are, ſays the Fellow; I have found Three Birds here, and I'm trying if I can catch 'em.

The MORAL.

We have this Fool Moraliz'd abundantly to us in common Practice. We leave the main End and Buſineſs of Life unregarded, to run after Butterflies.

REFLECTION.

A Man can't look into himſelf, without an Application of this Fable to his own Soul and Conſcience. He was much in the right, that call'd Old Men only *Great Blockheaded Boys with Beards*, that entertain themſelves with *Bigger Play-things*. There's an *Oxe* loſt, and this Coxcomb runs a Gadding after *Wild Fowl*. Is it not our very Caſe now, that when our Souls, Good Names, Bodies and Fortunes are at Stake, we muſt be running out at Check, after every Crow, Buzzard, or Jackdaw that comes in the Way, and leave the Main Chance at laſt at Six and Seven? Nay, and here's this more in't too, that the Quarry would not be worth the taking up neither, if we could catch it; beſide, that it flies away ſtill before us, and is never to be Overtaken.

FAB. 471. A Satyr and Fire.

THE Poets tell us, that *Prometheus* ſtole ſome of *Jupiter's Fire*, and brought it down to us from Heaven, and that was our Original of it. A *Satyr* was ſo tranſported with the Glory and the Splendor of this Spirit, that down on his Knees he falls, and would needs Kiſs and Embrace it. Have a care of your Beard, ſays *Prometheus*, nay, and of your Chin too; for 'twill both Singe and Burn ye. And why, ſays the *Satyr*, would you bring down ſo Glorious a Temptation then to Plague the World withal? Why, ſays *Prometheus*, there were no living without it, only the Miſchief lies in

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in the Abuſe. It burns, 'tis true, but then conſider the Heat and the Light that comes along with it, and you ſhall find it ſerves us to all manner of Profitable, Delightful and Neceſſary Purpoſes, provided only that we make a right Uſe on't.

The MORAL.

There's not One Grain in the whole Compoſition of the Univerſe, either too Much, or too Little; Nothing to be Added, Nothing to be Spar'd; nor ſo much as any one Particle of it that Mankind may not be either the Better or the Worſe for, according as 'tis Apply'd. The moſt Sovereign Antidotes have Poiſon in them; the moſt neceſſary Means of Life may be Corrupted or Perverted, and render'd the moſt Deſtructive to us: As an Infected Air, for the Purpoſe, a Raging Sea, or a Conſuming Fire: But let this Air continue as God made it; the Waters be kept within their Bounds, and the Fire from breaking out into Conflagrations, and there's no Living without them under this Regulation.

REFLECTION.

THE Beſt things in the World may be miſapply'd, and the greateſt Bleſſings abus'd, may become the Occaſion to us of the moſt Judicial Maledictions. What's more neceſſary for the common Comfort and Benefit of Mankind, than Underſtanding and Power; and nothing certainly is more Pernicious than thoſe Illuſtrious Qualifications perverted. We are not to quarrel with the Heavens for Peſtilential Influences, or Unkindly Seaſons; nor with the Earth for Poiſonous Minerals and Exhalations; nor with the Water for Inundations and Shipwrecks; nor with the Fire for Conflagrations. We muſt not take upon us to diſpute or to correct the Wiſdom of Providence; but ſit down Contented and Thankful, and with this Reflection upon the whole, that we are Indebted to the Divine Bounty for all the Good we Enjoy; and that for the Evil we ſuffer, we may thank ourſelves.

FAB. 472. A Generous Lion.

AS a *Lion* was Beſtriding an *Ox* that he had newly Pluck'd down, a Robber paſſing by, Cry'd out to

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to him, *Half Shares.* You ſhould go your Snip, ſays the *Lion*, if you were not ſo forward to be your own Carver. The Thief had but juſt turn'd his Back, when up comes an Innocent Traveller, that ſo ſoon as ever he ſaw the *Lion*, was going off again. The *Lion* bad him fear nothing, but take part of the Prey with him in Reward of his Modeſty: Whereupon the *Lion* went immediately into the Woods to make way for the Traveller.

The MORAL.

If Great Men in the World would but follow the Example of the Lion in this Fable, Sharpers ſhould not Ride in Triumph any longer, while Honeſt Men go out at the Elbows.

REFLECTION.

THIS is an Inſtance of a Great and a Laudable Example; but People are forwarder to Commend ſuch Precedents, than to Imitate them: For the Bold and Rich thrive in the World, when the Poor and the Baſhful go a Begging: But Virtue is never the leſs Venerable for being out of Faſhion.

FAB. 473. A Brother and a Siſter.

THere was a *Brother* and a *Siſter* that happen'd to look in a Glaſs both together: The *Brother* a very lovely Youth, and the *Siſter* as hard-favour'd as a Girl could well be. Look ye, (ſays the Boy) and have not I a very good Face now? This the Laſs took for a Reproach, as if hers were not ſo too. What does this Envious Tit, but away to her Father with a Tale of her Brother, how Effeminately he Behav'd himſelf, and that a Petticoat would become him better than a Sword. The Good Man kiſs'd them both, and Reconcil'd the Controverſy. My Dear Children, ſays he, I lay my Command upon ye both to look often in a Glaſs; You, Son, to keep a Guard upon your ſelf, not to Diſhonour the Advantages that Nature has given ye, with Ill Manners: And you Daughter, (ſays he) to

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to mind you of Supplying the Defects of an External and Tranſitory Beauty, with the more ſubſtantial Ornamehts of Piety and Virtue.

The MORAL.

There is not any Accident or Adventure in Nature, that does not yield Matter and Occaſion for Good Counſel: And the Excellency of that neceſſary Office lies in the Addreſs of managing it pertinently and without Reproach.

REFLECTION.

THE Vanity of the Youth here in the Fable, is doubly to blame: Firſt, he values himſelf upon a Trivial and an Uncertain Advantage. Secondly, 'tis below the Dignity of the Sex, for a Man to Glory in, and to Uſurp upon the proper Ornaments and Privileges of a Woman. The Sifter's Envy may be better Reprov'd than Reform'd! for to ſay that a Woman is not Handſome, is a Sin never to be forgiven. The Father does excellently well diſcharge the Part of a Wiſe Man, and a Tender Parent both in One. And the Moral of his Part reſolves finally into this, That Virtue atones for Bodily Defects; and that Beauty is nothing worth, without a Mind anſwerable to the Perſon.

FAB. 474. The Bees and the Drones.

THere was a Controverſy betwixt the *Bees* and the *Drones* about ſome *Honey-Combs* that were found in a Hollow Oak. They both laid Claims to 'em, and a *Waſp* was to be *Judge*, as one that well underſtood the Matter. Upon the Trial, of the Cauſe, they ſeem'd both to ſtand fair for't, as being of the ſame Size, Make and Colour. Now, ſays the *Waſp*, I am upon my Oath, and therefore let me ſee them work their Combs, and fill 'em here before me in the Court, and I ſhall be then the better able to underſtand the Merits of the Cauſe. The *Drones* would not Agree to't, and ſo the Verdict went for the *Bees*.

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The MORAL.

Pretences go a great way in the World with Men that will take fair Words and Magiſterial Looks for Current Payment: But the ſhort and the certain Way of bringing the Cauſe to a fair Iſſue, is to put the Pretenders to the Teſt, of Doing what they ſay.

REFLECTION.

ALL People that ſet up for a Reputation in the World upon the Credit of other Mens Labours, fall under the Reproof of this Fable; and the Judges in thoſe Caſes are not always ſo Tender, Circumſpect and Conſcientious as the Waſp was in this: For they let Falſe and Frivolous Pretenders run away many times, not only with the Character, but with the Reward, both of Honeſter and Soberer Mens Virtues. There's no Proof like Matter of *Fact*, and putting the Drones to the Teſt of making *Wax* and *Honey*.

FAB. 475. A Fox and a Dragon.

AS a *Fox* was Earthing himſelf, he Digg'd ſo Deep, till at laſt he came to a *Dragon*'s *Den*, where he found a prodigious Maſs of Hidden Treaſure. He made his Excuſe for his Intruſion, and begg'd the Dragon's Leave but to Ask him One Queſtion. Pray (ſays he) where's the Pleaſure or the Profit of Spending all your Days in a Hole thus, without either Light or Sleep? Why, 'tis my *Fate*, ſays the *Dragon*, and there's no more to be ſaid. Here's a Monſtrous Hoard, ſays the *Fox*, and I cannot find that you either Give or Uſe one Penny of all that Store. 'Tis a Miſery, ſays the other, that I am Doom'd to, and there's no Avoiding it. Why then, ſays the *Fox*, He that's Born under your Stars, is certainly the moſt Wretched of Creatures.

The MORAL.

We are Apt to do Amiſs, and to Perſevere in ſo Doing, and then to lay the Blame upon our Stars, or our Fortune, as we call it, which

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which in truth, is neither better nor worſe than making Heaven the Author of Evil. The very ſooth of it is, that an Ill Habit has the Force of that which we call an Ill Fate, and we Tie up our ſelves, where Providence has left us at Liberty.

REFLECTION.

YOUR Covetous Churl is undoubtedly the moſt miſerable of Beggars; the more he *Has*, the more he *Wants*; Beſide that, he wants what he has too; for 'tis loſt to all Intents and Purpoſes, when neither he Himſelf, nor any body elſe is the Better for't. He Pines and Watches himſelf to Death, for fear of loſing that which he only Fancies that he has; or, which is the ſame thing, that which he has not the Heart to Uſe. All this, ſays the *Dragon*, I ſuffer, becauſe I'm Doom'd to't; which tells us moſt *Emphatically*, that an Anxiety of Mind is a Juſt Judgment upon a Man, for delivering himſelf up to ſo Sordid an Appetite. We muſt not underſtand the *Dragon* here to be Condemn'd to this Miſery by the Fatality of any Inevitable Decree; but in theſe Caſes, Cuſtom and Corruption ſuperinduce upon us a kind of Neceſſity of going on as we began.

FAB. 476. The Shipwrack of Simonides.

Simonides was a Learned Man, and an Excellent Poet, eſpecially in the way of *Panegyrick*, or *Encomium*, to the Honour of the Great Men of his Age; inſomuch that he made his Fortune by't. After ſome time ſpent Abroad, and a great deal of Money got by his *Encomia* upon the *Heroes* of thoſe Times, he put himſelf and his Treaſure Aboard for his own Country again, in an Old Rotten Veſſel. They fell into Foul Weather, and the Ship miſcarry'd. In the Hurry of the Shipwrack, while the Paſſengers were at their Wits end how to ſave that which they took to be of the moſt Value; *Simonides* was the only Man that appeared Unconcern'd, notwithſtanding that his whole Fortune was at Stake in the *Cargo*. One aſk'd him why he did not look after his Goods. Why, ſo I do, ſays he; for all the Goods that I pretend to, I have now about

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me. In this Extremity, ſome made a ſhift to Swim Aſhore; the greater Part ſunk under the weight of what they thought to Preſerve; and in the mean time came in a Crew of Free-Booters, that Rifled and Stript thoſe that Scap'd. The Men that were Paddling for their Lives, made a Port, where by great Providence there liv'd a Famous Philoſopher, that was a paſſionate Admirer, and a diligent Reader of *Simonides*, and his Writings. This Philoſopher, upon the Firſt Encounter, found out *Simonides* by his very Diſcourſe, took him into his Houſe, Cloath'd him, furniſh'd him with Money, provided him Servants, and put him into a Condition, in fine, to live in Honour and Plenty. As *Simonides* was walking in the Streets a while after, he ſaw ſeveral of his Shipwrack'd Companions begging their Bread from Door to Door, with a Certificate of their Misfortune. Well, ſays *Simonides*, and d'ye not find it true now, as I told ye, that a Man of Letters and of Integrity, carries all his Goods about him?

The MORAL.

The Moral is no more than this, that Virtue ſhall never fail of a Reward in the Concluſion.

REFLECTION.

A Wiſe and a Good Man carries his Happineſs in his own Breaſt; and that's a Happineſs too, that the uttermoſt Malice of Wicked Men, and of Croſs Fortune can never take away. Let all Men of Honour apply the Moral of this Hiſtory to their own Comfort and Support, and aſſure themſelves, that Providence either in the Bleſſing of a good Conſcience, or in that of a happy Deliverance, will never Forſake them.

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FAB. 477. Two Men and a Halter.

A Poor Rogue, that had got the Devil into his Pocket, and not One Croſs in the World to drive him out again, found upon mature Conſideration, that he had no Choice before him, but either to Hang or Starve; for, ſays he, I have neither Caſh, Credit, nor Friends, to keep Life and Soul together. He bethought himſelf a while upon the Matter, and ſo Reſolv'd rather of the Two to go to Heaven in a String. Upon this, he immediately provides himſelf a Halter, fits the Nooſe, and pitches upon the Place of Execution; but as he was driving a Hook into an Old Wall to Faſten the Cord to, Down comes a Great Stone that was Looſe, and a Pot of Money along with it. The Fellow preſently throws away the *Halter*, takes the Gold by Content, without either Weighing or Counting it, and ſo away he ſcours with the Purchaſe. He was no ſooner gone, but in comes the Man that had hid the Money, to give his Pot a Viſit: He finds the Birds flown, it ſeems, and *Marrying and Hanging*, they ſay, *go by Deſtiny*. The laſt Comer, in fine, ſucceeds to the Rope of his Predeceſſor, and very fairly Hangs himſelf, with this Comfort in the Concluſion, That Providence had ſav'd him the Charge of a *Halter*.

The MORAL.

Where there's Money in the Caſe, 'tis Forty to One but ſome body or other goes to the Devil for't.

REFLECTION.

POVERTY and Avarice are near A-kin; and the Rich Inſatiable Miſer that is ſtill Carking after more and more, is every jot as Miſerable as he that has juſt nothing at all. What's the difference betwixt Gold in one Part of the Earth, and Gold in another? Betwixt the Minted Gold that the Sordid Churl Buries in a Pot, and the Ore that Nature has Prepar'd and Tinctur'd in the Mine? They are both equally lost

loſt to the common Uſe of Mankind; only the One lies a little deeper than the Other. We may finiſh this Moral with a Conſideration of the Folly of thoſe People that Starve themſelves to Enrich others, and make their own Lives Wretched for the Advantage perhaps of Thieves and Strangers. The Halter, in fine, ſerv'd both their turns; as well His that had no Money at firſt, as t'other's that Loſt it.

FAB. 478. A Mountebank and a Bear.

AS a *Quack* was Expoſing his Bills and Med'cines upon a Stage, in the Quality both of a *Doctor* and a *Jack-Pudding*, Thouſands and Thouſands of People Gaping and Staring at him, with as much Reverence and Attention, as if every Word that came out of his Mouth, had dropt from the Lips of an Oracle: It happen'd, juſt in the Nick of this *Interim*, that an Officer of *Paris-Garden* was Leading one of his Majeſty's *Bears* that way, with a Ring through the Noſe of him. The Rabble, immediately upon the Novelty of this Adventure, quitted the *Mountebank*, and gather'd in Multitudes about the *Bear*, *Shouting* and *Huzzaing* along with him, as if it had been a Proceſſion to a *Pope-Burning*, or peradventure, ſome more Pompous Spectacle. The *Bear*, upon this Noiſe and Buſtle (tho' none of the Quickeſt-Witted Animals) made a Speech to the Crowd after the beſt manner. Heark ye, my Friends, ſays he, I am glad to ſee you ſo merry at my being led like a Sot, by the Noſe thus; but pray, let's Laugh at one another by turns, for you are every jot as Ridiculous to *Me*, as I am to *You*; the *Mobile* are led by the *Ears* juſt as the *Bears* are led by the *Noſes*; and that's all the Difference in the Caſe betwixt us.

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The MORAL.

The Mobile *are altogether for Noise and Novelty, and One New Thing drives out another: Nay, we take Pleasure in the very Spectacle that Effectually abuses us; as a Bear with a Ring in his Nose, is no more than an Emblem of every Man of us; for we are led as much as He, some by the Ear or Eye; others by our Lusts and Affections: But, in fine, every Soul of us some way or other.*

REFLECTION.

NO Man should make sport with, or condemn any thing in another, without first considering whether he be not guilty of the very same thing himself. The *Bear* is led after *One* manner, the *Multitude* are led after *Another* manner; and in some sort or other we are all led; only the *Bearward* in this Fable leads but *One* Brute, and the *Mountebank* leads a *Thousand:* And what's the whole Business at last, but Noise, Novelty and Example? And one Fool staring and hooting for Company after another: We take more care to do as others do, than to do as we *ought* to do, or in truth to Understand the Sum and Substance of our Duties. The *Peoples* leaving the *Mountebank* for the *Bear*, imports as great Readiness, even to leave *Him* too for what comes next, and shews us, that there's no trusting to the *Mobile*. It may serve also to mind us, that the very Course of our Lives is little better than a *Series* of Mistakes, and a Transition from one Weakness to another. He that finds himself Uneasy in one Unreasonable Choice, has recourse naturally to another, perchance as Unreasonable: And let him be never so sick of the Error, there's yet some Pleasure in the Variety; though it be but in the *Hope* of mending the Matter.

FAB. 479. A Skittish Horse.

THere goes a Story of a Restiff, Skittish Jade, that had gotten such a Trick of Rising, Starting, and Flying out at his own Shadow, that he was not to be Endur'd; for the Discipline of the Spur and the Bit, was wholly lost upon him. When his Rider found that there was no Reclaiming of him by the ordinary Method of Horsemanship, he took him to task upon the Philosophy

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Philoſophy and Logick of the Bus'neſs. 'Tis only a *Shadow*, ſays he, that you Boggle at: And what is that *Shadow*, but ſo much Air that the Light cannot come at? It has neither Teeth, nor Claws, you ſee, nor any thing elſe to hurt ye: 'Twill neither Break your Shins, nor Block up your Paſſage, and what are you afraid of then? Well, ſays the Horſe (who, it ſeems, had more Wit than his Maſter) 'tis no new thing in the World, even for the greateſt *Heroes* to ſhrink under the Impreſſion of *Panick Terrors*. What are all the *Sprights*, *Ghoſts* and *Goblins*, that you your ſelf Tremble at, but *Phantoms* and *Chimera's*, that are bred and ſhap'd in your own Brains?

The MORAL.

Nature and Reaſon have Fortify'd us, if we will but make uſe of our Strength, againſt all Difficulties that can Befal us in this World. But if we will ſtand Boggling at Imaginary Evils, let us never blame a Horſe for Starting at a Shadow.

REFLECTION.

'TIS a common Thing for People to Blame what they Practice, and to be ſpending their Cenſures upon others, when they ſhould be Examining themſelves: Whereas in Juſtice, Charity and Prudence, we ſhould make no other Uſe of our Neighbours Faults, than we do of a Looking-Glaſs, to Mend our own Manners by, and to ſet Matters right at home. When we ſee a Horſe ſtart at a Shadow, what have we more to do, than to Contemplate the Folly and Vanity of our own Surprizes and Miſtakes in a Thouſand Inſtances of the ſame Quality! For what are all the Vexatious Tranſports of our Hopes and Fears, Extravagant Wiſhes, and Vain Deſires, but the Images of Things every jot as Whimſical, as the Viſion of the Shadow here in the Fable? And we can never hope for Better, ſo long as we Govern our ſelves by *Fancy*, without *Reaſon*. To ſay all in a Word, the whole Bus'neſs comes to no more than this: Firſt, We form ſome *Nonſenſical Idea* to our ſelves, and then fall down to an *Idol* of our *Own Making*.

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FAB. 480. No Laws againſt Flattery.

Flattery is undoubtedly one of the moſt Unmanly and Pernicious Vices under the Sun, either Publick or Private; and in one Word, the very Peſt of all Commonwealths and Families, wherever it is Entertained; and yet to the Scandal of Human Policy, even in the Beſt of Governments, the World was I know not how many Thouſand Years old, before ever any Proviſion was thought of for the Preventing or the Suppreſſing of this *Epidemical Corruption*. *Apollo* was the Firſt, that (out of his own Wiſdom and Goodneſs) Erected a Court of Juſtice for the Trial of *Paraſites*, appointing the ſharpeſt Satyriſts of the Age for their Judges, and arming the Commiſſioners with full Power and Authority to Hear and Determine all Cauſes of that quality: The Offender to ſtand Convict upon the Teſtimony of one ſingle Witneſs, and immediately, upon Conviction, to be carry'd away into the *Market-Place*, and there *Chain'd to a Stake*, and *Flay'd Alive*. It was obſerv'd, that notwithſtanding the Severity of this Inexorable Law, *Flattery* was ſtill as Bold, Buſy, and Barefac'd as ever, from the very Palace to the Cottage, and yet in a Matter of Six Months time, not One Complaint brought into the Court againſt it. Upon this Neglect, there were *Spies* and *Informers* ſet at work in all *Coffee-Houſes*, and other Publick Places, to Watch the Company, and give Intelligence to the *Tribunal* of what was ſaid or done there, that might be laid hold of. The very next Day there was a Courtier taken up, and an Accuſation Exhibited againſt him, for having given a Perſon of Eminent Quality, the Character of a Man of Honour, Brains, Good Government and Virtue, when the whole World knew him to be no better than an Ignorant, Mercenary Sot, that without any re-

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regard to Honeſty, Prudence or Good Manners, Abandon'd himſelf Entirely to his Luſts and Pleaſures. The Priſoner both Confeſs'd and Juſtify'd the Fact at the ſame time, appealing to the Perſon moſt concern'd, whether he had wrong'd him or not; who not only acquitted the Man, but reflected moſt deſperately upon the ſcandalous Practice of the Court it ſelf; in making that to be *Flattery*, which upon the whole Matter, was no other than *Truth* and *Juſtice*. The Commiſſion was hereupon diſcharged; for they found it utterly Impracticable to puniſh a Fault that no Body would either Acknowledge or Complain of.

The MORAL.

'Tis nothing but Self-Love at Home, that Provokes and Incites Flattery from Abroad: And the Diſpoſition of One Man to Receive it, Encourages Another to give it.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fiction may ſerve to ſhew us, that what Influence ſoever Political Laws and Proviſions may have upon the External Regulation of our Practices and Manners; it is a thing yet utterly impoſſible for Human Wiſdom to form ſuch an Act of State, as ſhall reach the Wickedneſs of the Heart: So that in deſpite of all the Rules and Cautions of Government, the moſt Dangerous and Mortal of Vices will ſtill come off, without ſo much as a Publick Cenſure. As, who ſhall pretend to inflict any Puniſhment upon Flattery, Hypocriſy, and other Sins of the Heart, when there lies no Proof againſt them? One may be a very Honeſt Man in the Eye of the Law, and yet a moſt Abominable Wretch in the Sight of God, and of his own Conſcience. But ſtill it is worth the while however, to conſider how we may diſcountenance and prevent thoſe Evils which the Law can take no Cognizance of. And to gain this Point, the Effect muſt be obviated in the Cauſe. *Flattery* can never take place upon any Man (ſo as to Corrupt him) that did not Flatter himſelf firſt; for it is a Vain Opinion of our ſelves, that lays us open to be impos'd upon by Others.

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FAB. 481. Three Dreaming Travellers.

THree Men were Travelling thro'gh a Wilderneſs: The Journey, it ſeems, was longer than they thought for, and their Proviſions fell ſhort; but there was enough left for any one of 'em yet, tho' too little for all, and how to diſpoſe of the Remainder, was the Queſtion. Come (ſays One of the Three) let's e'en lie down and ſleep, and he that has the ſtrangeſt Dream, ſhall have That that's left. The Motion was Agreed to, and ſo they diſpoſed themſelves to their Reſt. About Midnight, Two of them Wak'd, and told one another their Dreams. *Lord*, ſays one of them, *What a Fancy have I had! I was taken up, methought, into the Heavens, I know not how, and there ſet down juſt before* Jupiter's *Throne. And I*, ſays t'other, *was Hurry'd away by a Whirlwind, methought, to the very Pit of Hell.* The Third all this while ſlept *Dogs-Sleep*, and heard every Word they ſaid. They fell then to Lugging and Pinching of their Companion, to tell him the Story. *Nay, pray be quiet*, ſays he, *What are ye? Why, we are your Fellow-Travellers*, they cry'd. *Are ye come back again then?* ſays he. They told him they had never ſtirr'd from the Place where they were. *Nay then*, ſays t'other, *'twas but a Dream; for I fancy'd that One of ye was carry'd away with a Whirlwind to* Jupiter, *and t'other to* Pluto: *And then, thought I to my ſelf, I ſhall never ſee theſe poor People again: So I e'en fell on, and Eat up all the Victuals.*

The MORAL.

There is a Fooling Sort of Wit, that has Nothing more in't than the Tricking up of ſome inſipid Conceit to no Manner of Purpoſe, but to mortify good Company, and tire out an ingenious Converſation. The Jeſts of theſe People are only to be Order'd as we do Cucumbers: Waſh them, and Beat them, and then throw them out at the Window. That is to ſay, they

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are Flat and Inſipid, without either Meaning or Morality to help them out.

REFLECTION.

WHERE Men will be Fooling and Bantering, a Trick for a Trick is but common Reaſon and Juſtice; and it comes cloſer yet too, when the Trick is Encounter'd with another of the ſame Kind; for it does not only ſpoil the Jeſt, but makes the Aggreſſor himſelf ridiculous; eſpecially when the Deſign is fore-lay'd and concerted in Form, as here in the Fable. The Frolick of a Cleanly Banter, may do well enough *off-hand*, and without *Affectation*; but a *Deliberated* Foolery is moſt abominably Fulſome.

FAB. 482. Reaſon of State.

UPon the coming out of a Book, Entituled *Reaſon of State*, there happen'd a warm Diſpute in the Cabinet of a Great Prince, upon that Subject. Some would have it to be, *The Skill of erecting, Defending and Enlarging a Common-Wealth.* Others were for changing the Title from *Reaſon of State*, to *Reaſon of Policy.* And a Third Party was for Correcting the former Definition, and rather running it thus [*Reaſon of State is a Rule uſeful for Common-Wealths, how contrary ſoever to the Laws both of God and Man.*] There was great Exception taken to the Plain-Dealing of this latter Definition; but upon conſulting Precedents, it was found very agreeable to the Practical Truth of the Matter.

The MORAL.

Honeſty may do well enough betwixt Man and Man, but the Meaſures of Government and Righteouſneſs, are quite different Things. The Queſtion in Reaſon of State is not Virtue, but Prudence.

REFLECTION.

* *REASON of State*, in the Simplicity of the Notion, is only the Force of *Political Wiſdom*, abſtracted from the Ordinary Rules

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Rules and Methods of *Conſcience* and *Religion*. It Conſults only Civil Utility, and never matters it, provided the Publick may be the better for't, though the Inſtruments and Managers go to the Devil. 'Tis ſomewhat with Stateſmen and their Diſciples, as it was with the *Patient* and his *Phyſician*, that adviſ'd him for his Health's ſake to have the Uſe of a Woman. The Good Man ſcrupled the Remedy. Well, ſays the Doctor, I preſcribe to your Body, not to your Soul, which are two Diſtinct Provinces; and when I have done my Duty to the *One*, let your *Confeſſor* look to the *Other*. It is moſt certain, that *Reaſon of State* is a very *Deviliſh Thing*, under a *Specious Name*, and a Cover for all Wickedneſs. What are Alliances and Ruptures, but Temporary Expedients? And the Ordinary Reaſons of War and Peace are very little better than Banter and Paradox. This is the very Truth of the Matter, and may be ſeen at large in the Hiſtory of all the Governments in the World: But it is one of thoſe Truths yet that are not at all times to be ſpoken; and 'tis the Part of a Wiſe Man in theſe Caſes, to *Hear*, *See*, and *Say Nothing*.

FAB. 483. An Eagle and a Leveret.

AN *Eagle* that was Sharp ſet, and upon the Wing, looking about her for her Prey, ſpy'd out a *Leveret*, made a Stoop like Light'ning and truſs'd it; and as ſhe had it in the Foot, the Miſerable Wretch enter'd into an Idle Expoſtulation upon the Conſcience, and Juſtice of the Proceeding: With what Honeſty, ſays the *Hare*, Can you invade the Right of another Body. *Why*, ſays the *Eagle*, *To whom do you belong then?* I belong to him (ſays the Other) whom Heaven has made Maſter of all Living Creatures under the Sun, and from whom that Propriety cannot be taken without manifeſt Wrong and Uſurpation. *Man is my Maſter*, and I know no other. *Well*, ſays the *Eagle* again in Wrath, *And what's the Title now, that he pretends to this Propriety?* Why, 'tis the Excellency of his *Reaſon*, ſays the *Hare*, that entitles him to his Sovereignty; which is a Claim that from the Creation of the World to this

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this Day, was never ſubjected to the Queſtion. *In Truth,* ſays the *Eagle, You have advanc'd a very pretty Invention here, in ſetting up* Reaſon *againſt* Force, *where the Cauſe is not to be decided by* Argument, *but by* Power: *And to convince you now how much I am in the Right, You ſhall find, in deſpite of all other Pretenſions, ſince I have ye under my Government and Law, that you was not born for* Him, *but for* Me.

The MORAL.

Laws with Penalties are made for the Government of the Simple, and the Weak, like Cobwebs to catch Flies; but Power is the Law of Laws, and there's no Diſputing with it, but upon the Sword's Point.

REFLECTION.

TYRANNY and *Oppreſſion* never wanted either a Plea, or an Advocate for whatever they did; for the *Majority* of the *Lawyers,* the *Divines,* and *All Queſtuary Profeſſions,* will be ſure to run over to the *Stronger Side,* where *Will* paſſes for *Law,* and *Rapine* for *Providence.* So that it is a Folly next to Madneſs, for a Friendleſs, and an Unarm'd Innocence to Expoſtulate with an Invincible Power. The Caſe of the *Hare* and the *Eagle* is a common Caſe in the World, where the Weaker is a Prey to the Stronger; where a Forcible Poſſeſſion gives a Title, and where the Juſtice of the Cauſe is Determin'd by the Succeſs. When the *Hare* comes once to be in the Gripe, 'tis too late to talk of *Reaſon* and *Equity,* when contrary to all the Rules of *Moral Juſtice,* the *Conqueror* is both *Judge* and *Party.*

FAB. 484. A Dog and his Maſter.

THere was an excellent *Houſe-Dog,* that ſpent his whole Night ſtill in Bawling and Snarling at all People indifferently that paſs'd within hearing of him. His Maſter took him to Task once for Barking and Yelling ſo at every Body that came near him, without Diſtinction. Why, what have you a Noſe for, ſays he, but to ſmell out a Thief from an Honeſt

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Honeſt Man? I will not have you ſo much as Open your Mouth, I tell ye, at a Venture thus. Sir, ſays the Maſtiff, 'tis out of the Zeal I have for your Service; and yet when all is done too, I would I had no more to anſwer for, than giving *Falſe Alarms*, and *Barking out of Seaſon*. You may fancy, perhaps, that there are *No other Thieves* than thoſe that the Law expoſes to the *Pillory* or a *Whipping-Poſt*; or to a Turn perchance, at *Tyburn* the next Seſſions. You'll find yourſelf miſtaken, Sir, if you'll take upon ye to Judge of theſe Blades by their Garbs, Looks, and outward Appearance; but if I get them in the Wind once, I'll tell ye which is which, to the very Hearts and Souls of 'em, without the Ceremony of either Bench, Witneſs or Jury. Nay, ſays the Maſter, if you ſhould happen to ſpy a *Knight of the Poſt*, a *Catchpole*, a *Jaylor*, a *Pawn-Broker*, a *Highway-Man*, a *Crop-Ear'd Scrivener*, a *Griping Uſurer*, a *Corrupt Judge*, or any of theſe Vermin, pray'e cry out *Thief*, and ſpare not: And I beſeech ye, Sir, ſays the *Dog*, what if it ſhould be a *Pettifogging Splitter of Cauſes*, a *Turncoat Eccleſiaſtical*, *Military* or *Civil*; a *Trading Juſtice*, a *Mortal Enemy* under the Mask of a *Friend*; a *Gloſing Hypocrite*; or in one Word, let it be in any other Caſe or Encounter whatſoever; You will find it Twenty Thouſand to One upon the whole Matter, that I Bark Right.

The MORAL.

The Hiſtory of Cheats and Sharpers truly Written, would be no other than the Hiſtory of Human Nature.

REFLECTION.

'TIS an Unhappy thing both for Maſter and Servant, when the Love, Loyalty and Zeal of the One, ſhall be ill taken at the Hands of the Other; for he that will not believe and depend upon the Faith of a *Try'd Friend* and *Servant*, falls under the Judgment commonly of giving too much heed to a *Secret Enemy*. Beſide, that it goes to the Heart of a Man of Honour and Addreſs, when he has done his uttermoſt for his Maſter's Service, to fall under the Scandalous Character of Of-

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Officious, and Impertinent, for his Pains. The Maſter here was in another Miſtake too, in ſuppoſing that all *Houſe-breakers* and *Sharpers* had *Thief* written in their Fore-heads; whereas the moſt Dangerous ſort of *Cheats*, are but Maſqueraders, under the Vizor of *Friends and Honeſt Men.* The Cardinal's Rule to one of his Laquays that had loſt his Coat, comes very well to our preſent Purpoſe. The Boy ſaid that his Eminence told him they were ſo Holy at *Rome*, that he thought there had been *no Thieves* there. Well, ſays the *Cardinal*, but hereafter, whenever you come into a ſtrange Place, you may *take* every Man you ſee for a *Thief*, provided that you call no body ſo. The Dog went this way to work, and did wiſely in't; for he that keeps himſelf upon this Guard, ſhall never be Couzen'd. The Beſt will help itſelf, and therefore 'tis good to be wary for fear of the Worſt.

FAB. 485. Two Doctors and a Sheep.

AS a *Sheep* was Grazing one Evening in a Pleaſant Meadow, it had the hap to overhear *Two Doctors* of the *Schools*, as they were taking a Walk there Philoſophizing upon the Advantages of Mankind above all other Creatures, and particularly, upon the Natural Diſpoſition that Man has to live in *Union* and *Society.* The *Sheep* gave one of them a gentle Touch by the Cloak, and told him, that under Favour, he could not be of their Opinion. 'Tis true, ſays he, you have your Cities, Towns Incorporate, and Large Communities; but then you have your Magiſtrates too; your Laws, Oaths, and a thouſand Shackles upon ye, and all little enough to keep the Peace among ye. You Diſpute, Wrangle, Fight, make a perpetual Buſtle in the World, Break Friendſhips, Diſſolve the very Ties of Marriage, and tear one another to Pieces with all manner of Extravagant Conteſts. Now this would never be, ſure, if there were in ye that ſame Implanted Inclination to *Unity* and *Agreement*, that you ſpeak of. If you would come to a clear Reſolution of this Queſtion, you muſt

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firſt ſet yourſelves at Liberty from the over-ruling Awe of Diſgrace, Shame and Puniſhment, and by the Removal of that Force, leave yourſelves to the full ſcope of your Avarice and Ambition. You will then find by the Event, whether Man be Naturally a *Protector* and *Preſerver* of *Society*, or a *Deſtroyer* of it. No, no, my Learned Sirs, 'tis *We* that are the ſociable Creatures, We Troop together, Feed together, Live together, follow the ſame Leader too, without any Conſtraint upon us, either of Vows or Penalties; and the very Flies and Piſmires upon this Topick, will riſe up in Judgment againſt Mankind.

The MORAL.

The Philoſophers will have Man *in a Degree of Excellency to be a Sociable Creature,; but theſe Philoſophers are* Men *themſelves then, and Judges in their own Caſe: Now, if we may credit matter of Fact and Experience,* Men *are the moſt Diſunited Creatures under the Heavens: 'Tis their Delight, Study, Practice and Profeſſion to lie cutting one another's Throats, and Deſtroy their own Kind: Inſomuch that Birds, Beaſts and Inſects, to the very Flies and Piſmires, will riſe up in Judgment againſt Mankind in this Point.*

REFLECTION.

THE *Sheep* in this Fable was clearly too hard for the *Two Doctors*; and we find all thoſe Reaſonings to be true in the World, which the *Mutton* alledges in the Fiction. For Man is certainly one of the moſt perverſe Pieces of the Creation, and not only Croſs to his Rational Brethren, but betwixt his Will and his Underſtanding, he lives in a Perpetual Contradiction to Himſelf. His Practice is directly contrary to his Knowledge, and he ſhuts his very Eyes againſt the Light of his Nature. Now other Creatures that are only guided by a Providential Impulſe, have the Grace to follow the Voice of their Director, and to keep themſelves within the Compaſs of their proper Buſineſs and Duty; whereas Man, that over and above the ſame common Inſtinct, is indued with the Talent of Counſel and Knowledge, improves thoſe Advantages only to his greater Condemnation, by abandoning the Offices and Functions of his Reaſonable Be-

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ing. The Sum of the Moral, in fine, may be this, that it is not so much the Excellency of our Human Nature, that Distinguishes us from Brutes, as the due Exercise and Application of those Rational Faculties that Heaven has bestow'd upon us: Which comes to the very Case of the *Sheep* and the *Doctors*. *Man* knows what he *Ought* to do, but (to his Greater Condemnation,) he does not according to his Knowledge; whereas *Animals* that are guided barely by *Instinct*, live in Obedience to the Voice of Heaven, in that of *Nature*.

FAB. 486. Few Friends.

ONE that had a great Honour for *Socrates*, took notice of a pitiful little House that he was a Building: 'Tis a strange Thing (says he to the Philosopher) that so great a Man as you are, should ever think of Living in so wretched a Cabin. Well, says *Socrates*, and yet as little as it is, he were a Happy Man that had but *True Friends* enough to fill it.

The MORAL.

A Friend in the World, is quite another Thing than a Friend in the Schools: And there's a Great Difference in the Speculation of a Friend, from what we find in the Practice.

REFLECTION.

FRIENDSHIP is a Divine Excellency, wrapt up in a Common Name, and nothing less than the uttermost Perfection of Flesh and Blood, for Wisdom and Virtue, can entitle a Man to the Character of a *True Friend*; though Custom, I know, has so far prevail'd for a Promiscuous Application of the Word to common Acquaintants and Relations, that it passes in the World, by a certain kind of Figure for *Civility* and *Respect*. But *Socrates* all this while did very well understand what he said, touching the Rarity and Paucity of Friends; and he might have added, that it is as hard a Matter to understand how to be a Friend, as to know where to *find* One.

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FAB. 487. An Aſs carrying an Image.

AS an *Aſs* was carrying an Image in Proceſſion, the People fell every where down upon their Knees before him. This ſilly Animal fancy'd that they worſhipp'd *Him* all this while, 'till One rounded him in the Ear, and told him, *Friend*, ſays he, *You are the very ſame Aſs with this Burden upon your Back, that you was before you took it up; and 'tis not the* Brute *they Bow to, but the* Image.

The MORAL.

A Publick Character is never the leſs to be Reverenc'd, becauſe a Coxcomb perhaps may carry it; nor that Coxcomb one Jot the more, ſave only for the Sake of his Office.

REFLECTION.

THE Simple Vanity of this Aſs is a very Pertinent Reproof to thoſe Men that take the Honour and Reſpect that is done to the Character they ſuſtain, to be paid to the Perſon; as if Mr. Conſtable ſhould aſſume to his Viſage, the Reverence that's paid to his Commiſſion. There are that Interpret every Nod or Glance of Civility, in their own Favour, though it was neither due to them, nor ever intended them.

FAB. 488. A Dog and a Cat.

THere was a *Dog* and a *Cat* brought up in the ſame Houſe, from a *Whelp* and a *Kitling*, and never were Two Creatures better together; ſo Kind, ſo Gameſome and Diverting, that it was half the Entertainment of the Family to ſee the Gamboles and Love-Tricks that paſs'd betwixt them. Only it was obſerv'd, that ſtill at *Meal-times* they would be Snarling and Spitting at one another under the Table: And what was the whole Sum of the Controverſy at laſt, but a *Dog-and-Cat-Wrangle* about

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the Picking of a Bone, or the Licking of a Trencher.

The MORAL.

Fleſh and Blood does naturally conſult its own Advantage. And when that comes to be the Queſtion; There's *the Bone that in ſome Degree or other ſets all Mortals together by the Ears.*

REFLECTION.

HERE's a perfect Emblem of the Practices and Friendſhips of the World; for Men have their Toying Seaſons, and their Pleaſant Humours, as well as *Dogs* and *Cats*. We contract little Likings; enter into agreeable Converſations, and paſs away the Time ſo Merrily and Kindly together, (at leaſt while that Fit of Dalliance and Diverſion laſts) that one would think it impoſſible for any thing under the Sun to break the *Intereſt*; and yet upon the throwing in any Croſs Intereſt among 'em; (which is all one with the Bone under the Table,) nay, upon a Jealous Thought, or a miſtaken Word or Look, all former Bonds are cancell'd, the League broken, and the Farce concludes in Biting and Scratching one another's Eyes out. The ſame Figure will ſerve for Princes and States, Publick Perſons and Private, Marry'd and Single People, in fine, of all Profeſſions and Pretences.

FAB. 489. *Ariſtotle's* Definition of a *Tyrant*.

THere was ſo great Offence taken at the Definition of a *Tyrant* in *Ariſtotle's Politicks*, that all the Governors, under the Cope of Heaven, found themſelves touch'd in the Reflection: Inſomuch that they all met in a General Council, to take the Matter into Conſideration. *Thoſe Princes* (ſays *Ariſtotle*) *are* Tyrants, *that intend their own Good, more than that of their Subjects.* The Princes were ſo nettled at the Scandal of this Affront, that every Man took it to Himſelf; for according to that Doctrine, all the Governors upon the Face of the Earth, from *Adam* to this Day, have been no better than downright *Tyrants*. The Council was once thinking to put *Ariſtotle* to Extremi-

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ties; but imputing it rather to the Natural Sawcineſs of a *Pedant* (for there's no *Grammar* for *Politicks*) than to any *Malice Prepenſe*, they made him Eat his Words, and Expound Himſelf, that what he ſaid of *Tyrants*, was only meant of *a ſort of Perſecution of Old Time, that has been now long ſince Extinct.*

The MORAL.

In all General Characters of Bad Men, whether Princes, Publick Miniſters, or Private Perſons, care ſhould be taken not to involve the Good under the ſame Scandal and Condemnation. There are ſome Principles and Methods of Government, wherein the Beſt and the Worſt of Princes may agree; but then there are certain perverſe Notions of the Time, and corrupt Practices, that can be hardly Touch'd upon, without engaging all Crown'd Heads in the Reproach: And 'tis dangerous Skewing upon the Errors of the Age a Man lives in.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fancy gives us to underſtand, that the Secrets of State are not properly the Bus'neſs of the *Schools*; and in truth, it is a *Topick* too, that does as little become the *Pulpit*; for *Politicks* are matter of *Practice* rather than of *Notion:* Beſide, that the Rules of *Government* and thoſe of *Religion*, abſtractedly conſider'd, have very little affinity one with the other: For the Wiſdom of this World, or that which we call *Civil Prudence*, does not at all concern it ſelf in the Queſtion of *Virtue* or of *Conſcience*. From hence it may be infer'd, that Miniſters of State, Prieſts, and Philoſophers, ſhould do well to keep to their Reſpective Profeſſions, without invading the Province one of another. Here's a Check put upon the Definition of a *Tyrant*; not ſo much for the *Falſe Doctrine* of the Poſition, as for the *Scandal* of expoſing Majeſty, by the *Innuendo* of ſo Irreverend a Truth; for the Character of a Crown'd Head ought to be kept Sacred, let the Perſon be what he will. Here is likewiſe another Hint of Caution to us, that in all the Liberties of this Nature, we keep clear of the Preſent Times, and be ſtill looking another way, whatever we mean.

As to the Definition of a *Tyrant* it ſelf, let it be candidly taken, and the Drift of it is this; the common Safety of King and People is wrapt up in the Well-being of each other. The *Prince* intends his *own* Good in that of the *People*,

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People; and at the ſame time, the Good of the *People* in that of *Himſelf*; for they Stand or Fall together: But then there's one Tenderneſs of Care and Duty, and another of Perſonal Inclination, or (if I may ſo call it) Infirmity; and *That's Ariſtotle's Tyrant*, where a Ruler indulges his Private Appetite, and Sacrifices his People to his Paſſions or his Pleaſures.

FAB. 490. A Country-man and a Panther.

A *Panther* had the Fortune to drop into a *Pitt-fall*. The People came flocking about him, ſome Pelting and Battering him with Stones and Cudgels; others pity'd him, and threw him ſomewhat to Eat. Toward Night, they went all Home again, taking for granted that they ſhould find him Dead next Morning: But in that *Interim* he came to himſelf again, and gave 'em the Slip, and upon getting Looſe, he made ſuch Havock both with Man and Beaſt, that the whole Country, Friend and Foe, were all in dread of him. The *Panther* finding the Fright ſo General, call'd out to 'em, and told them, *So many of ye* (ſays he) *as were Kind to me in the* Pit, *ſet your Hearts at Reſt, for I'll not hurt a Creature of ye, now I'm at Liberty.* I have not forgotten who they were that gave me Bread, and who threw Stones at me, and I'm an Enemy only to thoſe that were Enemies to me.

The MORAL.

There's no Creature ſo Wild and Savage, but it may be wrought upon and reclaim'd by Good Offices and Benefits; to the ſhame of that part of Mankind that returns Evil for Good, and is yet to learn Humanity from the Beaſts of the Foreſt.

REFLECTION.

HERE's a Reproof to the Practices of Ungrateful Men, under the Figure of a Grateful Beaſt: A Grateful, and I might have ſaid a Generous Beaſt, in being kind to thoſe in their Diſtreſs, that had been ſo to him in his. How much worſe than Brutes are thoſe Men then, that owe the beſt

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Blood in their Veins to the Bounty of their Friends and Patrons, and yet after raiſing them from the very Dunghil to Honours and Fortunes, are the forwardeſt to inſult upon their Supporters and Maſters, when they ſee 'em in any Calamity, and to add Affliction to Affliction! Now to purſue the Fable, here's a Common Enemy, in Appearance, at the Mercy of the People about him: Some Beat him, others take Pity of him: He comes afterward to make his Eſcape, and diſtinguiſhes his Enemies from his Friends, by Deſtroying the one, and Sparing the other. Shall we call the one a Judgment now, and the other a Providence; as if the Outrage had been a Fault, and the Pity a Meritorious Act of Good Nature? The Moral will hold in both Reſpects; for, let the Judgment or the Execution of Death be never ſo Juſt, it is yet Barbarous, Inhuman and Unwarrantable to aggravate the Sufferings with Inſolence, Contumely, Malice, and Reproach: And ſo for the Tenderneſs on the other hand, 'tis a Softneſs inſeparable from the Genuine Impulſe of a Reaſonable Being: For the Compaſſion is a Laudable Benignity of Diſpoſition, tho' exercis'd upon a Beaſt.

FAB. 491. A Maſtiff and an Aſs.

THere was a Huge *Bear-Dog*, and an *Aſs* laden with Bread upon a Long Journey together: They were both very Hungry, and while the *Aſs* was Grazing upon Thiſtles by the Way-ſide, the *Dog* would fain have been eating too for Company, and begg'd a Bit of Bread of him. The *Aſs* made him Anſwer, that if he were Hungry, he might e'en do as he did, for he had no Bread to ſpare. While this paſs'd, up comes a *Wolf* toward them. The *Aſs* fell a trembling, and told the *Dog*, he hop'd he would ſtand by him, if the *Wolf* ſhould ſet upon him. No, ſays the *Dog*, they that will Eat alone, ſhall e'en Fight alone too, for me, and ſo he left his Fellow-Traveller at the Mercy of the *Wolf*.

The MORAL.

Common Defence and Preſervation, is the main End of Society, and the great Benefit we receive by joining in't: We Live one another,

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another, becauſe we are the better for one another; and it is the Intereſt that ſupports us in the Duty; when that reciprocal Kindneſs fails, as we ſee here in the Dog and the Aſs, the League drops to Pieces.

REFLECTION.

ONE Good Turn, we ſay, requires another; and it may be added, that one Shrewd Turn deſerves and provokes another. The *Aſs*'s want of Charity in one Minute, coſt him his Life in the next; and he was paid in his own Kind too, in the return of one Scorn for another. It was an Offence againſt the very Laws of Nature, and Society, and the Puniſhment conſequently was Providential and Juſt. He that ſhews no Compaſſion, ſhall find none.

FAB. 492. A Laconick Try'd and Sentenc'd.

IT was the Ill hap of a Learned *Laconick*, to make uſe of *Three Words*, when *Two* would have done his Buſineſs: The Matter was ſo foul, and the Fact ſo clearly prov'd upon him, that being Cited before the Senate, he was Heard, and Condemn'd to Read over *Guicciardine*'s *War of Piſa*, from End to End, without either Eating or Drinking till he had gone through it. The Poor Man fell into ſo deſperate an Agony before he could get over one Single Leaf on't, that he threw himſelf upon his Face, imploring the Mercy of the Court, though 'twere but to change his Puniſhment: They might ſend him to the *Gallies*, he ſaid; or if it were to *Flay him Alive*, or *Bury him betwixt Four Walls*, and he ſhould ever acknowledge it as an Act of Clemency: But for a Man of Brains and Thought, to trouble his Head with ſuch a deal of tedious Traſh and Pedantry, the Torment, he ſaid, of *Perillus*'s *Brazen Bull* was nothing to't.

The MORAL.

Time is Life, and Life is precious: 'Tis ſhort enough at Beſt; but the more we contract our Talk and our Buſineſs, the more we

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have on't. Wherefore it is great Wiſdom to couch all we have to do, in as narrow a Compaſs as poſſible. The Killing of a Man with many Words, is only another Sort of Murder, out of the Reach of the Law.

REFLECTION.

THIS Emblem bids us husband our Time, and bring the Buſineſs of Life into as narrow a Compaſs as we can; for we have a great deal to do. 'Tis in effect, ſo much Life loſt, as we ſquander away in more Words than needs, and in the Exchange of Idle and Impertinent Diſcourſes: Beſide the Mortification of a tedious Talker. The Figure is carry'd to the Height, in the Repreſentation, both of the Crime and of the Puniſhment; over and above the Equity of tormenting the Tormentor of others in his own Kind, as *Phaleris* Sentenc'd *Perillus* to be burnt in his *own Bull.*

FAB. 493. Machiavel Condemn'd.

NO Man ever had a worſe Name in the World for a Promoter of Seditious and Atheiſtical Politicks, than *Nicholas Machiavel* the *Florentine:* Inſomuch that he was Baniſh'd, not only the Converſation, but the very Libraries of all Learned Men, upon Pain of being Burnt for his Peſtilent Doctrines, wherever he ſhould be taken, and a Severe Puniſhment inflicted, over and above, upon any Man that ſhould preſume to Comfort, Abet or Receive him. It was his Fortune, after this, to be found upon a Search, in the Corner of a Friend's Study, and to be made a Priſoner, and then in Courſe, to undergo a Sentence according to the Decree. But all theſe Formalities notwithſtanding, he was yet by the Extraordinary Favour of his Judges, upon his Humble Petition for a Hearing, admitted to his Defence, which was to this following Effect. He made no Difficulty of Confeſſing the Fact, and of acknowledging himſelf the Publiſher of Pernicious and Execra-

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ble Poſitions; but withal, ſays he, no Mortal upon the Face of the Earth, has a greater Abhorrence for thoſe Deſperate Maxims than my ſelf. As to the Inventing of thoſe Tenets, he made Proteſtation, that he had no Hand in't at all, and that the Political Part of his Diſcourſes, was only Copy'd out of the General Practices and Counſels of Chriſtian Princes; and that, if they pleas'd, he was ready to Inſtance in the very Precedents. After this, he appeal'd to the Juſtice of the Bench, whether it were not very Hard to make it Mortal, for one Man to write the Naked Hiſtory of a Thing done, and at the ſame time to allow the very *Doing* of it to be Praiſe-worthy in another. This Plea had brought him off, but for a freſh Accuſation that was immediately ſtarted againſt him; which was, that he was taken in the Dark one Night among a Flock of Sheep, putting *Dog's Teeth* into their Mouths, which muſt inevitably be the Ruin of the Shepherd; for it could never be expected that the whole Flock would ever ſubmit to the Government of *One*, if it had either Teeth, Wit or Horns. Upon the Proof of this Charge, he was deliver'd up immediately to Juſtice, and the Law Executed upon him.

The MORAL.

The Secrets of Government ought not to be touched with unwaſh'd Hands, and expos'd to the Multitude; for upon granting the People a Privilege of Debating the Prerogatives of Sovereign Power, they will infer Naturally enough a Right, and a Title to the Controlling and the Over-ruling of it.

REFLECTION.

HE that expoſes the Arts of Government to the People, does in Effect appeal to 'em, and give the Multitude ſome Sort of Right to judge of, and to cenſure the Actions of their Superiors. For what is any thing Publiſh'd for, but to be read, and to lie conſequently at the Mercy of the Reader how to underſtand it? As if the Author ſhould ſay, Gentlemen, here's a *Scheme* of *Politicks* ſubmitted to your grave Conſideration, pray'e what's your

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Opinion on't? Can any Body think, that in a Queſtion of State, exhibited after this manner, the *Mobile* will not determine in their own Favour, and clap what *Bias* upon the Propoſition they themſelves pleaſe? So that let the Matter be handled never ſo tenderly, 'tis a main Point loſt yet; the very Admittance of the Common People into the Council, and allowing them to be of the *Quorum*. *Machiavel* excuſes himſelf well enough, as to any Thing of *Malice* in his Diſcourſes; for (ſays he) theſe Maxims are none of my Invention, neither has any Man living a greater Abhorrence for thoſe Poiſonous Doctrines than my ſelf; but my Writings are only Hiſtorical Notes and Abſtracts drawn from the Life of an Univerſal Practice. Now the Hazard and the Miſchief is this, that in all theſe Caſes Men are apt to take Things by the wrong Handle, and raiſe Arguments for their own Advantage. And that's the Moral of *Machiavel*'s putting *Dogs Teeth* by Night into the Mouths of the *Sheep*; that is to ſay, 'tis a ſly Way of Irritating Subjects to fall foul upon their Rulers, which certainly is a Crime unpardonable in any State.

FAB. 494. A Diſpute betwixt a Doctor, a Vintner, and a Botcher.

THere was a *Vintner* and a *Botcher* Challeng'd a *Doctor of Divinity* to a Trial of Skill in his own Trade. He ask'd them by whom they'd be Try'd? They'd be try'd by the *Text*, they ſaid. The Thing was agreed, and the Time ſet, and ſo they brought their *Geneva* Bibles along with them. The Doctor told them by Way of Preface, that though St. *Paul fought with Beaſts at* Epheſus, *it was not the Faſhion for his Followers to fight with* Beaſts *in* England; *and therefore, if they could not prove themſelves to be* Men, *he'd have nothing to do with them.* They ſtood upon their Pantofles, that *Men* they were, and that *Men* he ſhould find 'em to be; and they were ready to caſt the Cauſe upon that Iſſue. That's well, ſays the Doctor to one of 'em, and *pray'e, what are you for a Man in the firſt Place?* I am a *Vintner*, ſays t'other. *Very Good*, quoth the Doctor, *and do you ever put New Wine into Old Bottles?*

Yea,

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Yea, I do ſo, ſays the *Vintner*. *Then*, ſays the Doctor, *You are no* Man; for the *Text* ſays, that *No Man putteth New Wine into Old Bottles.* I ſhall now come to your Companion; *Pray'e will you tell me Friend, what are you for a Man? I am*, ſays t'other, *a Taylor.* Alias, *a Botcher*, I ſuppoſe, quoth the Doctor, *Put the Caſe now that my Doublet were out at the Elbows, and I have no more of the Old Cloth to patch it up again, could you mend it a'ye think?* Yea, quoth the *Botcher*, I could get *New Cloth* to mend it. *Why then*, ſays the Doctor, *You are no* Man *neither*; *for you ſhall find it in* another Text, *that No Man putteth New Cloth into an Old Garment*, ſo that you are both Beaten here at your own Weapons; for here are *Two Texts*, to prove that *You Two* are No Men, which is but according to your own Rule and Method of Interpreting Scripture.

The MORAL.

This Fable ſtrikes at the ridiculous Licence of Prophane Intermedlers in Holy Matters; that is to ſay, a ſort of Illiterate Enthuſiaſts, and Mechanicks, that without either Authority or Skill, will be Correcting the Magnificat, *and ſetting up the Phantom of New Lights againſt the Doctrine of Chriſt and his Apoſtles.*

REFLECTION.

THE Wiſdom of the Law will not ſuffer any Man to exerciſe a Trade that he has not ſerv'd his Time to; and a Body would think that the Reaſon of this Proviſion ſhould hold as well in Divinity as in Manual Crafts; for *Revelations* at this time of the Day, are as much out of Date as *Miracles.* This Comical Whimſie may ſerve in General for a Reproof to Bold and Ignorant Pretenders in Matters that they do not underſtand; and ſo to thoſe alſo that confidently uſurp upon other Mens Provinces, without any Right or Call to the Function. What are the Freaks, in fine, of theſe *Religionaries*, but Fits of the *Spleen*, and the Fumes of a Dark Melancholy, cover'd under the Name and Pretence of Divine Gifts and Graces? They'll Cap ye *Texts*, as School-Boys Cap *Verſes*; and in Defiance of all the Extraordinary Caſes, the Figures, Types, Allegorics, and Parables that are ſo frequent in Holy Writ, every Thing muſt be underſtood too, as the Doctor has turn'd it here upon

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the *Vint'ner*, and the *Botcher*, according to the *Letter*. They'll draw ye a Warrant for the Murdering of Kings, from the Example of *Ahab* and *Benhadad:* An Authority for *Cozening* their Neighbours, from the *Iſraelites robbing the Egyptians*. In one Word, they ſhall overturn all the Principles of Human Society, Morality, and Religion itſelf, and ſhew ye a Text for't: And upon the whole Matter, what is the Conſcience of theſe People more at laſt, than *Fancy* and *Illuſion?* They contend for they know not what, like the two Fellows that went to Loggerheads about their Religion; the one was a *Martiniſt*, he ſaid; the other ſaid that all *Martiniſts* were *Hereticks*, and for his part, he was a *Lutheran:* Now the Poor Wretches were both of a Side, and underſtood it not. As for the Bus'neſs of Learning and Common Senſe, they call it *the Wiſdom of this World*, and effectually make it a Heavenly Grace to be an Egregious Coxcomb. There was an Honeſt Simple Tradeſman, wonderfully earneſt with the Parſon of the Pariſh to know what the *Forbidden Fruit* was; as if there had been no more in't, than whether 'twas a *Kentiſh* or a *Kirton Pippin*. The Good Man told him, that it was an *Apple*, and that *Adam*'s Eating of it, brought all his Poſterity under a Sentence of Condemnation. T'other ſaid, it was ſo hard a Caſe, that in Reverence to the Divine Mercy, he thought himſelf bound to queſtion the whole Story. This Liberty of Retailing Divinity by the Letter, is the very Root of Infidelity, and of all Hereſies, nay of Atheiſm itſelf. For when People have been beating their Brains about a Difficulty, and find they can make Nothing *on't*, they are apt to think there's Nothing *in't*; for the *Myſtery*'s loſt to him that ſtands poring only upon the *Letter*.

FAB. 495. There's no To-Morrow.

A Fellow had got a Wench in a Corner; and very Earneſt they were upon the Text of Encreaſe and Multiply; but the Gipſy ſtood upon her Points forſooth; *She'd not be tows'd and tumbled at that Rate, i'faith not She.* In fine, *No Penny, No Pater-Noſter*; and there was no Good to be done unleſs he would Marry her. The Poor Devil was under a kind of *Dureſſe*; and for brevity ſake, promis'd her, with a kind Oath, that he would Marry her *To Morrow*. Upon this Aſſurance, they Sign'd and Seal'd. The

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next Day they met again, and the next to that; and ſo *Every next Day*, for a matter of a Fortnight after; and the Love went on to the Tune of *To Morrow*, and *To Morrow* ſtill. But the Girl finding herſelf Fool'd, and put off thus from *One Morrow* to *Another*, fell in the Concluſion to Expoſtulating with him upon the *Matter*. *Did not you ſwear* Yeſterday, ſays ſhe, and Yeſterday, *and I know not how many* Yeſterdays, *that you'd Marry me* To Morrow? Yes, my Dear, ſays the Spark, I did ſwear ſo; and I do now ſwear it all over again too, and thou ſhalt find me as good as my Word. Ay, but hark ye, ſays the Laſs, is not *To Day To Morrow?* No, my Heart, ſays the Gallant again, that's thy Miſtake; for there are *No To Morrows:* People are apt to *Talk* of 'em indeed, but they never come; for *Life itſelf is but the preſent Time.*

The MORAL.

The Spark's Caſe here in the Fable, of To Morrow, *and* To Morrow, *is Every Man's, and Every Day's Caſe in the World; and we do the very ſame Thing with God Almighty, that this Blade does here with his Miſtreſs; we* Promiſe, *and* Put off, *and* Perform *Nothing.*

REFLECTION.

WHOEVER Reads and Conſiders, this Emblem, will find it to be his own Caſe; we promiſe and we put off, and we Sin, and we go on Sinning: But ſtill as our Conſcience checks us, for't, we take up Faint Purpoſes and Half Reſolutions to do ſo no more, and to lead a *New Life* for the Future. Thus with the Young Fellow here, we indulge ourſelves in our Pleaſures from time to time; and when we have Whil'd away our Lives, Day after Day, from *one To Morrow to another*, that ſame *To Morrow* never comes. This is the Sluggard's Plea and Practice; the Libertines's, the Miſer's, and in ſhort, whoſe is it not? Now if a Man would but conſider the Vanity and the Vexation of a Lewd Courſe of Life; the Impiety firſt of entring into Vows, which they intend before-hand not to Perform, and afterward of breaking them; the Folly and the Preſumption of Undertaking for any thing that is wholly out of our Power; the Neceſſity of Improving every Moment of our Lives, the Deſperate and

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and the Irreparable Hazard of Loſing Opportunities, People would not venture Body and Soul upon the Neceſſity of a Procraſtinated Repentance; and Poſtpone the moſt uncertain Duties of a Man and of a Chriſtian. For there's no *To Morrow*, nor any thing in truth, but the preſent Inſtant that we can call our own.

FAB. 496. A Lady in Trouble for the Loſs of a Set of Horſes.

A Certain Lady, that was fall'n under great Tribulation for the Loſs of a very fine Set of Horſes, went Raving up and down like a Mad Woman from Place to Place, and every Body muſt be Tir'd with the Hiſtory of her Misfortune: *Well*, ſays ſhe, *they were the beſt natur'd Poor Wretches, they'd look at me ſo Kindly ſtill when I came to take Coach; to ſay nothing of the Value of them, really I cannot think myſelf ſafe with other Horſes.* And at this rate ſhe went on, amplifying upon the Affliction, while her Friends and Relations on the other Hand were not wanting to ply her upon the Ordinary *Topicks* of the Tranſitory State of Mortals. But when they had proceeded as far with her as their Religion and Philoſophy could carry them, and found that ſhe was not to be Comforted; *Why, truly Madam*, ſays one of her Confidents, *this is a very great Trial, but ſince they are gone, and there's no recalling of them, I hope your Ladyſhip does not think 'em too Good for Him that has 'em.*

The MORAL.

We are more ſollicitous for our Horſes *and our* Dogs, *than we are for our* Souls, *our* Friends, *or our* Children; *and therefore it was well enough turn'd upon the Lady here toward the bringing of her to herſelf again, to mind her, that* there was neither Heaven nor Hell in the Caſe of loſing a Set of Horſes.

REFLECTION.

THIS Fancy looks at firſt Bluſh, as if it border'd a little upon *Prophaneneſs*; but if it be taken by the Right Handle, it will

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will bear the Moral of a moſt Chriſtian, a Neceſſary, and a Seaſonable Check to thoſe People that deliver up themſelves to the Tranſports of Extravagant Paſſions for Trifles: As it was, the Caſe of a Lady that kept her Bed for the Loſs of a Favourite Puppy ſhe had. Her Friends came to Condole with her upon the Tidings of ſome diſmal Calamity that had befall'n her, and ask'd her very tenderly what terrible Misfortune it might be, that ſhe laid ſo heavily to Heart? Only, ſays ſhe, the Greateſt Affliction (I thank the Lord for't,) that ever befel Me ſince I was Born: *My pretty Pearl is Dead.* Alas Madam, (ſays one of the Condolers) Why, you have loſt a very Good Husband. *That's true*, ſays t'other, *but the Lord may ſend me ſuch another Husband*; *I ſhall never have ſuch another Puppy.* Theſe Impetuous Violences, are no News to any Man that has obſerv'd and ſtudy'd the Infirmities of here and there One perhaps of that Fair and Frail Sex. But we muſt not imagine at laſt, becauſe the Moraliſt has made it a Woman's Caſe in the Story, that we ourſelves are not Guilty every Man of us, in ſome ſort or other, and in a Thouſand Inſtances of the ſame Weakneſſes and Miſtakes, even in the Ordinary Courſe of Human Life; for what's the Doctrine of all this upon the main, but a Rebuke to thoſe that ſet their Affections too much upon the Things of this World, and conſequently too little upon Matters of greater Moment; with him that upon the Firing of his Houſe, was ſo overjoy'd for the ſaving of his Plate, Linen, Paintings, Hangings, and other Rich Moveables, that he never ſo much as thought of his only Child all this while that was burnt in the Cradle. Every Man has his *Feeble*, as they call it; one Man's Weak Side is Ambition; another's Avarice, Malice, Envy, Revenge, Pride, Vain-Glory; and ſome again are ſo wholly taken up with the Pleaſures of Wine, Women, Jolly Company and Good Cheer, as if all the Faculties of their Reaſonable Souls had been only given them to ſubminiſter to their Appetites. The very World itſelf, in one Word, is but a *Moor-Fields College* of People that run mad for Common Diſappointments.

FAB. 497. The Hypocrite.

THere happen'd a Diſcourſe in very Good Company, upon the Subject of *Religion* and *Hypocriſy*; and how hard a Matter it was, in the Caſe of an Artificial Diſguiſe, to know the One from the other;

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other; though the Scripture allows us, and in Truth obliges us, to judge of the *Tree* by its *Fruits*. *Well*, ſays one to his next Man, *Do you know ſuch a Perſon?* Oh very well, ſays t'other: *He's one of the Holieſt Men to Heaven-ward that ever you met with, but the arranteſt Raſcal among his Neighbours in the whole Pariſh.*

The MORAL.

'Tis not the Name, the Semblance, or the Oſtentation of Religion and Holineſs that will attone for the Abuſe on't: In making God the Author, the Director and the Abettor of theſe flagitious Villanies in Chriſtians, that Pagans *themſelves would have an Abhorrence for. But when all comes to all, a Knave in his Practice is a Knave in his Heart too.*

REFLECTION.

THE *Hypocrite* is but the Devil in the Shape of an *Angel of Light*; and, as 'tis no eaſy Matter to diſtinguiſh the one from the other; ſo 'tis a thing of a moſt deſperate Conſequence to miſtake them; and the Queſtion will be this at laſt, how to reconcile the Offices of *Charity* and *Prudence*. The one bids us believe and hope the *Beſt*; the other bids us provide againſt the *Worſt*. Now it is not for nothing, that the Holy Ghoſt itſelf has denounc'd ſo many Woes againſt this ſort of Impoſtors; and inculcated over and over ſo many Cautions how we have any thing to do with them; which is no other than a Declaration of an *Abhorrence* of theſe People, and a plain Intimation of the Danger of being deluded and impos'd upon, under the Maſk of *Religion* both in One. There's no Cruelty, no Fraud, no Violence, no Oppreſſion, that is not acted under a Colour of Divine Authority, Impulſe and Direction: Churches Robb'd and Prophan'd; Princes Depos'd and Murder'd; Religion and Morality, with all the Principles of Virtue and Common Honeſty, are overturn'd; and the Name of God himſelf is made uſe of, as a Principal and as a Witneſs to the Impiety, in defiance to all the Dictates of Heaven and Right Reaſon. And all this is but a Preachment upon the Text at laſt, of *Fear God and keep his Commandments*. When a King's Head is to be ſtruck off by his own Rebellious Subjects, 'tis brought on commonly with the Prologue of a Faſt, which in the Stile of the *Holy Intrigue*, is call'd *a Seeking of the Lord. This Work and Judgment of God (though it be ſecret) muſt be done with great Gravity* (ſays

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James Melvil, by way of Preface to the Murder of Cardinal *Beaton*) *Vive l'Evangile*, was the Word to ſeveral of the Maſſacres in *France*. 'Twas often in the Mouth of a Lady, Zealous in her way, with deep Proteſtations, that *She had rather lie with Forty Men, than go to one Maſs:* Nay, and I have heard of Tenants too, that refus'd to pay their Landlord his Rent, unleſs he could ſhew a *Text* for't. Here's enough ſaid to ſet forth the Character of an *Hypocrite*, ſo as to anſwer the Morality that is couch'd under this Figure; but the great Difficulty will be the Steering of a Middle Courſe, betwixt believing too much, and too little: That is to ſay, betwixt taking a *Good Man* for a *Hypocrite*, and an *Hypocrite* for a *Good Man*. We are to have a Reverence for the very Appearances of Piety; but whenever we find the *Holy Man to God-ward*, to be no better than a *Juggling Knave among his Neighbours*, that's the very *Hypocrite* that we find Stigmatiz'd among the *Scribes* and *Phariſees* in the Holy *Goſpel*.

FAB. 498. The Conſcientious Thieves.

THere was a Knot of Good Fellows that Borrow'd a ſmall Sum of Money of a Gentleman upon the *King's Highway:* When they had taken all they could find; *Damn ye for a Dog*, ſays One of the Gang, *You have more Money about ye Sirrah, ſomewhere or other.* Lord, Brother, ſays one of his Companions, can't ye take the Gentleman's Money civilly, but you muſt Swear and call Names? As they were about to part, Pray, by your Favour, Gentlemen, ſays the Traveller, I have ſo many Miles to go, and not one Penny in my Pocket to bear my Charges; you ſeem to be Men of ſome Honour, and I hope you'll be ſo Good as only to let me have ſo much of my Money back again, as will carry me to my Journey's End. *Ay, ay, the Lord forbid elſe*, they cry'd, and ſo they open'd One of the Bags, and bad him pleaſe Himſelf. He took them at their Word, and preſently fetch'd out a Handful, as much as ever he could Gripe. *Why, how now*, ſays One of the Blades, *Ye Confounded Son of a Whore, Ha' ye no* Conſcience.

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The MORAL.

'Tis a Notable Trade that many drive in the World, of pretending to make a Conſcience of one Sin, and taking out their Penny-worths in another. Some there are that Commute Swearing for Whoring, as if the Forbearance of the one, were a Diſpenſation for the Committing of t'other. We have heard of others too, that have been ſtrict Obſervers of the Lord's Day, and yet made no Scruple at all of Robbing the Lord's Altars. But a Good Chriſtian and an Honeſt Man, muſt be all of a Piece; and theſe Inequalities of Proceeding, will never hold Water.

REFLECTION.

'TIS juſt with Publick Thieves, as 'tis with Private: A pretended *Neceſſity* ſets them both at Work, and a pretended *Religion* or *Conſcience* brings them off when they have done. This is no more than what we our ſelves have found within the Memory of Man, to be Literally and Hiſtorically true; when that, which in thoſe Days paſt for *the Law of the Land*, was in effect no more than the *Law of the Road*; and the one had as Much and as Little to ſay for it ſelf as the other. There are *Political* Bands of *Robbers*, as well as the *Jacks* and the *Toms* that are cry'd in *Gazettes*; and they fall both of them under the Regulation of the ſame Myſtery and Trade. The Poor Man here that was Robb'd Himſelf, was charg'd effectually with Robbing the Thieves, upon a Suſpicion, that he had reſerv'd ſome ſmall Pittance of his own Money, to his own Uſe, which they accounted a Defrauding of the Publick. Now we have ſeen this to be the Senſe and Diſcipline of the *State*; as well as of the *Pad*; and 'tis as Broad as 'tis Long at laſt, whether a Man be Undone by a *Cabal of* Sharpers *in a Committee of Safety*, or by a Troop of *Canary Birds* upon *New-Market-Heath*. Nay, and the Parallel runs upon all Four a little further too; *Can't you take the Gentleman's Money civilly?* ſays the Spark, that is to ſay, Cannot you play the Rogue *demurely*, *as if Butter would not melt in your Mouth*, and Pick an Honeſt Gentleman's Pocket with a *Pater-Noſter* betwixt your Teeth? Cannot you Plunder, Sequeſter, Decimate, Draw, Hang, and Quarter *in the Fear of the Lord*, but you muſt Blaſpheme and Call Names? Is it not enough that you are diſcharg'd by the very Privilege of your Profeſſion, from the Bondage of Subjection and Obedience to Parents Natural or Civil; Is it not enough that you may Kill, Whore, Steal, Backbite, Covet, and make

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Bold in ſhort, with all the Commands of the Second Table, but you muſt be breaking in upon the Former? Thus goes the World, *the Little Thieves Hang for't, while the Great Ones ſit upon the Bench*; and there's a Cloak of Conſcience ſtill thrown over both Pretenſions, to cover, and to conſecrate the Cheat.

FAB. 499. The Trepanning Wolf.

THere's a Story of a Man of Quality in *Ireland*, that a little before the Troubles there, had wall'd in a Piece of Ground for a Park, and left only one Paſſage into't by a Gate with a *Portcullis* to't, the Rebellion brake out, and put a Stop to his Deſign. The Place was horribly peſter'd with *Wolves*, and his People having taken one of 'em in a *Pit-fall*, Chain'd him up to a Tree in the Encloſure, and then planted themſelves in a Lodge over the Gate, to ſee what would come on't. The Wolf in a very ſhort time fell a Howling, and was anſwer'd by all his Brethren thereabouts, that were within hearing of it; inſomuch, that the *Hubbub* was immediately put about from one Mountain to another, till a whole Herd of 'em were gotten together upon the Outcry; and ſo Troop'd away into the Park. They were no ſooner in the Pound, but down goes the Portcullis, and away Scamper the Wolves to the Gate, upon the Noiſe of the Fall on't. When they ſaw that there was no getting out again, where they came in, and that upon hunting the whole Field over, there was no Poſſibility of making an Eſcape, they fell by Conſent upon the Wolf that drew them in, and tore him all to Pieces.

The MORAL.

Any Man that has but Eyes in his Head, and looks well about him; will find this Exploit of the Wolves, to be no more than the common Practice of Vindictive Fleſh and Blood, on the one Hand, and the common Fate of Publick Incendiaries on the other.

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REFLECTION.

'TIS with *Men*, as 'tis with *Beaſts*, in the Caſe of this *Wolf*: We do naturally hate the Inſtruments of our Ruin: And it matters not much neither, as to the Event of the thing, whether it be by *Chance* or by *Choice*; for it ſeldom ſucceeds better, where the Advice or the Inſtigation of one Man draws on the Deſtruction of many. There's a great Difference 'tis true, betwixt the Works of Malice, and thoſe of Miſadventure; but the Miſchief is ſtill the ſame; for he that's Undone, is equally Undone, whether it be by Spiteſulneſs of Forethought, or by the Folly of Overſight, or Evil Counſel. The *Wolf* at the *Stake*, had no Deſign upon his Brethren in the *Woods*; and the *Wolves* in the *Wood* had as little Deſign upon their Brother at the *Stake*; but one was in Diſtreſs, and call'd out for Help, while the other Aſſociated, and came in to his Relief. But after they were once in, they were all involv'd in the ſame common Fate: And when the Herd found themſelves hamper'd, and that they could not gain their End, they came to a Reſolution, *One and All*, in a Generous Indignation to take their Revenge. The Freak of the *French Farce* comes as pat as is poſſible to the Earneſt of this Moral: The *Plot* of it was a *Grammar-School*, the Maſter ſetting his Boys their Leſſons, and their Exerciſes, and a Loobily Country Fellow putting in for a part among the Scholars; Well, ſays the Maſter, I am juſt going out of Town for Four or Five Days, wherefore Pray'e be ſure ye be Good Boys, till I come back again, and ſo he took Horſe and away. He had no ſooner turn'd his Back, but they were at it *Helter Skelter*, throwing Books at one another's Heads, and playing ſuch Freaks, as if Hell were broke looſe among 'em. In this very *Interim*, the Maſter bolts in upon them, and ſurprizes them: In ſhort, he enquires into the Riot, and takes the whole School to Task one by one, about the Occaſion of this Uproar. *I'd have been Quiet*, ſays one, *if it had not been for Him*; *and I'd ha' been Quiet*, ſays t'other, *if he'd ha' let me alone*. So that in fine, (all pointing at the ſame Perſon) the poor Country Fellow was taken up and Laſh'd upon the Stage, and all the reſt forgiven.

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FAB. 500. A Miller and a Rat.

A *Miller* took a huge over-grown *Rat* in his *Meal-Tub*; there was he laying the Law to him about the Lewdneſs of his Life and Converſation, and the Abominable Sin of *Stealing*; but your Thieving, ſays he, is now come home to ye, and I ſhall e'en leave Honeſt *Puſs* here to reckon with ye for all your Rogueries. Alas Sir, ſays the poor *Rat*, I make no Trade on't; and the miſerable Pittance that I take, is only from Hand to Mouth, and out of pure Neceſſity to keep Life and Soul together: As the *Rat* pleaded *Hunger* on the one Hand, the *Miller* threw the Matter of *Conſcience* and *Honeſty* in his Teeth on the other, and Preach'd to him upon the *Topick* of a *Political Convenience*, in making ſuch Pilfering Knaves Examples for the *Publick Good*. Well, Sir, ſays the *Rat* once again, but pray will you conſider for your own ſake, that *this is your own Caſe*; and that *You and I are both Corn-Merchants, and of the ſame Fraternity*; *Nay, and that for one Grain that I take, you take a Thouſand.* This is not Language, cries the *Miller* in a Rage, for an Honeſt Man to bear; but the beſt on't is, Sirrah, *Your Tongue's no Slander:* So he turn'd the *Cat* looſe upon him to do that which we call in the World *an Execution of Juſtice.*

The MORAL.

'Tis a piece of Market-Policy, for People of a Trade to bear hard one upon another, when it comes once to the Queſtion betwixt a Couple of Knaves, which is the Honeſter Man of the Two.

REFLECTION.

THERE are no greater *Atheiſts* under the Sun, than that ſort of People that diſtinguiſhes itſelf from other Men by the Name of the *Godly* and the *Ungodly Party:* No arranter *Hypocrites* in Hell, than thoſe that told the Sons of *Levi*, *they took too much upon them, but that the Congregation was Holy every Man of 'em, and the Lord was among them.* Divine Vengeance cut 'em off, we ſee, *Flagranti Crimine*; for *the Earth open'd*

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open'd her Mouth and ſwallow'd them up, Them and their whole Party, *and they went down alive into the Pit.* No People ſo unmerciful to *Poor Little Whores, and Thieves,* as *Rich Great Ones.* The Griping *Uſurer* inveighs againſt *Extortion*; *Church-Robbers* againſt *Sacrilege*; the moſt inſupportable of *Tyrants,* exclaim againſt the Exerciſe of *Arbitrary Power*; and none ſo fierce againſt the Sin of *Rebellion,* as the moſt Execrable of *Traitors themſelves.* Thus we find it in theſe Inſtances; and the ſame *Phariſaical* Spirit runs through the whole Roll of our Darling Iniquities. The *Miller* is brought in here preaching againſt *Stealing*; and it is upon the whole Matter an unaccountable Truth, that we do all naturally pretend the greateſt Averſion to that Lewdneſs in another, which we moſt indulge in ourſelves. This is that which we call *crying Whore firſt*; as if the *Impudence* of *out-facing* the Wickedneſs, were ſome ſort of *Atonement* for the *Scandal* of it.

FINIS.

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